Collier's
TEN CENTS
SEPTEMBER 12, 1942
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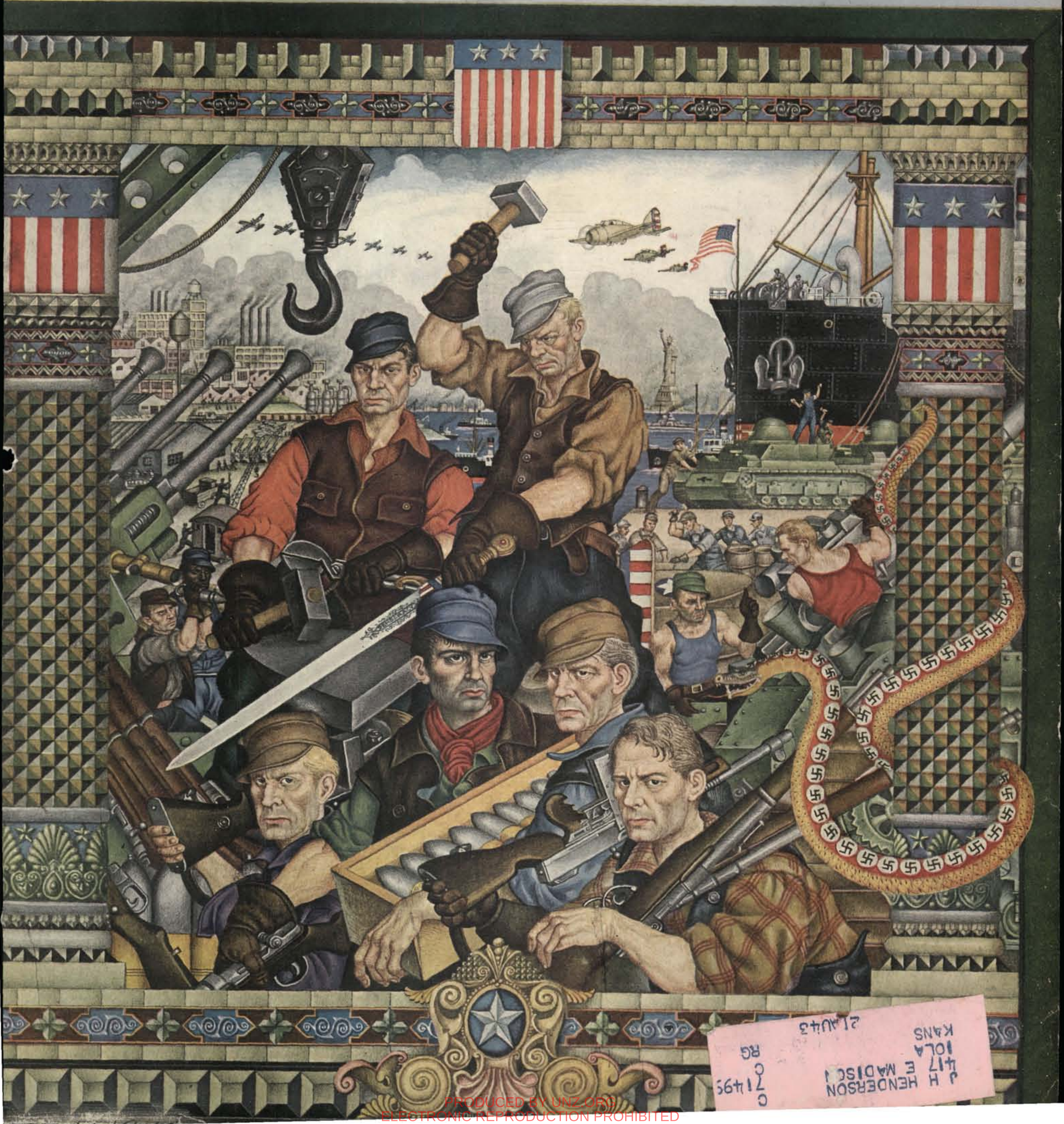
NIGHT FLIGHT—1942
BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS



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Get more Good Cups per Pound

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IN
Duraglas
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Duraglas
VACUUM
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Duraglas
CONTAINER
VACUUM
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Buy Coffee Vacuum-Packed in Resealable Duraglas* Jars

*TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A twist of the wrist reseals coffee *airtight* in a Duraglas jar. That prolongs freshness . . . preserves flavor and aroma . . . helps you conserve coffee. You use up every spoonful, enjoy every cup. Look for brands vacuum-packed in jars marked "Duraglas."

NEW No. 63 THRIF-T-LIDS

Let You Use Duraglas Coffee Jars for Home Glassing

Duraglas Jars have served their purpose when they deliver fresh coffee to you — but — in time of war when conservation is vital, it's smart to use them for home preserving of fruits and vegetables. While the opening is smaller, there are lids available which make them thoroughly practical for the purpose. Ask your grocer.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

Developers of Duraglas the improved technique in glassmaking

A Lesson in Geography, But a Magic Carpet to a Child.

Her dreams span the World of Today, And look into the World of Tomorrow.

We see her facing that World— Assured and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

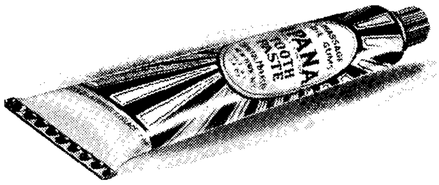
HANG ON to your day-dreams, little girl! Here in America your hopeful vision can have its happy fulfillment. For much is done to give you advantages of health and education—to prepare you to face the world of tomorrow, happy, confident—and smiling!

Yes—*smiling!* For even her smile has a bright future. In classrooms* all over our country, children are learning to give their teeth and gums the best of care. They know the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles. Young Americans everywhere could tell you that today's soft foods rob gums of the exercise they so often need for health. In school, they learn why gums tend to become soft, tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush!"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Whenever you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—aiding them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help your smile to be brighter, more sparkling.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

Picture OF THE MONTH

SEVEN SWEETHEARTS

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

STARRING:
Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin, Marsha Hunt

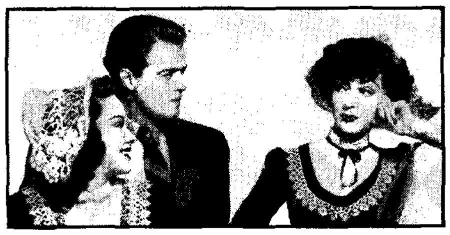
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION
WITH: . . *Cecilia Parker, Peggy Moran, Diana Lewis, S. Z. Sakall, Isobel Elsom, Carl Esmond, Louise Beavers, Donald Meek, Lewis Howard*

DIRECTED BY: . . . . *Frank Borzage*

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY:
Walter Reisch and Leo Townsend

PRODUCED BY: . . . . *Joe Pasternak*

CAPSULE REVIEW: We have gone in for charm this month in selecting Frank Borzage's production "Seven Sweethearts" as our outstanding picture. All that is wrapped up in the famed Borzage name is wrapped up in this entertainment. You will feel, too, the special warmth associated with another name, Joe Pasternak, long famous in the creation of the splendid Deanna Durbin attractions.



Here you have it. A tulip festival in Little Delft, Michigan. Van Maasters, the eccentric old Hollander and his seven daughters. The oldest, Regina, is stage struck. The other six have boys' names—Billie, Victor, Albert, Cornelius, Peter and George. As a matter of fact they work as boys around the old inn.

This picture is a chiropractic to the heart. There is that puckishly lovely Kathryn Grayson with a voice that makes the birds gnash their beaks and a retiring talent that insinuates itself on the most resistant. And then there is Van Heflin. Will one ever forget his superb performance as the tippled philosopher of "Johnny Eager"? Or Marsha Hunt who is our idea of the true movie heroine who can handle any role whether it be in the kitchen or the parlor.

M-G-M is to be congratulated on its courage in taking such an important picture and peopling it with stars of the future. "Seven Sweethearts" has made them stars of the present.

REFUTATION TO POEM: It may be true that "men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses". Except when the girl is Marsha Hunt.

STUDIO TOUR: Dropped in on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot the other day and saw "Random Harvest" starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson. We think you'll want to see it too. It is a magnificent adaptation of James Hilton's novel directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin.

GOING TO PRESS: There is a film called "The War Against Mrs. Hadley" playing currently. It is The American Mrs. Miniver. Apparently you can't miss with a Mrs.

Collier's

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AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
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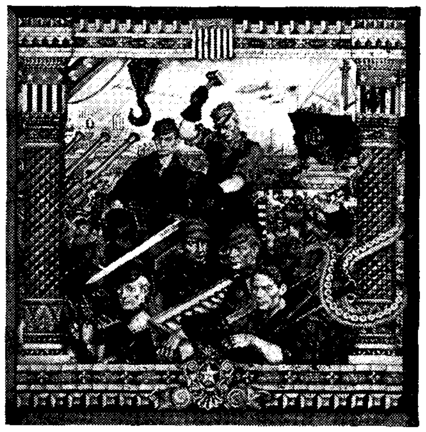
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

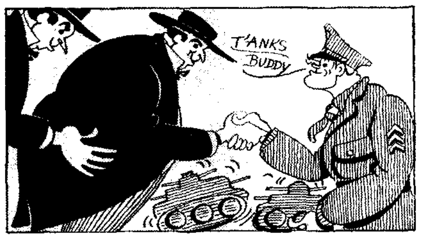


YOU can obtain a full-color, full-size copy of Arthur Szyk's Labor Day cover by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to the Picture Editor, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

FIRST we wish we might give you the name of the small Tennessee politician who for years was satisfied to hold down quite minor jobs under the patronage of Mistah Crump, boss of Memphis. He was a humble statesman who never gave Mistah Crump no trouble nohow, hastening to do the machine's bidding, never questioning ethics or effects. It was said of him, too, that he had never read a book of any kind, had never opened a volume except perhaps the telephone directory. But one day his sixteen-year-old daughter brought home a life of Andrew Jackson, and for some mysterious reason her father started to read it. He read all day and all night and, having finished, he laid it down reverently, said, "Well, well," and called on Mistah Crump. As we get it, the things he said to Mistah Crump could scarcely be repeated, much less set down here. The spirit of Old Hickory had him by the neck and, having told Mistah Crump what he thought of him, he proceeded to tell all the rest of his political betters what he thought of them. With the result that he no longer holds political office; but we're told that he's quite pleased with himself.

THE most helpful suggestion we've got this week is from Mrs. Lorena White Bleasley of Helena, Montana. Like several others of us, Mrs. Bleasley has been wondering about the winning of this war. Like us, too, Mrs. Bleasley has a feeling that the war has to be won but that thus far we haven't made what you'd call startling progress. "I'm getting somewhat tired," writes she, "of listening to highfalutin plans for The Great and Lasting Peace when there are no present signs of The Great Victory. Let us turn the job of winning over to the agency which, thus far, is the only one which seems to have accomplished anything—the F.B.I. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover is the only person in our government who captures and punishes our enemies." We find ourself in sympathy with Mrs. Bleasley. Anyway, Mr. Hoover seems immune from politics. Elections don't bother him. His operatives have brains and training, and Mr. Hoover is a diligent, nonbribable official. He loves his job with all the fervor we had when, many years ago, we wanted only to be a policeman. So we are quite in favor of saying, "Edgar, take a few of our lads and chase those Japs out of the Aleutians. The Navy says there are only ten thousand of them."

BUT from Charleston, South Carolina, our Armored Force scout sends us encouraging intelligence. Not long ago a group of senators and representatives were reviewing tank maneuvers. Generals and colonels danced in attendance upon these congressional gentlemen who, in consequence, became more important by the minute. The lads in the tanks did everything but murder one another for the entertainment of their distinguished audience. Finally, when it was over, one of our most impressive senators wallowed over to a small tough sergeant who had made his tank do everything but stand on its head and sing. The tough little sergeant had a neat rip behind one ear and was bleeding profusely. He had come out of the maneuvers with a limp too, and he was very dirty. "My boy," rumbled the senator, "I want the honor of shaking the hand of a soldier of whom this country may well be proud." The tough little sergeant grinned Irishly, shook the great man's hand and replied, "T'anks, Buddy."



FROM no less a personage than Mr. J. A. Colescott of Atlanta, Georgia, Imperial Wizard of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, we receive applause for our editorial The Supreme Court Errs. In that editorial we deplored the five to four decision by the Supreme Court of the United States limiting the freedom of expression by Jehovah's Witnesses. "I am glad," writes Imperial Wizard Colescott, whose organization we still

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THIS WEE

SEPTEMBER 12, 194

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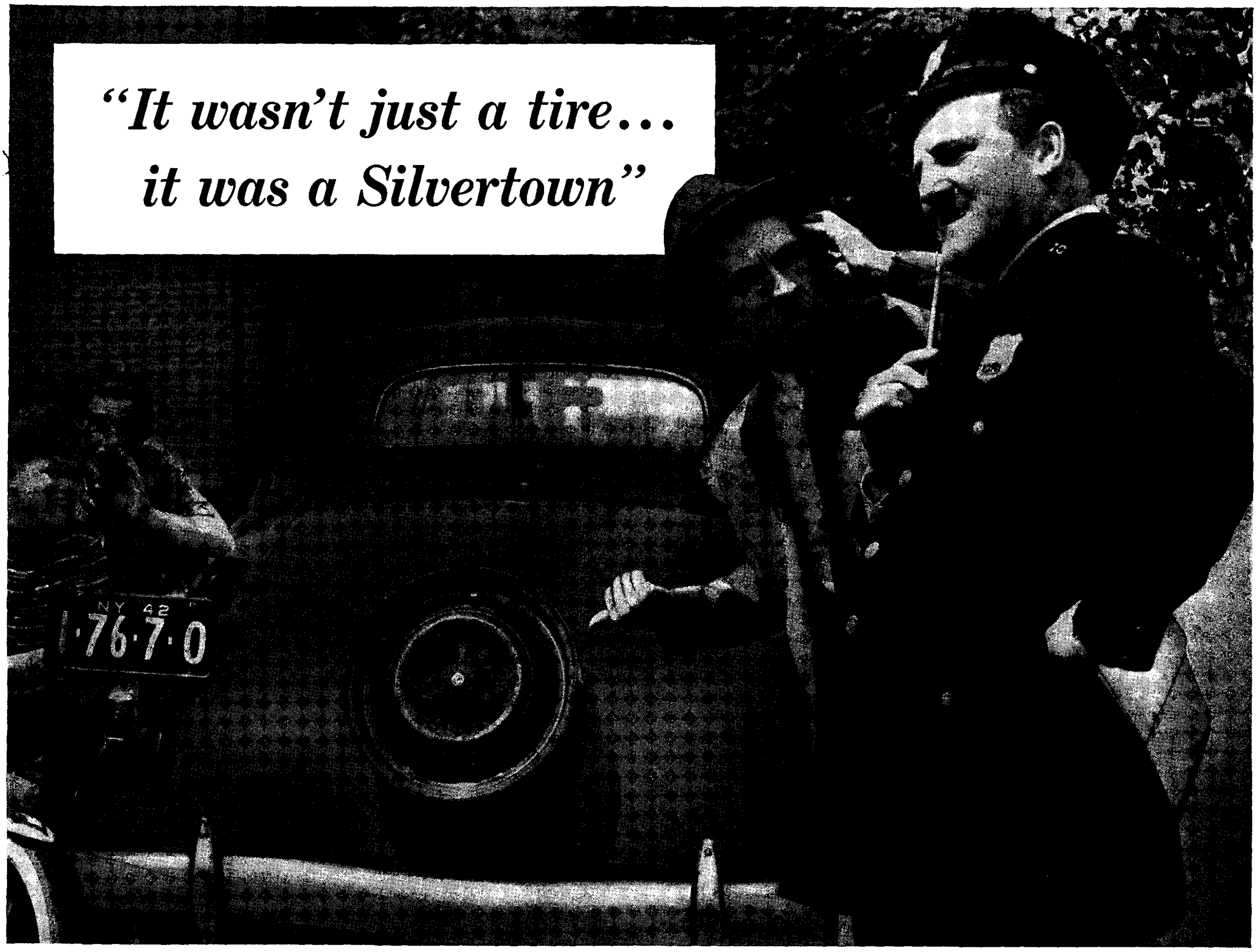
COVER ARTHUR SZY

Vol. 110, No. 11. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

"It wasn't just a tire... it was a Silvertown"



YOU can't blame a fellow for getting worked up at a time like this. After all, Silvertowns have been America's top tires for a lot of years. And today it's more important than ever to have a tire you can trust. For nobody knows how long your tires may have to last.

One thing's sure. You've got to help them hold out to the very last mile. For our 29,000,000 cars are the backbone of our transportation system. Nothing could make Hitler happier than to see them go up on jacks.

What can you do? First of all, don't drive over 40 miles per hour and drive only when *necessary*. Secondly, take time out to give your tires proper care. Thirdly, share your car with your neighbors. If every driver does his part to get the utmost wear from his present tires, he will not only further our country's war effort but help to keep America's cars rolling until new tires are available.

What about synthetic? We're making it—more of it every day. Two years ago we sold Silvertown tires, made with our Ameripol, to hundreds of people and companies that wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. And these tires were good. Many went well over 20,000 miles.

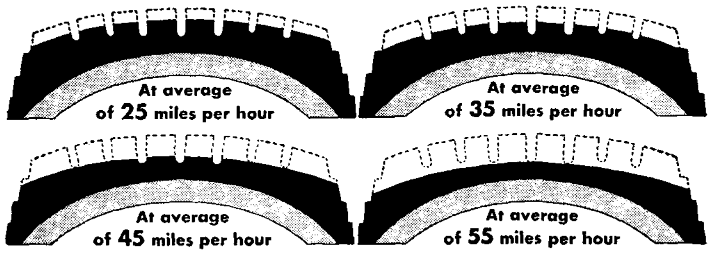
But we're not selling any today. And we don't know when we will. Not while our Army and Navy are short of rubber—and actually reducing the amounts used in fighting equipment!

So take care of your tires as you would any other treasure. It's true that many still waste rubber. But not the *smart* ones. They know that every mile saved brings victory a little closer!

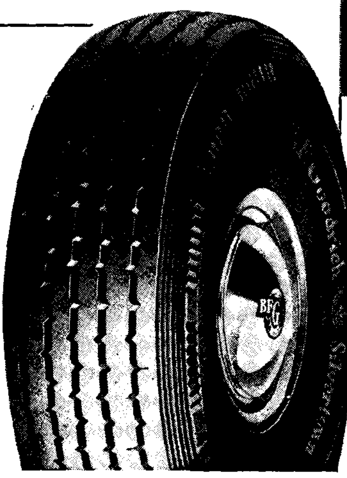
IMPORTANT! *America right now needs scrap rubber, scrap iron and steel. Throw your scrap into the fight. Turn it over to the scrap collection agencies.*

HOW SPEED WEARS OUT YOUR TIRES

DOTTED LINES SHOW RELATIVE AMOUNT OF RUBBER WORN OFF WITH ALL TIRES DRIVEN SAME DISTANCE


At average of 25 miles per hour
At average of 35 miles per hour
At average of 45 miles per hour
At average of 55 miles per hour

FREE 48-PAGE BOOKLET, "Will America Have to Jack Up its 29,000,000 Automobiles?" Write the B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. C-9, Akron, Ohio



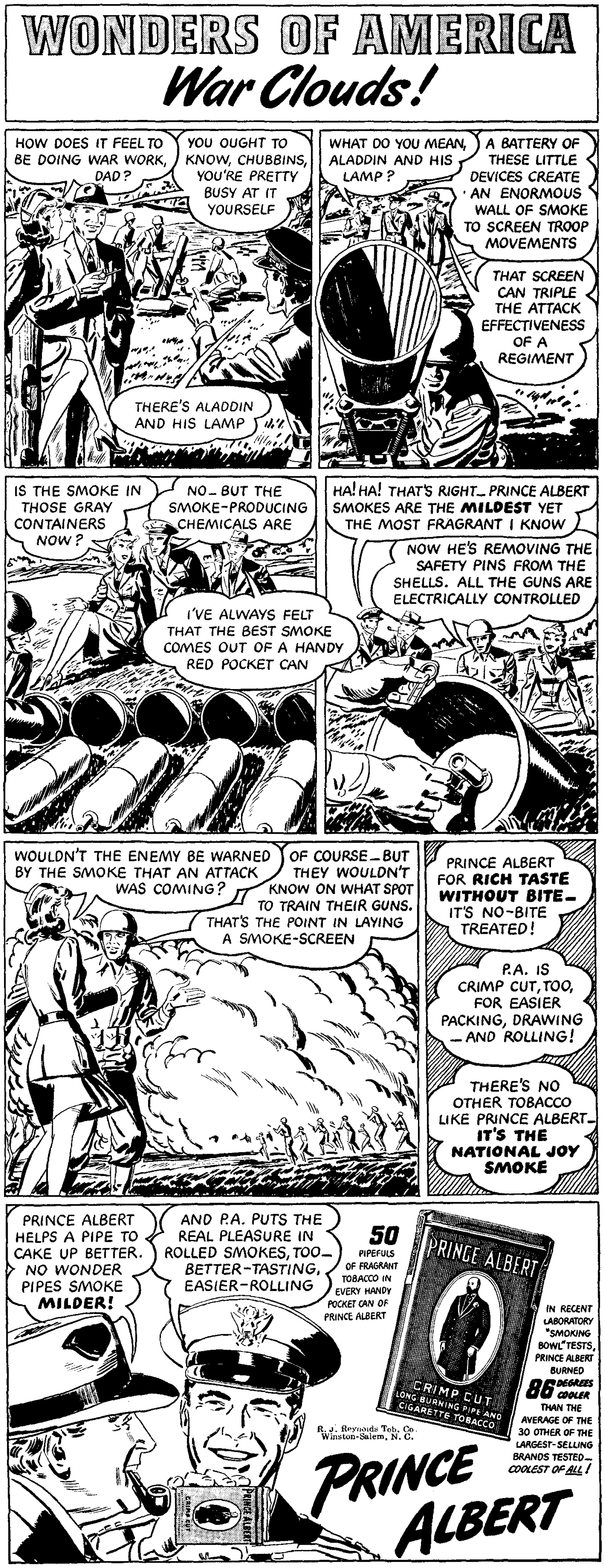
BFG 1870

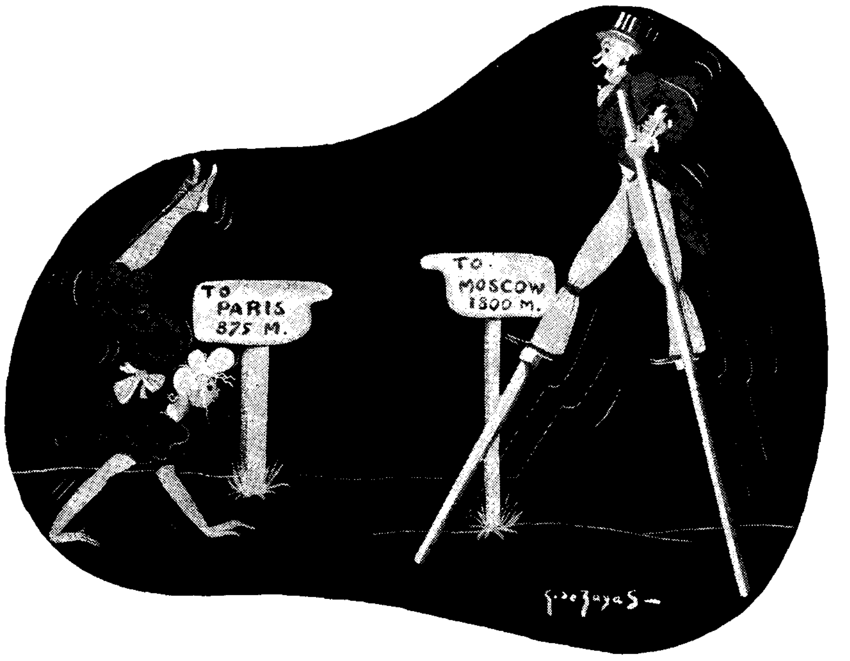
In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

**And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.*


WONDERS OF AMERICA
War Clouds!
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE DOING WAR WORK, DAD?
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, CHUBBINS, YOU'RE PRETTY BUSY AT IT YOURSELF
THERE'S ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP?
A BATTERY OF THESE LITTLE DEVICES CREATE AN ENORMOUS WALL OF SMOKE TO SCREEN TROOP MOVEMENTS
THAT SCREEN CAN TRIPLE THE ATTACK EFFECTIVENESS OF A REGIMENT
IS THE SMOKE IN THOSE GRAY CONTAINERS NOW?
NO – BUT THE SMOKE-PRODUCING CHEMICALS ARE
I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT THE BEST SMOKE COMES OUT OF A HANDY RED POCKET CAN
HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT – PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES ARE THE MILDEST YET THE MOST FRAGRANT I KNOW
NOW HE'S REMOVING THE SAFETY PINS FROM THE SHELLS. ALL THE GUNS ARE ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED
WOULDN'T THE ENEMY BE WARNED BY THE SMOKE THAT AN ATTACK WAS COMING?
OF COURSE – BUT THEY WOULDN'T KNOW ON WHAT SPOT TO TRAIN THEIR GUNS. THAT'S THE POINT IN LAYING A SMOKE-SCREEN
PRINCE ALBERT FOR RICH TASTE WITHOUT BITE – IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!
P.A. IS CRIMP CUT, TOO, FOR EASIER PACKING, DRAWING – AND ROLLING!
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT – IT'S THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
PRINCE ALBERT HELPS A PIPE TO CAKE UP BETTER. NO WONDER PIPES SMOKE MILDER!
AND P.A. PUTS THE REAL PLEASURE IN ROLLED SMOKES, TOO – BETTER-TASTING, EASIER-ROLLING
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED – COOLEST OF ALL!
R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT


TO PARIS 875 M.
TO MOSCOW 1800 M.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

At least two "hiking" records have been made with the feet off the ground. In 1891, Silvain Dornon walked the 1,800 miles from Paris to Moscow in 58 days on stilts; and, in 1900, Johanna Hasslinger walked the 875 miles from Vienna to Paris in 55 days on her hands.—*By Dale Miller, Brookville, Ohio.*

A study of the dental condition of 5,352 men and women, whose group age was 36.6 years, revealed that, on the average, they had lost 5.56 teeth, had 5.89 that were filled and 3.29 that required filling on the days their dentists recorded their cases.

A curiosity in the gem world is a diamond with another one crystallized around it. In most of the known cases, the two stones differed in both color and crystal formation.

Michel Chasles (1793-1880), the famous French mathematician and Sorbonne professor, is an excellent example of a highly intelligent person with a childlike credulity. In the prime of his life, he purchased several letters, in modern French on contemporary note paper, that "were written by Lazarus after his resurrection."—*By Ailis Gilmour, New York, New York.*

No person or organization is permitted to invest, in any one calendar year, more than $100,000 in War Savings Bonds, Series "F" and "G."

Virtually every Hindu family owns and venerates a salagrama, a little stone that is held as a representative of their god Vishnu. Only homes possessing one are considered to be pure, and sins are believed to be washed away by the drinking of water that has been sanctified by its touch.

One out of every four motion-picture theaters in the United States today bears one of the following names: Lyric, Majestic, Princess, Rialto, Ritz, Royal, State or Strand.—*By Sarah E. Mann, Cobleskill, New York.*

Russia recently made the largest single distribution of money prizes on record to scientists for outstanding achievements. Sixty persons received a total of $1,142,000, several of the first awards amounting to $48,000.

While most human bodies begin to lose heat immediately after death, those of persons who have died from such diseases as rheumatism, cholera, tetanus, smallpox and yellow fever increase in temperature for a short time, because metabolism is still active but the body lacks the radiation which depends on the circulation of the blood.

In most Christian countries, common-law marriages, entered into without license or ceremony, cannot be validated. But in America, such unions are made legal by the courts of nearly all states when they are of a year's duration and children and property are involved.

Selenium is the only mineral element that is absorbed in sufficient quantity by food plants to make them fatally poisonous to animals. —*By Donald L. Grundy, Ashburnham, Massachusetts.*

In 1902, a curator of crustaceans, while making a study of their movements, tagged and dropped a crab into the south end of the Suez Canal. In 1931, the crab appeared at Port Said, having crawled the 101 miles of the canal at an average speed of fifty feet a day, a record for sustained travel by this kind of shellfish.

Healthy babies have been born sixty-five days before and fifty days after the full term, the difference between these extreme cases being almost four months.—*By Helen Breitsprecher, West Orange, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

>>> WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE <<<

When a Man Marries...

WHAT KIND OF LIFE INSURANCE SHOULD HE THINK ABOUT?

TO HELP NEWLY MARRIED men select the kind of life insurance best for them, we offer these two time-tested suggestions:

First, and most important, consider the *amount* of insurance needed to protect your wife adequately. Second, *permanent* protection is highly desirable. So, if you can afford the amount of protection you need, get it on the *whole life* plan.

STRETCHING THE BUDGET. Many newly married men do not have much money left over for life insurance. Perhaps not more than a few dollars a week after the furniture and other necessities are paid for.

So, if adequate protection is not possible under the whole life plan, then term insurance, or some combination of term insurance and straight whole life insurance, should be considered.

DR.CAMPBELL

FOR YOUNG MARRIED MEN just getting started, The Prudential introduced its Modified Life 5 policy.

As with any other straight life policy, you pay premiums and receive protection throughout your lifetime.

However, on this policy, premiums for the first five years are 50% lower than the premiums for later years. This unique arrangement enables you to take out $5,000 or more of permanent life insurance protection at a low initial rate.

THE MODIFIED 5 POLICY was designed primarily for a man who meets these three qualifications:

Needs a substantial amount of permanent protection right away.
Cannot yet afford the usual premium rate for straight life insurance.
Has good prospects for an increased income within 5 years.

Naturally many newly married men fall in just that category. And if they are interested in Prudential insurance, then *one* of the policies they ought to think about is the Modified 5.

The PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

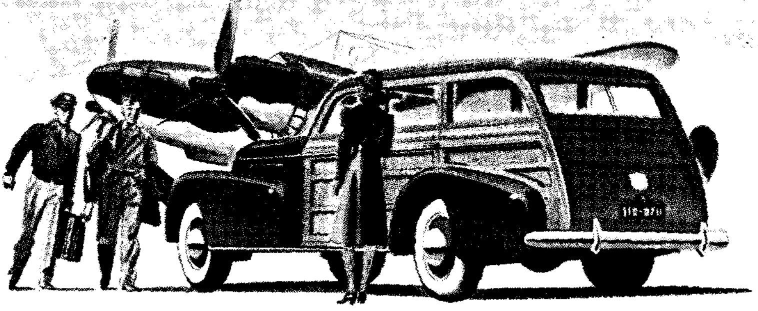
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

ARE WE HELPING YOU?

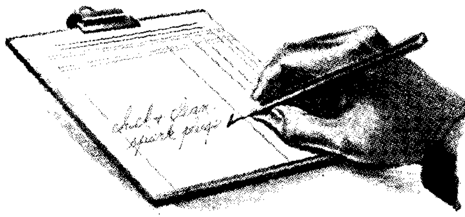
This is another in our series of advertisements—"What Every Man Should Know About Life Insurance." This series is intended to give you the kind of *practical* information on life insurance that will be of real benefit to you and your family.

We hope these advertisements will help you understand life insurance better and give you a deeper appreciation of your agent's services. Your comments will be warmly welcomed.

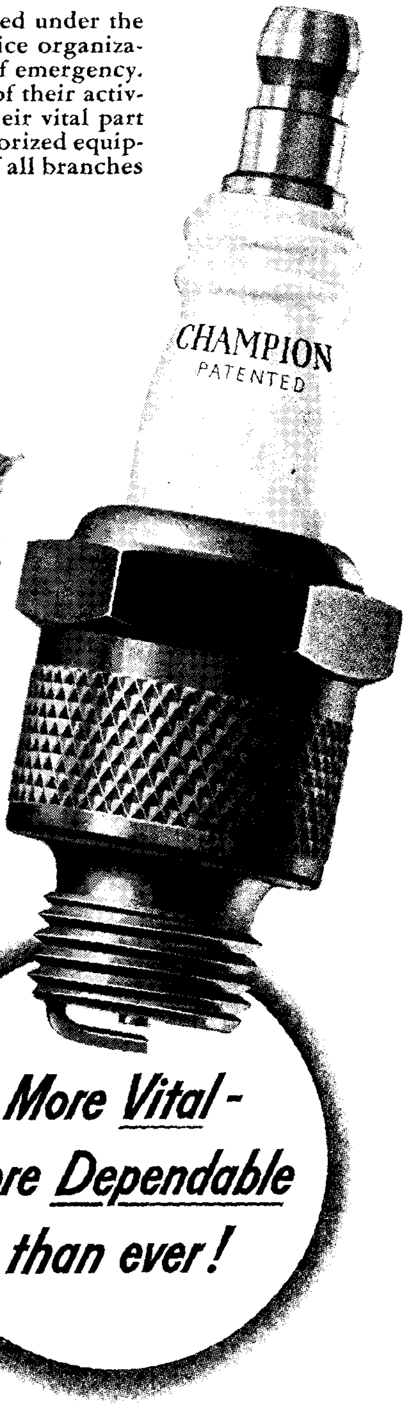
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



A vast army of volunteer workers are enlisted under the Red Cross, Civilian Defense and other service organizations, eager to play their vital part in time of emergency. Reliable transportation is an essential part of their activities. Champion Spark Plugs are playing their vital part by providing dependable ignition in the motorized equipment of these organizations as well as that of all branches of the armed services.



Check your spark plugs! Check them as a patriotic duty, and a personal, self service. When spark plugs are tested, cleaned and adjusted at regular intervals, they will remain economical and efficient throughout their useful life—and you will know when new ones are needed. Old, worn-out or inferior quality spark plugs can be exceedingly wasteful, and inefficient.



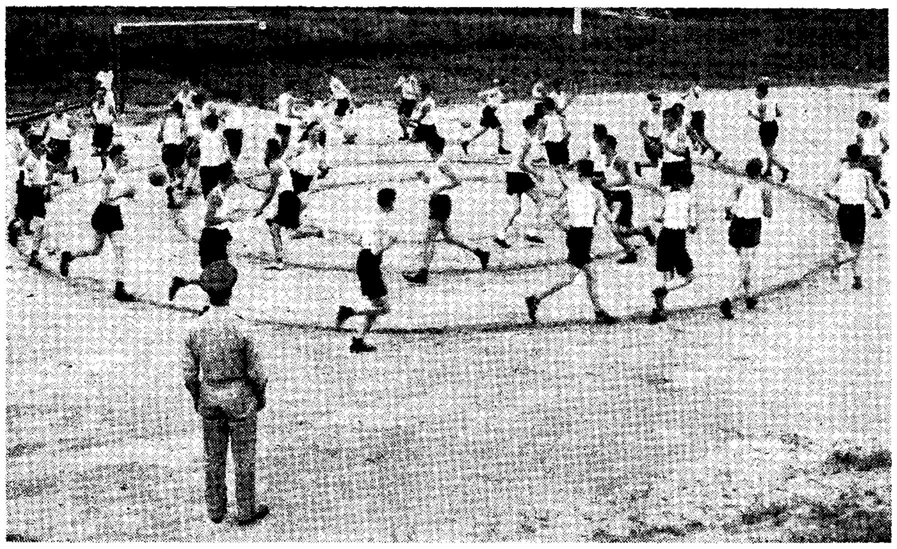
CHAMPION

Champion Spark Plugs have won world recognition for better performance, due directly to many exclusive and patented features. One of these, which means most to motorists today, is the patented Sillment seal which banishes troublesome leakage, *common to ordinary spark plugs.* This exclusive feature prevents overheating, and pre-ignition, a cause of rough, wasteful engine operation—and at the same time insures maximum dependability and long life.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

WING TALK



To improve their split vision, flying cadets trot around three concentric circles while tossing volleyballs to one another. Lt. Philip Albano, who devised the exercise, watches cadets practice at the Lodwick School of Aeronautics in Lakeland, Florida

LED by National Commander Benjamin Kaufman, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor and decorations for heroism from nine Allied nations in the first World War, the 250,000 Jewish War Veterans of the United States are committed to a program calling for the outright purchase and presentation to the Army Air Forces of six pursuit planes at a total cash outlay of $300,000. In Air Forces nomenclature, this represents a Flight, such a group of planes consisting of two or more Elements of three planes each.

Records of the Treasury Department, which gets the money, show the J.W.V. is the first patriotic organization to embrace such an ambitious program in numbers of planes. Already it has purchased two fighters at a cost to the veterans of $100,000 and has presented them to the Army, and funds for the remaining four are in the process of being collected.

This contribution to the war effort does not involve the purchase of War Bonds, for which no one needs a medal or applause. The J.W.V. and any other group which lays the cash on Mr. Morgenthau's counter gets nothing in return—but the satisfaction that there are combat aircraft bearing their name plate, en route to the front to deliver blows at the enemy with their compliments.

Procedure for this high manifestation of sacrifice is easy. The Army Air Forces has arbitrarily set up three cost figures for patriotic groups to select: $50,000 for a pursuit plane; $150,000 for a twin-engined bomber, and $250,000 for a four-engined bomber. Collect your money, write a check payable to the Treasurer of the United States and send it directly to Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, War Department, Washington, D. C., and tell him what you want to buy and how many.

Colonel Charles W. "Chuck" Kerwood and his staff in the Public Relations Branch of the Army Air Forces then come into the picture to arrange the ceremony of presentation at the factory. The donors may attach a plate to the plane bearing an inscription of not more than 25 words, and they can give the aircraft a name as the Jewish War Veterans did for their second plane, "Star of David."

JAMES R. YOUNG, for many years Tokyo correspondent of International News Service, who was thrown in the clink by the Japs before Pearl Harbor because they didn't like his dispatches, is on a three-month tour of Army Air Forces bases, under War Department assignment, telling the future invaders of Nippon what the country and the people are like.

He reports that during the question periods, the young pilots, bombardiers, navigators and gunners give away their intentions by being almost unanimous in asking these questions:

Will the Japanese leaders commit suicide if the palace is bombed?

What would be the effect if bombs are dropped in volcanoes?

How vulnerable are the cities of Japan?

Mr. Young didn't reveal his answers to us. He doesn't need to; he's made his point.

THERE are many things about an airplane that have to be just so, chief among them the propeller. No condition can be tolerated which would set up propeller vibration, and consequently all the intricate mechanism that enables the blades to change pitch in flight must be perfect. Likewise, the construction of the metal blades and the materials therein must be perfect.

Hamilton Standard Propellers of East Hartford, Connecticut, licensed manufacturing rights for its products for the duration to Nash-Kelvinator, Frigidaire and Remington-Rand. Nash-Kelvinator was the first to get the assignment, hence it was the first to make delivery. Although the props it is making are exactly according to Hamilton Standard design, this was a new experience for both the propeller company and the automobile people. Best proof that the licensed job was as good as Hamilton Standard people could make was to be found in determining the interchangeability of parts.

So the Hamilton Standard engineers took one of their own three-blade constant speed props, disassembled it and then tore down the Nash-Kelvinator counterpart. The parts of both propellers were mixed up, with special care taken to mate parts from the

(Continued on page 40)

UP WHERE MAN HAS
FOUGHT BEFORE

NASH-BUILT ENGINES WILL BLAZE A ROAD TO VICTORY

In the new battle-field of the sky—where war was never waged before—it's a freezing 50° below zero, and air is one-fifth of its sea-level density. Ordinary engines would starve and die.

Yet into these shuddering heights a plane is lifting—soaring up like a rocket. Through his oxygen mask the pilot is confidently smiling—and the mighty song of the engine never falters.

It's the U. S. Navy's *Corsair*—a ship designed to outclimb, overtake and outfight any known Nazi or Jap in the sky!

Its secret—a mighty 2,000 horsepower Pratt and Whitney engine, super-charged a new way for high-altitude combat—an engine that will be built *in quantity* by the men of Nash and Kelvinator.

Look again in the far-flung reaches of the sky—Soon there will be full fleets of great, four-engine flying boats bearing large numbers of fighting men and gigantic loads of matériel for the U. S. Navy! These cargo carriers will be built by Nash-Kelvinator.

Look farther—thousands of planes of many types are already flying to battle fronts of the world on propellers made by Nash-Kelvinator.

This is our job—and we are *in it to win*—with all the strength and skill and production genius we can muster.

And when that great day finally comes—when the last Nazi swastika is shot out of the sky—then you will find that from the crucible of war the men of Nash and Kelvinator have brought new skill into building the automobiles and refrigerators for America at peace.

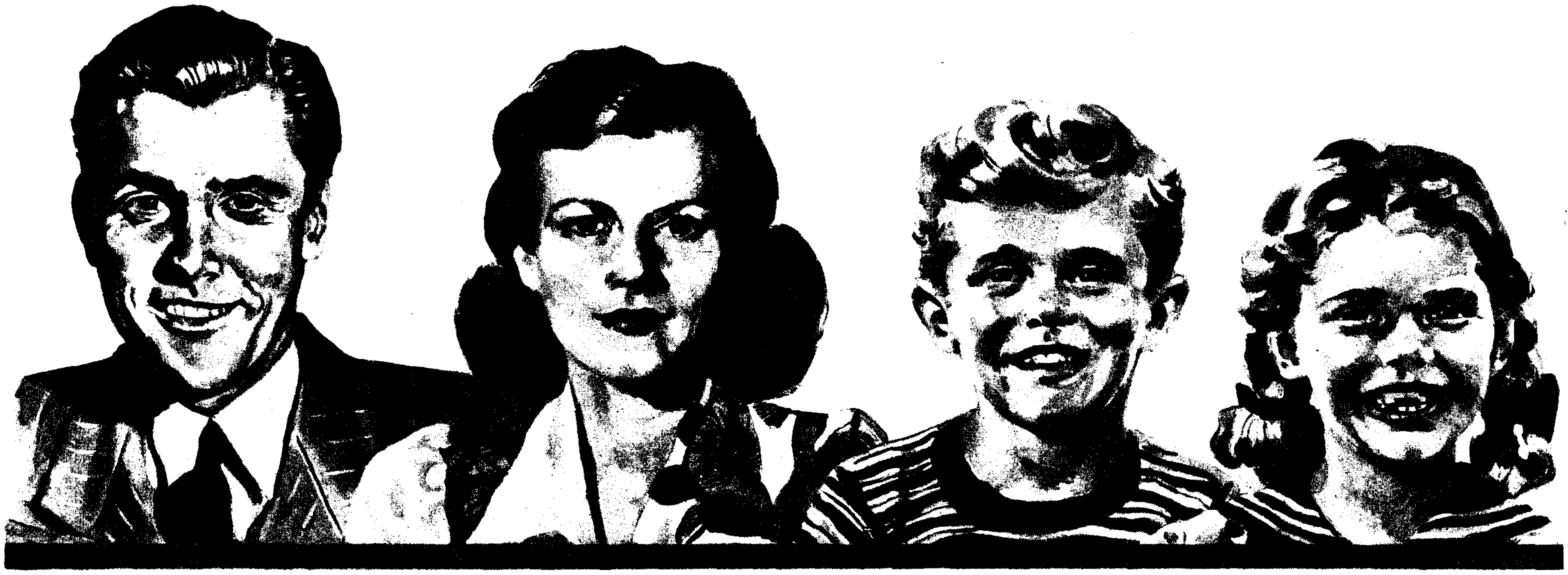
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

NASH KELVINATOR

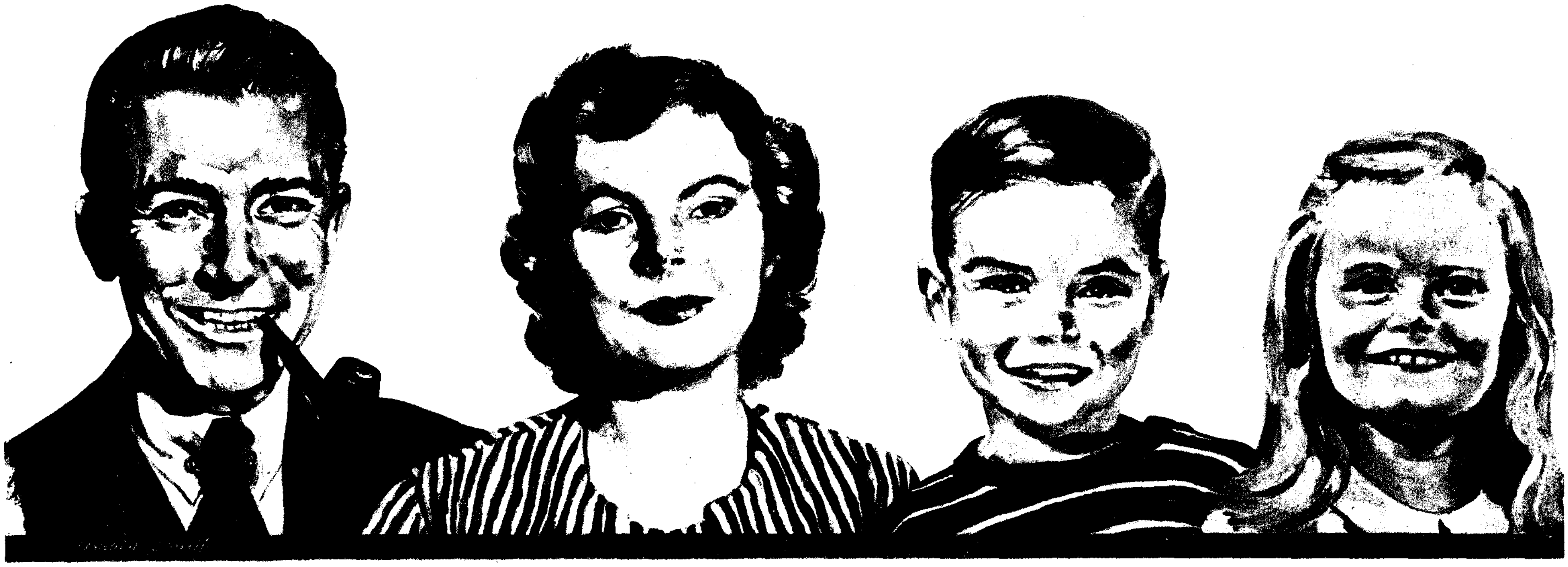
PRATT & WHITNEY
HIGH-ALTITUDE
ENGINES

NAVY'S GIANT
VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
FLYING BOATS

HAMILTON
STANDARD
PROPELLERS



No two families are alike



THE Cranes and the Richardsons live on the same street in almost identical houses. Each family has about the same amount of money coming in every week. The parents are the same ages and play bridge together every Saturday night. The children attend the same schools.

In many ways their situations are parallel. Yet Phil Corey, the John Hancock representative who insured both families, recommended less life insurance and of a different type to the Cranes than he did to the Richardsons.

Phil knows, because of his training based on his company's experience with six million policyholders, that no two families are alike, however similar they may appear on the surface. He took into consideration the fact that Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Richardson would face sharply different problems of readjustment, were they to be deprived of their husbands' active support. . . . *Mrs. Crane was a trained nurse before her marriage. Mrs. Richardson stayed at home. . . . Mr. Crane works in a local bank and has a social security card. Mr. Richardson is a junior partner in a law firm. . . . The Crane boy has his eye on an army career. The Richardson boy wants to be a surgeon.*

Searching out the fundamental, if sometimes obscure, factors which make every family's life insurance problem different from that of every other family, is part of the specialized training of every John Hancock representative, which enables him to tailor your protection exactly to your family's measurements. The application of this specialized service to your individual situation requires but a short interview which fully respects the value of your time.

When the John Hancock representative calls, take him into your confidence. It will enable him to give you the full benefit of his knowledge and experience and will place you under no obligation.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, *President*

OLLIER'S
IE NATIONAL WEEKLY
R SEPTEMBER 12, 1942

Leavenworth Opus No. 1

By Richard English

If the war lasts long enough Mr. Zang's patriotism will get him into trouble. Or put him back in jail

ON THE day he graduated from Leavenworth, Nicky Zang was undoubtedly this country's most patriotic citizen and, as such, he frowned when he saw the crowd and the reporters waiting at the station. Before he could even leave the train, they were surging in on him with their cameras and floral tributes, as if this were still a world in which people were looking for two cars in every garage instead of two Japs under every bed. He sighed. He had hoped his homecoming would not be that of the nation's outstanding Public Enemy (Varsity 1925-26-27-28) but that of a dignified character who, having foresworn the idle fancies of his youth, would be free to take up his war work without a lot of coppers butting in.

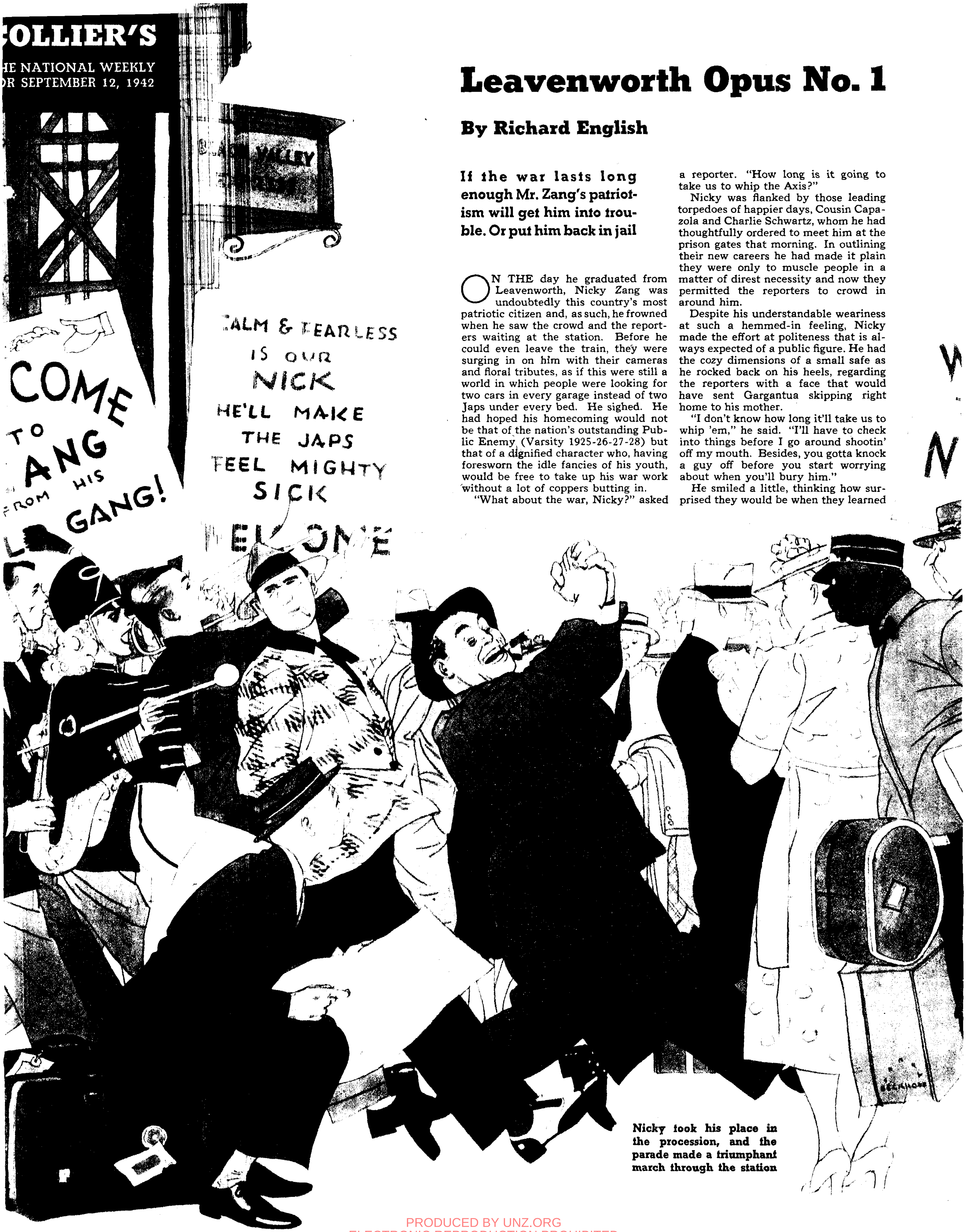
"What about the war, Nicky?" asked a reporter. "How long is it going to take us to whip the Axis?"

Nicky was flanked by those leading torpedoes of happier days, Cousin Capazola and Charlie Schwartz, whom he had thoughtfully ordered to meet him at the prison gates that morning. In outlining their new careers he had made it plain they were only to muscle people in a matter of direst necessity and now they permitted the reporters to crowd in around him.

Despite his understandable weariness at such a hemmed-in feeling, Nicky made the effort at politeness that is always expected of a public figure. He had the cozy dimensions of a small safe as he rocked back on his heels, regarding the reporters with a face that would have sent Gargantua skipping right home to his mother.

"I don't know how long it'll take us to whip 'em," he said. "I'll have to check into things before I go around shootin' off my mouth. Besides, you gotta knock a guy off before you start worrying about when you'll bury him."

He smiled a little, thinking how surprised they would be when they learned



Nicky took his place in the procession, and the parade made a triumphant march through the station

Nicky Zang was going all the way on this patriotic business. During his fourteen-year course in better citizenship he had realized he owed his country a great deal. Never a narrow-minded party, he would have been the first to admit that his sudden retirement from the beer industry had undoubtedly saved his hips. His three successors had all been tossed over bridges while absent-mindedly reclining in cement barrels, and the more he thought about it the more he was sure this patriotism was for him.

"You just tell the public," he said, "that Nicky Zang will be right in there pitching."

Some of his loyal followers were crowding in now, presenting him with floral horseshoes, and several night club and tavern bands—combined for the homecoming party—now burst into Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here. Nicky winced at this onslaught and, always on cue, Cousin and Charlie turned ominous frowns on the band.

Only they knew that Nicky Zang had emerged from Leavenworth a true music lover, a man who could no longer take his sonatas or leave them alone.

His warden had been extremely partial to good music and as the cell-block radio conveyed only what the warden personally enjoyed, Nicky had, under such constant exposure, blossomed into a man of considerable culture. One addicted to Wagner and Gershwin, and even taking occasional fliers on Sousa and Ravel.

"How about a picture of you leading the parade, Nicky?" asked a cameraman. "There's going to be a parade, you know."

Nicky grinned and took his place at the head of the noisy procession that was forming on the platform. Led by the band, the parade made a triumphant path through the station, when the rude hand of the law intervened.

The hand belonged to Lieutenant Bert Tilden, formerly of the racket squad, and it rested heavily on Nicky's shoulder. "Not so fast, big-shot," he said, savoring the consternation he caused as the procession halted. "I always like to welcome the tough boys home. They change so much. If they're not Bible-pounders, they're patriots."

Nicky's face had congealed. Despite his high intentions the mere sight of Lieutenant Tilden was enough to make him wish for the good old days when he had such punks sent so far out in the sticks they had to use a sickle to find the station house.

"Hello, flatfoot," he said coldly. "Still slugging people with that roll of nickels?"

Tilden frowned. "If you want to find out, all you have to do is try making a pitch at the old stand." He was making the faces in the crowd and only after seeing Cousin and Charlie did he relax. Such a trio must sooner or later end up on the wrong end of a beef. That thought eased the regret with which he released Nicky now.

"I'll keep in touch with you," he promised. "You never looked like no Patrick Henry to me."

Nicky wasn't even aware of him. The band was already into the first chorus of one of the latest popular war songs, and this added insult to his recently acquired culture caused him to make with a well-bred shudder. It was becoming more and more obvious that he had been released in the nick of time. Not only was the great war song still unwritten but indeed, our country was going into battle armed only with a lot of punk tunes.

"You hear what I said?" Tilden snapped. "I said you don't look like no Patrick Henry to me!"

Nicky regarded him with aesthetic distaste, knowing that the Tildens of the world would never appreciate his patriotic plans for becoming a songwriter himself. Notoriously narrow, the forces of law and order would never make allowances for the fact that knowing from nothing about writing down music himself, he would naturally have to snatch himself a composer. A copper wouldn't even understand there was nothing personal in this: it simply stood to reason that no classy composer would agree to working with an unknown and so steps had to be taken.

"I heard you, sweeetheart," Nicky said. "Well, see you at the symphony."

"YOU'RE sure he's the best we can do?" Nicky asked doubtfully. They were assembled in the library of his estate and at the moment he was plainly distrait, circling the applicant with the dubiousness of an underslung St. Bernard. "An associate conductor don't sound so big-shot to me. If we gotta put the sneeze on a conductor to write my song, what's wrong with Stokowski?"

Cousin Capazola shrugged the twin peaks that concealed his shoulders. "Stokowski somebody would miss," he said. "With cousin here, it's different. Who misses a guy who just rehearses a band?"

Nicky sighed. Cousin had never been too heavy in the upstairs department, dwelling as he did in a lovely world where everyone was either a cousin or a blood enemy. Cousin was beaming with the honest pleasure of one who had resumed his old trade, gladly consigning his florist shop to the limbo of legitimate enterprises. "For a panty-waist, he didn't want to come at all," he said gaily. "He got real tough, Cousin did."

Edgar Snodgrass rolled his eyes fiercely but said nothing. He had been busily occupied with his storage plans when Cousin and Charlie had appeared at his apartment and he was still highly indignant about the whole thing. He was a slender young man but not willowy, and his haircut was as conventional as his suit. His whole appearance filled Nicky with reasonable distrust. He was not one to entrust lightly his country's destiny to just any blond punk with a snub nose.

"Snodgrass," Nicky said bitterly. "Could someone named Snodgrass write The Star-Spangled Banner or maybe even the Bolero?" Again he regretted he had been forced to bundle himself a guy just to write down the song that was always bursting in his head. When a man stuck his neck out that far he deserved something better than this punk.

"It's a pity that Irving Berlin guy ain't in town," he said morosely. "If he was, we wouldn't be messin' with such yaps."

"Jerks," Charlie Schwartz said apologetically. "They call 'em jerks now, Nicky." He was a small, sober party, addicted to somber clothes and even more somber tactics. At the moment he was polishing his glasses with the delicate touch of one who always carried his implements in a violin case. "On the record this Snodgrass is the best of the local talent. I had him taped."

Nicky's face opened like a flower in the sun. "Yeah?" he said hopefully. "An inside job, hunh?"

"Well," Charlie said comfortably, "I had my sources."

HIS narration, while hardly in the Deems Taylor manner, was still very soothing to any music lover. Mr. Snodgrass had been the associate conductor of the local symphony for the past six years, during which time he was known to have composed several pieces that the long-underwear trade regarded as killer-dillers. Due to the fact that the conductor, Stanislaus Jurich, was too gracious a man ever to deprive his public of its childish pleasure in observing his swaying figure on the podium, Edgar had been more or less under wraps all these years.

"Not being well known," said Charlie, "he oughta make you a real nice collaborator. People won't miss him and if they do, they'll just think he's gone to visit an aunt or something."

"Well," said Nicky, turning a patron's kindly beam on the young man, "that's more like it. When you get through writing this song I got hummin' in my ears you'll be famous all over the world, Edgar. Think how you'll feel when our boys are marchin' into Tokyo to our music!" Swept with emotion, he turned on Mr. Capazola. "Take that gag out of his mouth. You got no manners?"

Edgar's first words would hardly serve as a model for what the grateful young artiste should say to his sponsor. "Mr. Zang," he cried sternly, "the F.B.I. shall hear of this! This is not 1928. When the proper authorities learn of your gangster tactics—"

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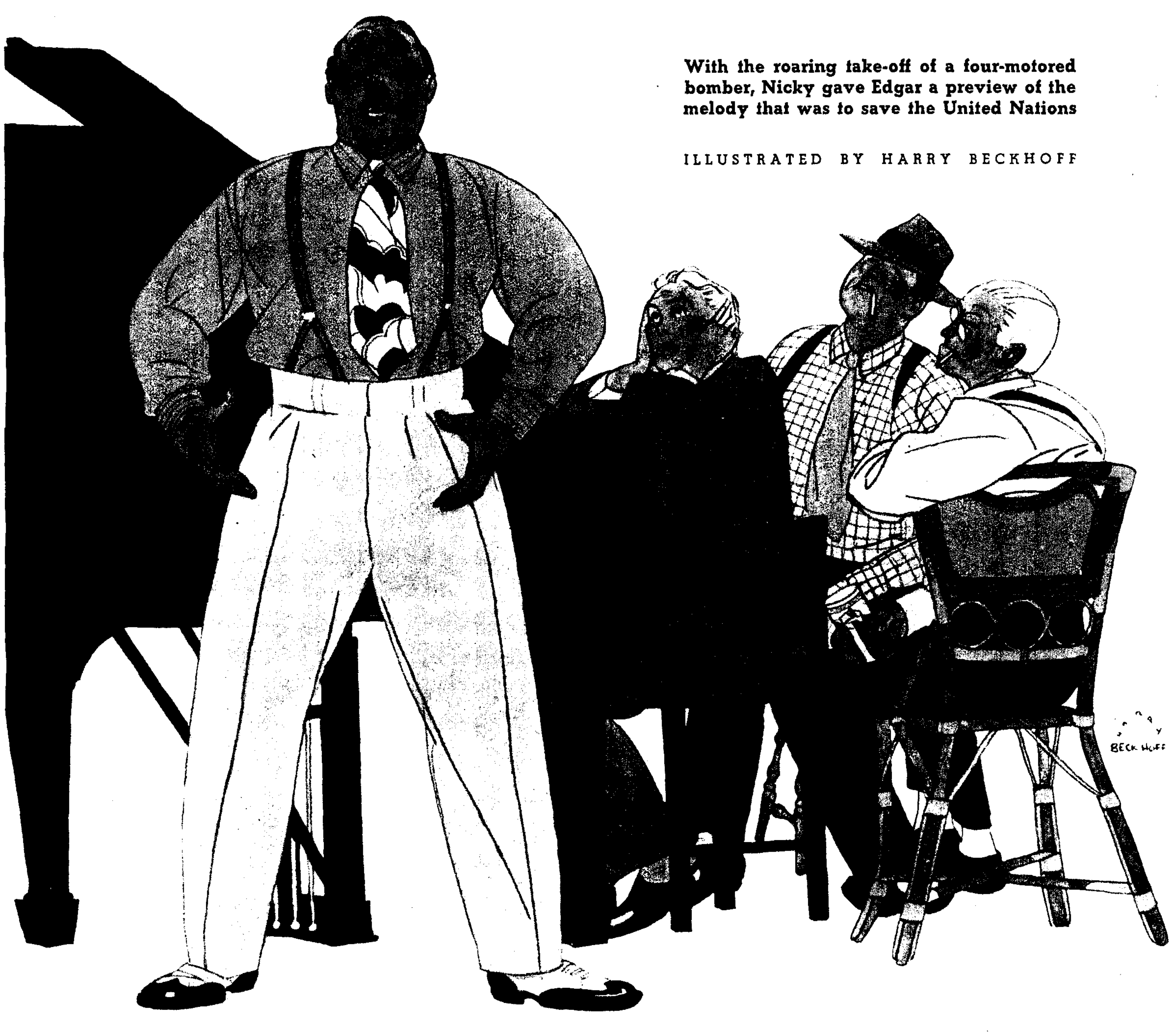

With the roaring take-off of a four-motored bomber, Nicky gave Edgar a preview of the melody that was to save the United Nations

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

COOK'S Day Out

By John F. Coggswell

North woods or back yard, cooking outdoors has its points, like bean-hole beans and toasted franks, and chowder from those fish you caught. Here's to more of the same

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Any man of the house can don a chef's cap and cook a woodsman's meal in a rustic spot near home—as Denis Regan of Scarsdale, N. Y., does for his wife and guest (right)

LAST summer, more people than ever before spent their vacations in the north woods. They crowded the sporting camps, pitched tents in the national forests, rode canoes down lonesome rivers, fished in remote lakes. The North Country claims a still bigger incursion this summer. War industry workers have been urged to take outdoor vacations to re-create vigor, insure top production. Sea trips are out. The tire shortage and gas rationing prohibit countrywide touring. So the forests not too far from industrial regions are overrun with folks from the cities, out for rest and recreation.

"They'll have a lot of fun and go home full of pep—if they know how to cook in the woods," observes C. Ross McKenney, nationally famous woodsman, so good in the forest that Dartmouth University jerked him off the trails, put him on the faculty, made him the first "outdoors technician."

Good cooking *is* essential to enjoy a camping trip. The legions who hit into the timber with licensed guides to look after them will have no worries, for these vacation-country woodsmen are acknowledged to be the best woods cooks in the world. City folks, going camping for the first time, can live well, too, if they'll take some tips from the professionals. Out by themselves or under the wing of a guide, they'll bring home recipes that will astonish and delight guests around the back-yard fireplaces that are so popular. Or they can get the same results, without stirring out of the back yard, by following the recipes herewith.

One sun-spattered noontime, Ross McKenney, who is a superlative outdoor chef, unshouldered our canoe, deposited it beside the pile of duffel at the top of the carry around Grand Falls, on the famous East Branch trip into the Maine wilderness.

"That carry took a lot of meat off our frames," he remarked, as we sat resting, puffing our pipes. "But hang onto your appetite a while and I'll stir up a mess of corn bread that will put it back."

In twenty minutes the corn bread was ready, steaming, butter melting into it. Corn bread, bacon and beans, hot coffee! There's food that will stick to your ribs. Here's how Ross McKenney puts it together:

Corn Bread

2 cups corn meal
1 cup white flour
1 tablespoonful shortening (optional)
4 tablespoonfuls sugar
1 teaspoonful salt
1 moderately heaped teaspoonful soda
2 moderately heaped teaspoonfuls cream of tartar
1 egg
1 can evaporated milk, diluted

Sift dry ingredients together, add one cup of milk, the egg and melted shortening. Stir until partly mixed. Add milk or water to make easily beaten batter. Beat well, the harder the better. Bake quickly.

A Big-Woods Cook's Outfit

Good johnnycake can be conjured out of even a depleted food box. Put in the shortening or leave it out; without it, the bread will be easier to butter without crumbling. Use plain water instead of evaporated milk. The egg isn't absolutely necessary, either. Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder can replace the soda and cream of tartar.

Experienced guides don't believe in much fried food in the woods; city sports, they say, overeat anyway in the open, and hard-to-digest food would wreck them. Bert Quimby, Ross' old partner, himself a peerless trail chef, says that any camping party would be a lot better off if its cook lost his fry pans the first day out—all but one small skillet, to use in browning onions and bacon or salt pork, before they go into the stew kettle or baking pan. Fish chowder is about the only dish on their menus into which onions go unbrowned.

Give a big-woods cook his one fry pan, a set of three nested kettles, a wire broiler and a reflector oven, and he'll turn out a bewildering and toothsome variety of stews and broiled and baked foods. A reflector oven is a triangular-shaped contrivance, made of tinned sheet metal, with a shelf inside to hold a bake dish. You can probably still find one on your hardware dealer's shelf. It costs, perhaps, a dollar; weighs but a couple of pounds. Setting one before an open fire, a forest chef can work wonders with it.

These are enough cooking utensils for any trip into the woods. The food list needn't be long, either. Long canoe trips into the wilderness are not made without a licensed guide; he does the worrying about the food list, packing, everything. Most vacationist campers, out on their own, drive their own cars or take bus or train to a state or national forest campground, pitch tent, hike out from there on day-long trips. Many a vacation state boasts a tenting place, with trees for shade and good water to drink, near-by streams and lakes in which to fish, within an hour's drive from any location in the state. Fresh meat and fruit are usually obtainable not too far from such spots.

Many of the items that every housewife must have on her pantry shelves may well be dispensed with in the big woods. With the following list of staples anyone can get along; quantities for one person, one week:

Flour, 3½ pounds; corn meal, 2 pounds; potatoes, 14 medium-sized; onions, 7 good-sized; butter, 1½ pounds; evaporated milk, 2 tins; bacon, 2 pounds; salt pork, 2 pounds; sugar ½ pound; coffee, ¾ of a pound; tea, ⅛ pound; dried prunes, apricots and pears, 1 pound; beans, 1 quart.

These staples should be backed up by one-meal-size cans, for entire party, of fruit, fruit juices, and vegetables, soups, corn beef hash, ham products, beef stew, etc. (Figure assortment on basis of 1½ cans per day, per person.) Dehydrated vegetables may take the place of fresh and canned, if weight-saving is an object. Put in two or three packages of prepared noodles, a can of molasses, one of sirup, a box of shaker salt, a tin each of pepper and mustard, for the party. Boxed soda crackers and cookies are a luxury item. Pork drippings supply shortening, lighter than

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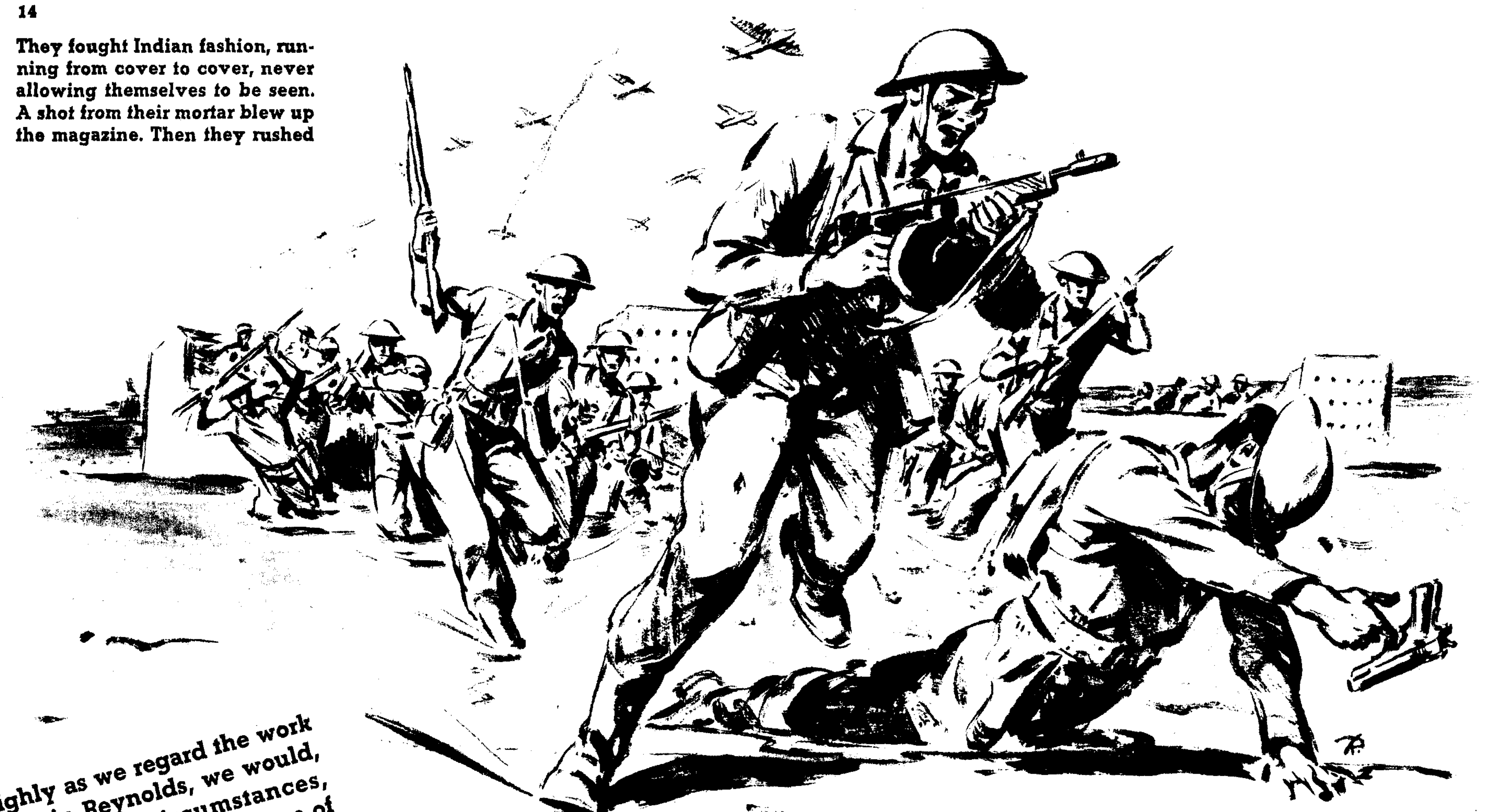


They fought Indian fashion, running from cover to cover, never allowing themselves to be seen. A shot from their mortar blew up the magazine. Then they rushed

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

As highly as we regard the work of Quentin Reynolds, we would, under normal circumstances, think twice about running two of his articles in the same issue. But with Mr. Reynolds aboard General Roberts' destroyer in the sensational Commando raid on Dieppe, the circumstances are hardly normal. His "Night Flight, 1942," on page 16 of this issue, was already on the presses; we stopped them only long enough to include this thrilling story which couldn't wait

BOAT TRIP TO DIEPPE

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM LONDON

IT WAS a great speech that Major General James Roberts made. The Canadian troops whom he bosses were tense now, and ready for anything. For two years they had sat in England yelling for action and now they were going to get it. Their training had been especially tough during the past month and they knew that something was up. But they had never anticipated anything as glorious as this.

"Our objective is Dieppe," General Roberts concluded, "it is a difficult operation but well worth the effort. A large mine field has been planted in the Channel by the Germans. We have to pass through it. That may be the toughest part of our job, but I want you to know that your general will lead you through that mine field. I will be on the destroyer which goes first."

I had heard Canadian troops talk about Roberts before. Now I knew what they meant. He felt that it would give his men confidence if they knew he was ahead of them through that mine field.

I was filled with admiration for General Roberts. I thought he was a great guy, for a while. Then I stepped onto the destroyer which was to take me to the party and almost collapsed. The first man I ran into was Roberts. I was on his ship.

The raid on Dieppe was one of the most carefully planned military attacks ever prepared by Combined Operations. Nothing was left to chance. For weeks, Vice Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, in charge of Combined Operations, and his staff had been studying photographs of Dieppe made by R.A.F. reconnaissance planes. They had studied the contour of the land, had familiarized themselves with the beaches on the outskirts of the city, had located the costal guns of the Germans and had found out to the second the time of the tide on the shore.

Our start was auspicious. We were the commanding ship; all orders emanated from us. Roberts had a small room on the destroyer and he sat there with two aides who wore earphones and held microphones. From the beginning, Roberts would be in touch with everything that went on. An air commodore acting as liaison between Roberts and Fighter Command in Britain sat beside him. The naval captain in charge of us until we arrived off Dieppe was on the bridge. Roberts had a speaking tube directly to the bridge. This was Combined Operations at its best. It was a team of three services—army, navy and air force—and they passed the ball to and fro beautifully.

A large flotilla of surface craft left the shores of Britain that night and they carried thousands of men. Every effort had been made to keep the raid secret. The night was kind to us: stars speckled the sky but there was only a fringe of moon. The usually fractious waters of the Channel were as calm as a bowl of cream and the air was so soft it seemed hard to believe that this night was dedicated to murder and not romance.

I stood on the bridge, and the captain in charge of naval operations said, "This is a rather historic moment. It's the first time in the history of modern warfare that anything like this has been attempted."

It was quite dark but vague, as ghostlike forms of scores of craft silhouetted their ever darker outlines against the night. All wireless communication had stopped, and our only contact with the other ships was by the flicker of signal lamps. Soon even that would cease.

And then the order was given. Somewhere far below, a bell struck twice, a voice, half heard, cried, "Half speed ahead," and we began to slither through the water.

We sat in the wardroom, and General Roberts and his aides discussed the operation. Troops land on six beaches; the Commandos would attack the flank and put two big gun batteries out of commission. The main attacking force—the Canadians with tanks, mortars and machine guns—would hit the center, drive through to the city of Dieppe, kill every German they found, blow up the power station and the factory which made torpedoes, and then completely destroy the place.

It looked easy, sitting there in the wardroom over a Scotch-and-soda.

"Everyone on deck." An officer came in. "We're going through the mine field."

We inflated our Mae Wests and went above. We were traveling fast now. If you hit a mine, it will get you whether you are traveling fast or slow. A long hour earlier, the trawlers had swept a 600-foot path through the infested area and they had done their job well.

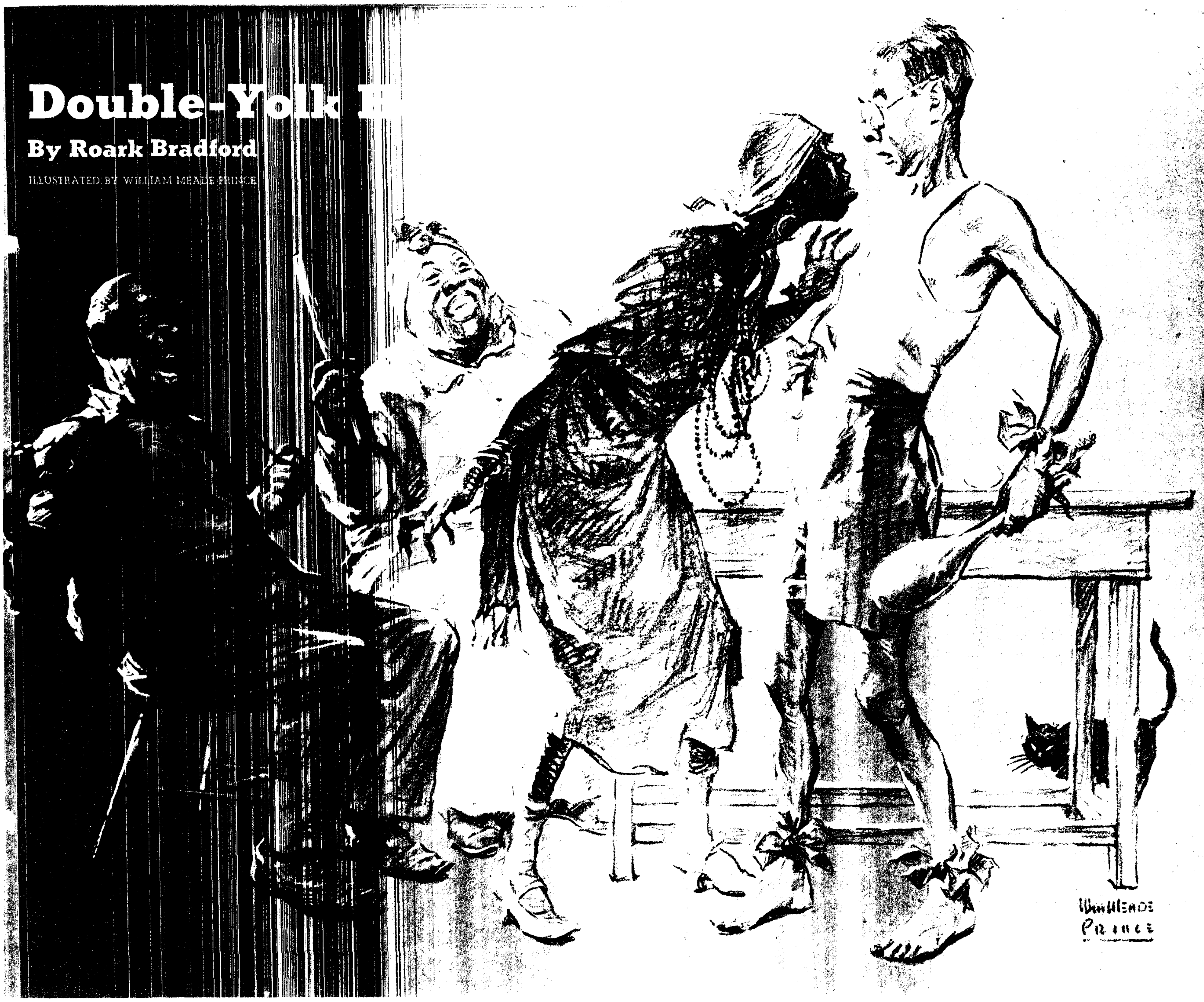
It was 1 A. M. now and we found that we were all taking quick glances at

(Continued on page 64)

Double-Yolk E

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



Dolworthy backed. The hoodoo woman continued to crowd him. "Like de rooster!" she hissed. "I make you lay de egg!"

Special showing of Voodoo on Little Bee Bend plantation—as reluctantly sponsored by the Widow Duck

MISS MILDRED brought the man to the plantation but she did not say it would be all right. She had brought a heap of other funny-looking and crazy-acting people out and it had always been all right, just as she said it would be. Miss Mildred was the guv'mer lady over at Benton and the folks on Little Bee Bend liked her. Besides giving her the respect due anyone who worked for Uncle Sam himself, Little Bee Bend folks found she had a heap of sense, for a white lady.

She always carefully explained just what the people wanted, when she brought them out. "This lady," Miss Mildred had told the Widow Duck, on one occasion, "is trying to find out all about the victuals you-all eat, so she can tell the guv'mer. She will ask you a heap of questions and maybe take little samples so she can look at them in a microscope. But it will be all right." And then she added confidentially, "She's sort of new at her work and comes from away up north, so you help her out, will you?"

The Widow Duck had passed the word and naturally everybody pitched in and helped. They made the lady friendly in everybody's kitchen, free to dip a spoon in the pot any time she wanted. She put the samples in little glass tubes and then wrote in her book. When she had filled all her glass tubes and asked all the questions, she went away, and it was all right, as Miss Mildred had promised.

Even when the man with the big trailer on his automobile came, it turned out fine. "He wants to look at everybody's blood," Miss Mildred explained to Giles, the foreman. "Uncle Sam has heard about what fine blood the folks on Little Bee Bend have, so he sent this man all the way down from Washington, D. C., just to look at it."

The blood man had come in the early spring and it, too, had turned out all right. Of course, a no-good named Floyd almost caused trouble. Floyd had spent the winter in Shreveport and had brought back what everybody thought was the Old Ral. Naturally, Floyd had expected to go to the Bodcau swamps as soon as his crop was worked, so that he could pick up the Chills-and-Fevers. That would cure the Old Ral. Then he would spend the fall and winter taking quinine to cure the Chills-and-Fevers. But it didn't turn out like that at all. The blood doctor said Floyd had what they call the Four Plusses, and he put some medicine in Floyd that made him awfully sick for a few days. But he got well and didn't have to spend the summer in the swamps and take quinine all winter.

SO WHEN Miss Mildred brought anybody to Little Bee Bend and said it would be all right, you could bet your last copper everybody pitched in to help, no matter how foolish the questions were.

But the new man had not been on the place long before the Widow Duck got to figuring back. Miss Mildred had always brought the men to Giles, but this man she took straight to the Widow Duck, and that seemed strange when she figured back. Also, this time Miss Mildred did not say it would be all right. Instead, she just drove up in her car and got out in front of the Widow Duck's cabin and said:

"Widow Duck, this is Doctor Dolworthy and he wants to find out some things. He is not the kind of doctor who cures sick people. He comes from away up north and he works for a big school up there. He wants to find out all about the hoodoo lady out here—Modom Aw-bear, isn't it?"

The Widow Duck had to remember her manners to keep from snorting at the mention of the hoodoo woman. "Dat's her call name," she explained contemptuously. "Her book name is Cissie Ringgold. She runned off wid a levee camp worker, fawty years ago, and she comed back home callin' herse'f Modom Aw-bear, and puttin' on juju Franch talk. Humph!"

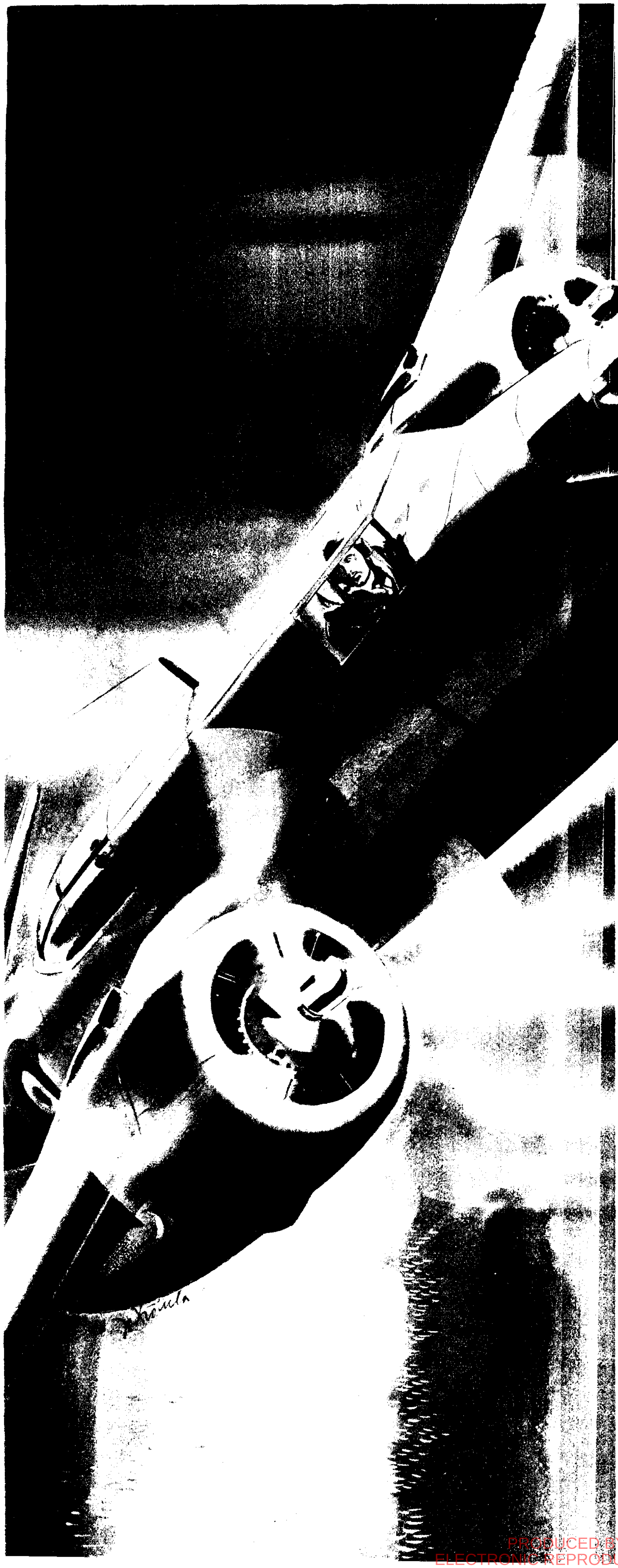
Dr. Dolworthy removed his horn-rimmed spectacles. "Pardon me, Miss Taylor," he said, "but I can handle this situation. Handling people is just a minor phase of my profession."

(Continued on page 34)

NIGHT FLIGHT—1942

By Quentin Reynolds

Collier's correspondent gets a gunner's-eye view of familiar France and London. Funny the things you think of when you're in a bomber



ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

When the plane banked, I was alone again with a plate of glass between me and the water a thousand feet below. There is no more lonely feeling

THE moon high over the Channel was an orange ball, occasionally veiled by swirling white wisps of cloud. We were flying low and could see that the Channel tonight had a smooth, placid surface. I was in the glass-enclosed nose of a Boston; sitting ahead of the motors so that their roar came through the glass, muffled and dimmed, no louder than the droning of a fly. You feel very much alone up there in front, with the night on either side of you, with the sky above and the water below. You hope, too, that the glass is as strong as your pilot said it was.

"It's so strong you can't even kick a hole in it," he had told me cheerfully before we started on this night flight. "In case you have to bail out, you slide this gadget back, drop out, then pull the handle on your chute. When you land in the water unbuckle your harness and blow up your rubber dinghy."

It was warm there in the glass nose of the bombardier's compartment, so warm that I slipped the harness off and got rid of the parachute and heavy Mae West. I knew I'd never have nerve enough to bail out anyway. I am very allergic to parachuting. The fast Boston A-20A hurried toward France and enemy territory. This is one of the loveliest aircraft ever to be born on the blueprints of an American factory. The squadron I was with used Bostons as bomber-fighters. They were "intruders," and their job was to locate German airdromes, sit high in the sky, and then pounce on returning Hun bombers. If no bombers were about, they'd swoop down and bomb the airdrome. Laden as we were with bombs and with plenty of ammunition for our guns, the speed indicator in front of me showed 280 miles an hour. We had 3,200 horses pulling us; each motor was 1,600 horsepower, and both were singing sweetly. I had a helmet on with earphones and a disk through which I could talk to the pilot, whose cockpit was in back and far above me.

Then clouds left the moon alone for a moment and ahead I could see a thin pencil line on the horizon. It grew, and then the jagged cliffs of the French coast, ghostly in the yellow moonlight, appeared. We stayed low because if you are low enough the curvature of the earth prevents radio location. Even the fine ears of the German radio detectors couldn't pick us up when we were flying "wave high," as the pilots call it. We climbed a bit now and swung along and over the coast. There was nothing real about this. No light showed in the miniature towns below. This pilot knew the danger spots and he was apparently avoiding them, for no streaks of red flak came up at us. Then we saw a thin, winding strip of quicksilver and the pilot called cheerfully, "That's the Somme." I was flying over land of rather bitter memory. In late June, 1940, I was sitting in the Ritz bar in Paris, listening to nitwits who kept saying complacently, "*Ils n'auront pas Paris. Ils ne passeront pas le Somme.*" We heard it all over Paris in those days. We heard it from everyone except General Horace Fuller, then military attaché at the American embassy, the most brilliant military strategist I have ever met in half a dozen warring countries. But we never believed Fuller. The French had stopped the Germans once in another war at the Somme. Now? "Waiter, another *Pernod*—they'll never take Paris. They'll never cross the Somme."

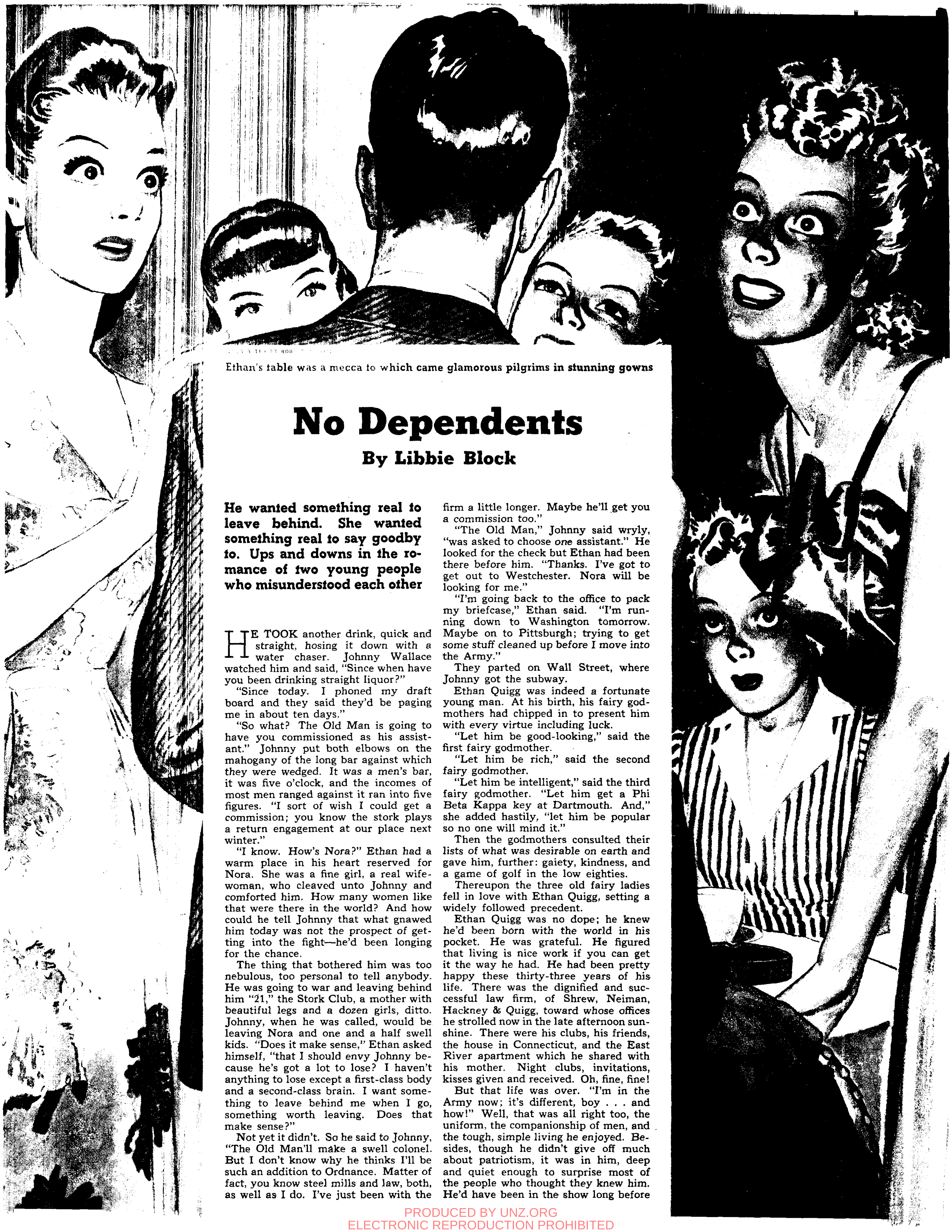
When we foreign correspondents stop being reporters and become prophets, we often become as ridiculous as radio commentators and newspaper columnists in America who so blithely explain away the defeats of British and American arms from a distance of 5,000 miles. We don't do it often, and there are men in London like Raymond Daniell of the New York Times, or Bill Stoneman of the Chicago Daily News, or Ed Beattie of the United Press whose records since the war began have shown that they have dealt only in fact, and never in fancy, and therefore, have never had the humiliating experience of having their guesses come home to roost. But unlike them, I guessed once and I believed the cry of the Paris loafers —"*Ils n'auront pas Paris. Ils ne passeront pas le Somme.*"

I thought of that, crossing the Somme, which only two years ago was sluggish and uneasy because of the weight of the French and British blood it carried. We swung to the west, and in the distance red and white streaks bisected the sky and I thought of Coney Island in 1918 when the lifeguards, including me, used to stay behind on Saturday night to watch the fireworks.

"That's Boulogne," the pilot chuckled through the intercommunication.

"Let's get closer," I yelled, because when you live in England you yearn for a few things that Brooklyn has which England doesn't have, and one of them is fireworks. The other is the sight of Leo Durocher, wide-jawed and snarling, telling Magerkurth just where to get off. But we don't even have any equivalent of that magnificent sight in Britain.

"No, chum," *(Continued on page 44)*



[illegible] BY ROB [illegible]

Ethan's table was a mecca to which came glamorous pilgrims in stunning gowns

No Dependents

By Libbie Block

He wanted something real to leave behind. She wanted something real to say goodby to. Ups and downs in the romance of two young people who misunderstood each other

HE TOOK another drink, quick and straight, hosing it down with a water chaser. Johnny Wallace watched him and said, "Since when have you been drinking straight liquor?"

"Since today. I phoned my draft board and they said they'd be paging me in about ten days."

"So what? The Old Man is going to have you commissioned as his assistant." Johnny put both elbows on the mahogany of the long bar against which they were wedged. It was a men's bar, it was five o'clock, and the incomes of most men ranged against it ran into five figures. "I sort of wish I could get a commission; you know the stork plays a return engagement at our place next winter."

"I know. How's Nora?" Ethan had a warm place in his heart reserved for Nora. She was a fine girl, a real wife-woman, who cleaved unto Johnny and comforted him. How many women like that were there in the world? And how could he tell Johnny that what gnawed him today was not the prospect of getting into the fight—he'd been longing for the chance.

The thing that bothered him was too nebulous, too personal to tell anybody. He was going to war and leaving behind him "21," the Stork Club, a mother with beautiful legs and a dozen girls, ditto. Johnny, when he was called, would be leaving Nora and one and a half swell kids. "Does it make sense," Ethan asked himself, "that I should envy Johnny because he's got a lot to lose? I haven't anything to lose except a first-class body and a second-class brain. I want something to leave behind me when I go, something worth leaving. Does that make sense?"

Not yet it didn't. So he said to Johnny, "The Old Man'll make a swell colonel. But I don't know why he thinks I'll be such an addition to Ordnance. Matter of fact, you know steel mills and law, both, as well as I do. I've just been with the firm a little longer. Maybe he'll get you a commission too."

"The Old Man," Johnny said wryly, "was asked to choose *one* assistant." He looked for the check but Ethan had been there before him. "Thanks. I've got to get out to Westchester. Nora will be looking for me."

"I'm going back to the office to pack my briefcase," Ethan said. "I'm running down to Washington tomorrow. Maybe on to Pittsburgh; trying to get some stuff cleaned up before I move into the Army."

They parted on Wall Street, where Johnny got the subway.

Ethan Quigg was indeed a fortunate young man. At his birth, his fairy godmothers had chipped in to present him with every virtue including luck.

"Let him be good-looking," said the first fairy godmother.

"Let him be rich," said the second fairy godmother.

"Let him be intelligent," said the third fairy godmother. "Let him get a Phi Beta Kappa key at Dartmouth. And," she added hastily, "let him be popular so no one will mind it."

Then the godmothers consulted their lists of what was desirable on earth and gave him, further: gaiety, kindness, and a game of golf in the low eighties.

Thereupon the three old fairy ladies fell in love with Ethan Quigg, setting a widely followed precedent.

Ethan Quigg was no dope; he knew he'd been born with the world in his pocket. He was grateful. He figured that living is nice work if you can get it the way he had. He had been pretty happy these thirty-three years of his life. There was the dignified and successful law firm, of Shrew, Neiman, Hackney & Quigg, toward whose offices he strolled now in the late afternoon sunshine. There were his clubs, his friends, the house in Connecticut, and the East River apartment which he shared with his mother. Night clubs, invitations, kisses given and received. Oh, fine, fine!

But that life was over. "I'm in the Army now; it's different, boy . . . and how!" Well, that was all right too, the uniform, the companionship of men, and the tough, simple living he enjoyed. Besides, though he didn't give off much about patriotism, it was in him, deep and quiet enough to surprise most of the people who thought they knew him. He'd have been in the show long before if his own work hadn't happened to be almost as valuable to his country as wearing the uniform. . . .

The elevator hauled him swiftly to the twenty-ninth floor of his building. Now, after five, the office should have been deserted. But a lamp still burned. Little Miss Kettering, the receptionist, was just closing her desk.

"You're late tonight," he said. "Don't let us slave-drive you."

She was the quietest young girl he had ever seen. Most twenty-year-olds laughed and gave off electricity in all directions. Miss Kettering spoke softly when necessary and moved her hands only as a means to accomplishment. But she was pretty, she was very pretty. Otherwise she wouldn't have been on display in the reception room of Shrew, Neiman, Hackney & Quigg. She had been engaged recently, by Ethan Quigg himself, because she had satiny skin, because she had small shapely hands and wore pink lipstick instead of red. That she was also efficient was just one more indication of his luck.

"Here are some phone messages for you, Mr. Quigg," she said, giving him a package of little papers.

He ruffled through them. Venetia Marshall, marked *Important*. Important to whom? Margot Root about next week end; Mrs. Van Vroom, probably needing an extra man. . . .

HE DIDN'T know why he looked up suddenly but he found, on the face of little Miss Kettering, scorn like a dusting of powder.

Hey, what goes? And then, intuitively he thought, "She's laughing at me because all these messages are from women." Like a small boy caught playing girls' games he felt impelled to affect a manly swagger.

"Well," he said, dropping the memos in the wastebasket, "not many more parties. I'll be in the Army within a month."

Her hair was light brown, cut short. Like an old-fashioned carved and gold-washed frame, it mounted her face. "Mightn't a captain in the Ordnance Department have lots of social life?" she asked.

"How did you know that? That I was due for a commission?"

"From the girls here in the office. They seem to know all about you." Her soft little smile implied that she knew what he had guessed with some irritation; that all the secretaries were secretly in love with him, that they spent endless hours discussing him.

"Well," he said, "and do you know all about me, too?"

There was strangely little flirtatiousness in her. "Why, no," she said simply, "how could I?"

He said, to his surprise, "If you're not busy will you have dinner with me tonight?" As a matter of fact he had intended to go to sleep early; be set for Washington tomorrow.

She had not accepted his invitation.

"Matter of fact," Ethan said, "I'm in the dumps. I need some quiet talk with someone who *doesn't* know me too well."

This was the truth and she seemed to believe it. "My family expects me for dinner," she said, "but I'll phone them."

While she put on her hat, he, in his private office, chose the papers he would need to take with him to Washington. It was surprising that he should be so grateful that Miss Kettering had accepted his invitation; he took it as a matter of course that most women accepted whatever he offered. There was something in Miss Kettering, a quality of resistance, of setting her own standards and abiding by them. Or was there? She had that hard, rare gem: character. Or did she?

During dinner all she told him about herself was that her first name was Bunty, a nickname for Berenice. Well, that was almost all she had time to tell him, he was so busy talking out the discontent he had not been able to confide to anyone.

"It's like this," he said. "In my way I've worked as hard at living as any man laying bricks; at living and playing, too. Well, when a man works that hard he ought to be able to come to a turn in his life, look back and say, 'I cherish the things I've earned. I'm coming back to them.' You understand, I mean other things than money."

Bunty said thoughtfully with her quiet little hands in her lap, "Excuse me. But I wonder, are you what they call a playboy?" The small French restaurant to which he had taken her was low-ceilinged and quiet; here people respected the food they ate.

"There are places along this Suez Canal where the ship almost touches the desert sands"

LEONARD DOVE

Ethan was surprised, a little affronted. "A playboy plays," he said; "he doesn't work."

"But your work seems to come so easily to you. Easier than to Mr. Wallace, for instance."

It was true. Johnny worked harder than he, with no better results. Johnny was always thinking about those beloved mouths to feed; Johnny was always under pressure. Ethan was impelled to drive on, to explain himself to her. He said, "Maybe what I need is a tie—a girl like none of the girls I know now. Someone to write me letters when I'm in the Army and send me cookies."

"It would seem funny sending cookies to a captain." She laughed and he understood why she laughed so seldom; some laughter is too delicate and lovely to use except for best.

He had intended to take her home after dinner but he found that he wasn't at all tired. "Let's go on to the Stork Club," he said.

"I've never been there," she said without eagerness.

"Well, fine," he said assuming that if she had never been there she had often longed to go.

ETHAN knew everyone at the Stork Club. Their table was a mecca to which came glamorous pilgrims in stunning gowns who put long-nailed topaz- or ruby-adorned hands on the tablecloth as though in prayer and said to Ethan, "But, darling, I've just heard. You're off to the wars! Save Wednesday a week, I'm going to give you a farewell party you'll never forget."

Or, "Ethan, your mother told me we're losing you to the Army. I'm so glad . . . I saw the most divine thing at Cartier's and I'm going to rush right out tomorrow and get it for you."

After that, Bunty broke, for almost the only time, the silence which had swallowed her. "They don't sell cookies at Cartier's, do they?"

He didn't answer. By this time he was rather let down. The evening had probably been a mistake; this girl acknowledged introductions only with nods; she wasn't enjoying herself. Better take her home.

And then his mother came into the room with her newest beau, looking like a white-haired nymph, light and loving as a bit of cottonwood fluff.

"Ethan darling,"—she kissed her son —"who's this pretty girl? I've never seen her before, have I?"

He said stiffly, "My mother, Mrs. McLash, Miss Kettering."

Mrs. McLash said to Bunty, "Don't think it's odd that his name is Quigg; his father was the best of my husbands. Isn't he stunning?"

"Who?" said Bunty.

"Ethan, of course. Won't he be beautiful in uniform? I can hardly wait to see him, dressed up. Well, goodby, children, come over to our table later."

"Mother," Ethan detained her, "I'm going to Washington tomorrow. I may be gone a week or more; if a notice comes from my draft board, will you forward it to me immediately?"

"Why, of course, darling. And have a good time." She drifted away, veiled and slim on high-tipped heels.

He didn't know why he felt like apologizing. "Mother thinks I'm going to have a good time in Washington," he said.

"Well, aren't you?" Bunty asked, pulling on her gloves.

Actually it was only his well-rehearsed tongue which said as he dropped her by her cab at the door of her modest apartment house, "We must do this again, soon." He didn't intend to do it again, ever.

If he expected any answer at all he thought she'd murmur, "We certainly must," and depart gracefully.

But she said, "No. We mustn't do this again." She left the cab without waiting for his assistance; she did not look back.

Ethan wondered, "What made me think she was just about to burst into tears?" Well, that was that. By the time he returned from his trip, he'd have forgotten her.

HE HAD forgotten her long before that. From Washington he had to go to Pittsburgh, to Cleveland and back to Washington. No plane reservations were available; the week swelled to ten days; eleven. A tedious job, but luckily he had friends in Washington, in Pittsburgh, in Cleveland; it had been warm enough to play a round of golf last Saturday afternoon. The brooding sense of lack was still in him but it was tightly packaged, marked, "Not to be Opened Till Later."

Tomorrow he would leave Washington for New York, and Bunty Kettering had never entered his mind.

He did not even recognize her voice on the telephone. He was still asleep in his hotel room when she called. The operator said, "Long Distance. New York calling Mr. Ethan Quigg." And then a clear, quiet voice said, "Mr. Quigg?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Mr. Quigg, this is Bunty Kettering. Miss Kettering at the office."

"Yes, Miss Kettering?" At once the picture of her, young and grave, sprang up before him. But his voice was formal, there was nothing in the office routine which demanded that she telephone him.

"I . . ." Was she embarrassed? "That is, I thought you'd like to know this is your last day to appear before your draft board. The notice came several days ago."

"I see." His quick brain attempted to imagine the circumstances which would make her the bearer of this news. "How did you happen to learn this?"

There was a pause. "Well, Mr. Quigg, I remembered that you had asked your mother to forward the notice from your draft board. So when I read in the society column that Mrs. McLash had gone to Sun Valley, I wondered . . ."

"You wondered if she had remembered?" Oh, Mother, Mother, with your gauzy mind. . . .

Bunty was making sure that no criticism of his mother was implied. "I thought the notice might have arrived *after* she left."

"And how did *you* get the notice?" He was deep-voiced, intense.

There was another pause. Shyly she said, "I went up to your apartment after work yesterday and asked the maid to let me look through your mail. I . . . told her I was your secretary. I hope that was all right."

"Thank you very much. It was more than all right. If I hadn't known I might be subject to a stiff fine. Jail maybe. I'll take the next train in."

She had only one more thing to say: "Your draft board might not mind your staying away, because you're going to get a commission anyway."

He laughed. "When the draft board sends for me, it wants to see me. Miss Kettering, don't leave the office until I get in, please. I'd like to see you."

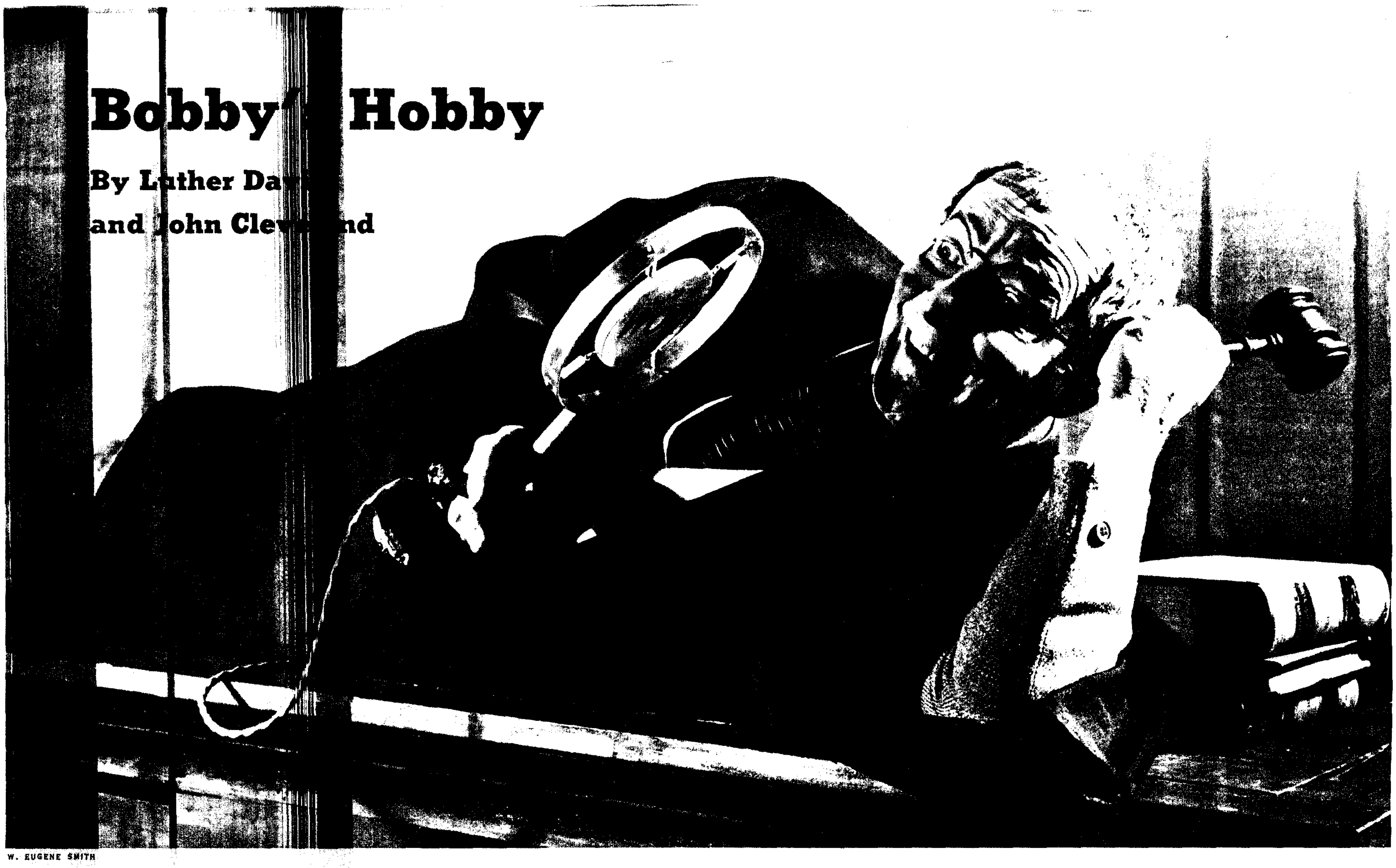
ON THE train he signed a good big check, made out to Berenice Kettering. On lounge-car stationery he wrote a cordial note to her to accompany the check and sealed the envelope, feeling fine. He could not wait to give her this reward. What initiative, loyalty . . . what a memory, that his casual remark to his

(Continued on page 41)

Bobby's Hobby

By Luther Dav

and John Clev nd



W. EUGENE SMITH

The irrepressible zany, Bobby Clark, in a scene from Star and Garter. Here he is the microphone-hugging Judge Gabby, in a skit titled Aired in Court

Bobby Clark has run the gamut, from circus to vaudeville to Sheridan. He's now in burlesque, sporting his famous cigar and lame cane

HE COMES on stage with a *whee!* a shout, absurd gargling sounds, and such a succession of startled movements, acrobatic tricks, grins, winks, giggles and howls, that members of his audiences complain he doesn't hold still long enough for them to tell what he looks like. Usually any attempt to get a clear mental picture of Bobby Clark at work is further complicated by the fact that it's almost impossible to watch him without becoming teary-eyed with laughter.

Recently, for instance, a barber who has been shaving the famous comedian for over fifteen years remarked to him, "Saw a namesake of yours last night. Comic actor named Bobby Clark."

"Funny?" asked Bobby.

The barber chuckled, and said, "Crazy! Don't see how they think up all those things!"

"Often wonder myself," said Bobby. "I'd like a shampoo."

Others have made the same error as the barber, for the off-stage Clark looks and acts like anything but a comedian. A beginning-to-get-paunchy, medium-built man of fifty-three, he has graying blond hair, almost invisible eyebrows, and light-blue eyes. With a taciturn, sober manner—like that of a man who has lived too long with statistics—he is frequently mistaken for a not particularly successful accountant or a plodding civil-service official.

Currently, he's starring on Broadway in Star and Garter, and Bobby takes this uptown burlesque show at full speed, in the same circus-vaudeville style which once made him the funnier half of the famous comedy team of Clark and McCullough.

Bobby is so intent on his private hobby of being what he calls "the most conscientious comedian in the business," that he literally has not a moment for anything else. His profession is that of causing a thousand-dollars-a-week worth of laughter—and his only real avocation is being just a little more hilarious each performance than he was the one before.

"Bobby is so *very* conscientious," says his wife ruefully, "that when we have people in for the evening, lots of times he just sits in the corner and thinks to himself."

She goes on to tell about one night recently when she and Bobby were prevailed upon to attend a gala dinner for the benefit of something. Throughout the meal and then late into the evening, Bobby sat quite silently, ignoring the many—and frequently desperate—attempts to draw him into conversation. Finally, at nearly three in the morning, he brightened up, called for his coat and went to his hostess. "Thank you," he said.

The lady smiled feebly. "I'm afraid you haven't had a very good time, Mr. Clark."

"Good time!" Bobby looked blank. "Of course I have! I've figured out how to speed up my second scene! Good night."

The same kind of absorption marks his afternoons, during which he tours—by bus—from one to another of the many theatrical clubs of which he is a member. Occasionally he joins a poker game for a little while, but most of the time he just ponders and wanders.

Of course he could afford to spend his leisure in any way that suited his fancy. During the decade Clark and McCullough were on the very top of show business, they earned well over two million dollars, and since McCullough's death, Bobby has continued in the four-figure-a-week income brackets. What's more, thanks to life insurance and some carefully chosen bonds, he has been able to hang on to a large percentage of the total sum laugh-gorged audiences have paid him.

Knowing this, a young producer came to Bobby and asked him to "angel" a play. Bobby put his hands on the hopeful's shoulders. "Sonny," he said, "take it from me: You can't make money in the theater."

Only once did Clark ever work with another partner than McCullough. That incident occurred when Bobby was sixteen and a newsboy-around-town in Springfield, Ohio. He was the son of a Pullman conductor, while Paul McCullough, his closest friend, was the apple of a hardware store owner's eye. The two kids had learned tumbling at the local Y.M.C.A., practiced zealously and given a few amateur performances.

A Chance for Real Money

Then a boy named Harry came to Bobby and said he had a chance for them both to make some real money if Bobby would only "ditch that McCullough."

Bobby agreed and found himself in Delaware, Ohio, a few hours away. He was teamed with Harry in an "acrobatic two-act" at an Elks' benefit circus.

The first few performances went well and Bobby was happy in the thought that he'd get eight dollars at the end of the week. Then, on the fourth night of the engagement, Harry boosted slim Bobby onto his shoulders for their finale—a gymnastic enterprise called "a spotting toss." Standing on Harry's back, Bobby was to leap into the air, do a full somersault and land again on Harry's shoulders.

Bobby leaped all right, turned his head down to begin the somersault—and saw Harry ambling off toward the dressing rooms.

When Bobby came to, Harry was chafing his wrists. "Sorry, Clark," he said, "I wanted a drink of water."

They were fired on the spot and Bobby, contrite, went back to Paul McCullough. Followed a year in which young Robert Edwin Clark attended high school and helped his older brother provide for their widowed mother. Toward this end he, (1) delivered the morning papers, (2) worked during the afternoons as a mechanic's apprentice, and, (3) delivered the evening papers.

Paul, four years Bobby's senior, was a full-time stenographer and very busy at it. But somehow they found time to rehearse their acrobatics daily and to play bugles in The Sons of Veterans Drum and Bugle Corps.

Thanks to this, Paul was able to insert in one of the theatrical trade papers of the day an ad which proclaimed truthfully: "Two-act, aged 17 and 21. Can do blackface, a specialty, *and double in brass.*"

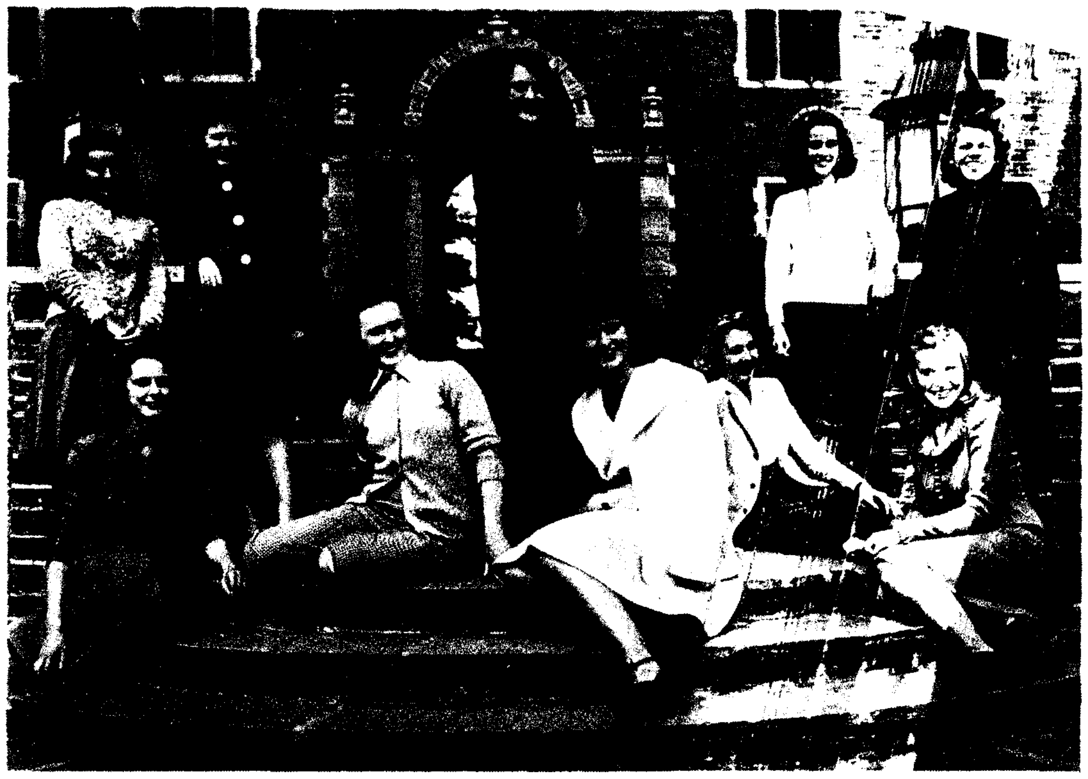
They were hired by mail at the salary of twenty-five dollars a week for the team—plus room and board—to perform as advertised for an outfit billed as the Greater Minstrels.

This show toured New York State and Long Island. The kids loved traveling and were delighted to be real actors, but the fact that they never got paid took some of the edge off their enthusiasm. Then, too, their printed contracts soberly specified that they be fined one dollar for appearing at parade with shoes unshined and five dollars for "mashing within three blocks of the theater."

After a couple of months Paul was caught in this latter heinous crime. The manager of the troupe shook him by the scruff of the neck and growled, "Cough up that fiver! I mean right now!"

This struck Bobby and Paul as unfair, seeing that the gentleman owed

(Continued on page 24)



Left: Cornell girls model the show. Left to right, standing: Fuzzy sweater of brushed rayon; wide-wale corduroy suit; jeep slacks outfit, 60% wool, 40% rayon; corduroy knickers; wool alpaca coat with felt front, quilted lining. Seated, left to right: Wool date dress with peg-top skirt; long wool shorts; corduroy jumper, plus new 25-inch jacket; pin-wale corduroy boy's jacket with plaid skirt borrowed from jeep outfit; two-piece wool dress. Left, below: Pamela and Angela pack up after the show, wearing a hit number themselves—suits of corduroy, formerly upholstery material. The girls, who usually wear bows or bandannas for hats, actually took to these giddy little hats, made to look like tomatoes and sunflowers. That printed sleeve on the rack belongs to a quilted challis suit, quilting being a big cold-weather fashion

Above: The wonder coat of the year, nylon fleece, gets a looking over. Warm, water repellent, durable. The convoy coat, lef worn by the Coast Guard is also a favori

Co-eds' Choice

By Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

ANGELA and Pamela are two theater-bitten young women who didn't let Broadway throw them. After two summers of stock and two winters of job hunting, they detoured to 42d Street and put on their own shows, hiring themselves out to a department store.

First, it was a one-act costume-catering bar. Right this way for all your accessories, ladies! Then a steady run of store promotions.

Next, they turned quiz kids, touring the colleges to find out what college girls would wear. Now they are in charge of the store's College Shop.

Whereupon the curtain rises, revealing Angela and Pamela, with trunkloads of new fall clothes for props, putting on a show in Ithaca, New York, for the co-eds of Cornell.

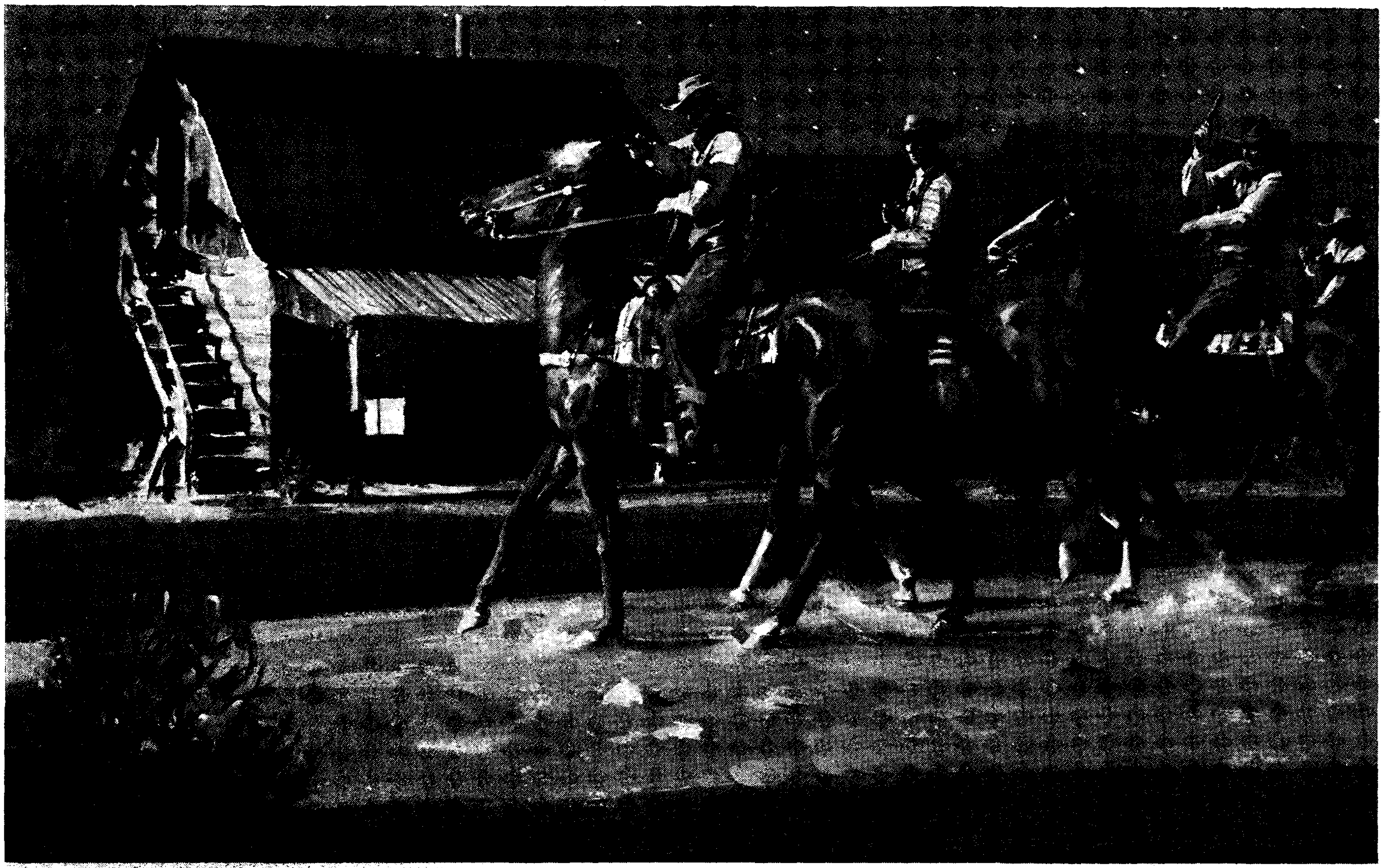
Angela serves as barker, Pamela passes the clothes around as Angela talks about them; the girls climb into anything they've a mind to.

It's an informal and highly successful way of showing the girls what's new in fall clothes and getting immediate audience reaction.

This year the War Production Board's ruling on clothes, coldly called L-85, is the keynote—slimmer skirts, shorter jackets, no doodads. Simplicity, in short, which the college girl has always preferred. Wools get mixed with synthetics, zippers give way to snaps, war by-products like nylon fleece appear. Take a look around the pictures for the clothes that got the hand.

P. S. Angela and Pamela are twenty-three. Their real names are Angela (Kroll) and Pamela (Howe) and it makes them mad when you mix them, which people frequently do. ★★★

Pamela displays a two-piece wool dress while Angela (not in the picture) explains this will take the place of jacket, ruled out by War Production Board



Stuart's men swept around the far side, firing in sudden rushes. Doña Gertrude's voice lifted high and crying: "Ah, ah, Dios!" She had fallen

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The Story Thus Far:

BEN-TIM HOWLETT, a Texas cattleman, suspects that one of his ranches—Horsehead—is being mismanaged. Fearing he may lose the property, he sends Tracy Coleman, his most trusted foreman, to investigate.

Horsehead is far to the north of Texas. After riding for days, Coleman finally reaches his destination. And within a short time he learns: (1) That Dan Stuart, a powerful cattleman, has been stealing Howlett's cattle, and is plotting to gain possession of Horsehead; (2) that Drew Trumbo (who is in love with Stuart's daughter, Ann) is also stealing Horsehead beef, and, like Stuart—who hates him—is planning to take over the ranch, if he can; (3) that Howlett's foreman, George Pairvent, and the members of his crew—Ray Miller, Ed Drum, Baldy Bickle, and an unruly boy known as "Alvy"—are not to be trusted.

Among the men the Texan meets is Ben Solvay, whose bride-to-be—Valencia Wilder—has recently arrived, after being courted and won by correspondence! At Solvay's suggestion (he has decided that he does not want to marry the young woman), Valencia becomes a guest, "for a week or so," at Horsehead ranch house—where Coleman also lives. . . .

A series of clashes between Stuart and Coleman soon make it evident to everyone that another "cattle war" is on. Knowing that Coleman is in need of reinforcements, Drew Trumbo goes to him and tells him that he will support him, *if* Coleman will, later, give him half of Horsehead. Coleman rejects the offer.

Trumbo then makes a somewhat similar deal with Stuart (who feels sure that, once Coleman has been disposed of, he can take what he wants from his new ally). Among the Texan's friends are Frank De Leon, one of Howlett's old pals, and Ben Solvay. Solvay—who guesses the truth about Valencia—that she is falling in love with Coleman—has altered his decision not to marry the girl; as a matter of fact, he has become jealous of Coleman. Nevertheless, he comes to Horsehead headquarters, and stands by loyally.

Warned by Ann Stuart that her father will soon attack him, Coleman orders Howlett's old housekeeper, Doña Gertrude, and Valencia to leave the ranch. But, before they can ride away, the attack begins—Stuart's hirelings come charging in on the ranch house. Instantly, Coleman issues his orders. Then, seeing the two women and Solvay are in the saddle, he tells them to leave. "Move out," he yells. "Move out fast!"

VI

COLEMAN'S crew had come up. Stuart's men boiled into the back yard and the steady, hard, round claps of gunfire broke into the trees and ran out upon the flats and echoed on and on through the hillside. He knew then Stuart had found other help, for suddenly the pressure of Stuart's outfit got greater in the front yard. The Horsehead men were steady around him, shifting through the trees as he shifted, answering Stuart's fire. "Lay it on," he called. Bullets clipped the trees near at hand; he heard them sing and shatter. "Cover the yard," he said. "They've got no shelter."

He saw the black weave of shapes in the yard. He heard one man's cry; and that cry took the drive out of Stuart's riders. The blackness of their shapes grew vaguer as they turned behind the house to try an approach from the other side.

Ben Solvay shouted, near at hand: "Come back here, Doña Gertrude!"

Doña Gertrude rode past on her horse. Coleman reached at her and missed her. She stopped the horse at the porch and slid down. She said in a breathless voice, "This is my home," and in another moment Stuart's men swept around the far side, firing in sudden rushes.

Doña Gertrude's voice lifted, high and crying: "Ah, ah, Dios!"

She had fallen. Over there Stuart's voice turned crazy: "You've hit a woman! Now—now—at those trees!"

Coleman heard Valencia Wilder's voice directly behind him: "I won't leave!" And it was that one thing which took the fight from him. "Pairvent," he said. "Pairvent!"

"Here."

"Make a run for the hills."

Ray Miller heard that. "What the hell—we're all right!"

"Do as I say," ordered Coleman. He wheeled at Valencia. He said, "Go in front of me," and he ran through the pines with Horsehead moving beside him.

He saw Pairvent swing into the trail and he heard Stuart's greater yell behind: "Come on—they're runnin'!" Pairvent had vanished up a trail. Coleman called to Valencia, "Follow Pairvent—go on, go on!" His horse dropped to a walk on the grade, but he dug in his spurs and forced it to a labored run. He heard Stuart once more, now from a greater distance; and he heard Horsehead's men come behind him. He called forward to Pairvent: "Keep going until you get to a good hide-out." Doña Gertrude, he realized, was dead at the doorway of the house, and Stuart had won his first move.

The smell of powder smoke clung to the yard long after the firing had ceased and long after Horsehead vanished up the trail. Tap ranged around the front yard and through the front trees. He stopped beside a pair of Star Cross men, Fay Axman and Niles Peck. A bullet had chunked out a piece of meat from Fay's upper left arm and Niles Peck was at the moment making a bandage with his neckpiece. Tap looked on until he decided it was nothing serious, then he circled the house and came again to the group standing near the porch. He said: "Mr. Stuart, you're doin' wrong, standin' here. We should be after him."

HE COULD not understand the silence and the weariness which had come over this group. There were ten of them, Stuart and the Star Cross men, and Trumbo, and Hoby Spade with two of his hands.

After the last firing they had all stopped in their tracks. Tap had gone on to the porch, bent over Doña Gertrude and he had come back to report her death: "Bullet in the chest." The group around him had changed at that moment—the wind punched out of their bellies. Now he again said, "We should be after the man."

Spade murmured, "We go rammin' through that timber and we'll run into a beautiful trap. He's probably layin' for us up there." Hoby Spade's voice gave him away; he was sickened of the business.

(Continued on page 26)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY INTERNATIONAL
WITH GIANT TELESCOPIC CAMERA
DURING GAME BETWEEN THE
YANKEES AND DETROIT

SPOT PITCHER

By Robert C. McCormick

A lame back, a hypodermic needle and an iron baseball are seldom required equipment for a great pitcher. But they helped Ernie Bonham of the New York Yankees learn control

ERNEST EDWARD BONHAM, New York Yankees' Number One right-handed pitcher, is a determined young man who would a lot rather fool high-salaried sluggers on pitches that are impossible to hit safely than fog a baseball by them after the fashion of Bob Feller, Walter Johnson or Dizzy Dean. Ernest Edward, who is aptly named, knows all the blind spots of every hitter in the league—and he can hit them with a baseball as easily as he can put it into a tin cup held over home plate.

It all began four years ago with a lame back. As a matter of fact, if it weren't for the lame back, which still bothers him on occasion, Ernie wouldn't be half the pitcher he is today. "I was a speed-ball pitcher then," the fellow who took old Charley Ruffing's place on the Yankee mound staff will tell you. "I couldn't throw a curve to save me. I still can't. Then my back began to hurt me and I had to learn control. Now, I know pretty much where the ball is going every time I throw it."

"Tiny," as he is known, because of his 215 pounds, is a handsome, straightforward guy with bushy hair and blue eyes that look right through you when he talks. He once came within a single putout of pitching two consecutive no-hitters. That was two years before Johnny Vander Meer turned the trick for the Cincinnati Reds. He had limited the opposition to only two bases on balls in 150 innings and last year he pitched five consecutive games for the Yankees without walking a man.

As this is written, Bonham has won thirteen games this season—including five shutouts—and he has lost four. He won his first nine games. About the best performance of his early season string was his 1 to 0 shutout of the Chicago White Sox on May 21st. He allowed only three hits in that one, and two of them were unexpected bunts. Because of his remarkable control, the best in either league, Bonham forced five—count 'em—five Sox hitters to pop up to his catcher, Buddy Rosar, and only four balls were driven to the outfield all afternoon. He did make one mistake, however. He walked a man.

For a fellow whose lame back threatened to force him from baseball only a few years ago, this is pretty fair country pitching. The fact that the lame back still kicks up on occasion makes it all the more remarkable.

Triumph Over Pain

Nowadays, Tiny has the thing pretty well trained. When the sharp pains come, he simply gives himself a shot of medicine from a hypodermic syringe. Next day, he's as fit as can be. As a matter of fact, Bonham almost lost a chance to pitch his greatest game because of recurring pains in the small of his back. Prior to the opening of the World Series last fall between the Yankees and Brooklyn's Beloved Bums, the old trouble came up. A shot of the medicine fixed everything, and the big fellow, who hadn't seen a World Series in his life before, turned in a pitching masterpiece to win the deciding game of this one.

Before the teams took the field, wily Catcher Bill Dickey began to go down the entire Dodger line-up for the benefit of the twenty-eight-year-old rookie. Bonham listened courteously for a while, then interrupted timidly.

"Bill," he ventured. "You're just cluttering up my mind with all that stuff. You know the hitters and I don't. Why not just hold up your glove as a target for me to shoot at. I'll hit it."

So Dickey showed him the target, and Bonham threw fast balls into it all day. In the end, he beat the Dodgers 3 to 1 on four measly hits. And he did it on fast balls and control; he used his celebrated forkball (a delightfully dipping shot guaranteed to fool almost any batter when all else fails) only three times. Once was when he got Pete Reiser, the National League batting champion, to end the Dodgers' only serious threat.

This sort of thing had the Dodgers talking to themselves. Dolph Camilli and Reiser, who usually murder fastball pitching, couldn't understand it. But their lippy manager, Leo Durocher, did. "Ernie didn't give the boys a good ball to hit at all day," he explained simply. "Every pitch was just good enough to be a strike if we didn't swing, and just bad enough so we couldn't hit it if we did."

Praise poured in from all sides. Experts nominated Bonham for top honors, and to say they raved over his unique control is a gross understatement. All this is a never-ending source of wonder to Ernie, who looks on his success as largely a matter of luck.

Ernie's painful troubles started when he went South for spring training with the Newark Bears in 1938. Moving up from Akron, Binghamton and Oakland in his climb up the Yankee farm ladder, he reported for practice one morning with sharp, knifelike pains ripping up and down his spine. He picked up a baseball and tried to throw it. It slithered off his hand and dropped lightly to the turf. Two hours later the guy was in so much pain he couldn't lift his right arm to brush his teeth.

Thus began the round of doctors and specialists that led Ernie through most institutions of higher medicine in the United States. At first he thought it might be rheumatism. Then he recalled that he had strained his back once, as a youngster, while working in a lumber camp.

Funny thing was that the trouble, which never had bothered Tiny before, left him as suddenly as it came. He began to work out regularly and won eight and lost two that year for Newark before going to the Kansas City Blues to bolster that club's pennant chances.

Back to the Minors

Next year, however, the old sickness returned to plague him. He won ten while losing nine for the Blues and in 1940 he reported for a tryout with the varsity, as the Yankees are known to members of their farm system. McCarthy took one look at the big, chunky fellow with apparently nothing on the ball but the cover, and shipped him right back to the minors. After a late start due to more pains, Bonham won ten and lost four by midseason, when the Yankees, who were wallowing in fifth place in the throes of one of the team's worst slumps, suddenly found they needed pitching help.

So Ernie joined the Yankees on August 12th, the day the club hit rock bottom, eleven and a half games behind Detroit and Cleveland, who were then staging a dingdong battle for the league lead.

In his first American League game the

Boston Red Sox beat him, 4 to 1, on ten hits. But that didn't faze the rookie. Even in defeat, Ernie looked like a big leaguer. He displayed plenty of moxie when he struck out both Joe Cronin and Jimmy Foxx the very next inning after Cronin walked and Foxx belted a homer into the right-field stands.

After that, Tiny began to win. He won five straight and personally sparked a closing Yankee rush that missed the pennant jackpot by only two games. In early September, Bonham actually pitched the Yankee team into first place—the highest the team had been all season.

Ernie won nine and lost only three in the month and a half he pitched for the varsity that year. Then, suddenly, it happened. Shortly after returning to his home in Sacramento, California, Bonham's back began to cut up again. He went to a bone specialist and was immediately ordered to sleep on a board, a disagreeable task he performed without a whimper. It helped, but only a little.

One day Ernie loaded his wife into their car and drove to Lodi, a small California town where he had made something of a name for himself as a semipro. He called on his old friend Dr. Lawrence Rockwell, an osteopath who once acted as a trainer for Knute Rockne's Notre Dame football teams.

Ernie Hits a Slump

At first, they tried diathermy treatments, but the back failed to respond. Then they took to manipulation of the back muscles, but that didn't work either. Finally, the doctor took a long shot.

"There must be something in your system that is shooting it full of poison," he theorized. "So let's try to combat it with regular injections."

After only a month of the treatments, Ernie reported to spring training camp ready for the best season of his career. Or so he thought.

Then, without warning, the thing cropped up again. This time, it really looked like the business. Bonham lost a couple of tight games and hit rock bottom against the Chicago White Sox on May 15th. No one knew it at the time, but that game was to mean a lot to the Yankees. It marked the start of Joe DiMaggio's great 56-game hitting streak.

After the game, Bonham retired to his hotel room feeling pretty low. The phone rang, and it was his friend, the doctor, calling from California.

"I've been reading about your trouble," the doctor said. "How about trying those injections again? They worked a while last winter, and it's my idea you didn't use them long enough."

Ernie again started getting his shots regularly. He resumed pitching in July and wound up the year with a record of nine wins and six defeats. Last winter, he kept on with the treatment and, before he came east this spring, learned to give himself his own medication, which he does whenever he feels the back kicking up.

It was in his senior year in high school at Ione, a little California mining town, that Ernie, the school's star twirler, decided to make a career of pitching. That was in 1930. The following year he paced the Lodi American Legion Junior team to a state championship. Then his pitching won Battery F of the State Guard two state championships. And it won Ernie his first professional tryout with Sacramento of the Pacific Coast League, but Tiny was unable to make the grade and he returned to semipro ball.

While working in a lumber camp in northern California, where he pitched for the camp team, he came to the attention of Yankee ivory hunters. He got a tryout with Oakland in 1935, missed the boat again, and went back to Lodi to pitch the team to the State League title.

The following year he got his roots firmly planted in the Yankee farm system's Akron ground. He began to flower and, in 1937, at Oakland, he pitched a no-hit game against Seattle. In his next start, a few days later in Los Angeles, he went through eight and two-thirds innings before allowing a hit, the only one of the game.

It was in Oakland, too, that Ernie acquired a piece of equipment likely to go down in Yankee legend with Babe Ruth's bat. Wee Willie Ludolph, another pitcher, had an iron baseball that he tossed around before going to pitch. He claimed it helped keep him in shape. Bonham took up the practice and when he went from Oakland to Newark, at the end of the season, the ball went with him. He's had it ever since.

"It weighs three pounds as compared to the average baseball's five ounces," Tiny explains. "It works on the same principle as swinging three bats before going to hit."

Bonham's most celebrated pitch is a forkball. Though his violent change of pace this season has prompted opposing batters to swear he can throw a baseball at seven different speeds, thus upsetting their timing, this deceptive toss is his most effective weapon when the chips are down. He learned it from Frank Makosky, a former Yankee pitcher, at Kansas City. Ernie says, "I didn't have a curve, so I got Makosky to teach me something to take the place of it."

The difference is that Makosky used to heave the forkball on the slightest provocation. Bonham throws his only once or twice a game. It is delivered with the same overhand motion he uses on his other pitches. A less than half-speed pitch, it derives its name from the peculiar, forklike grip Ernie uses, and it works something like a slow sinker with a decidedly quick, deceptive break.

A Guy's Best Friend

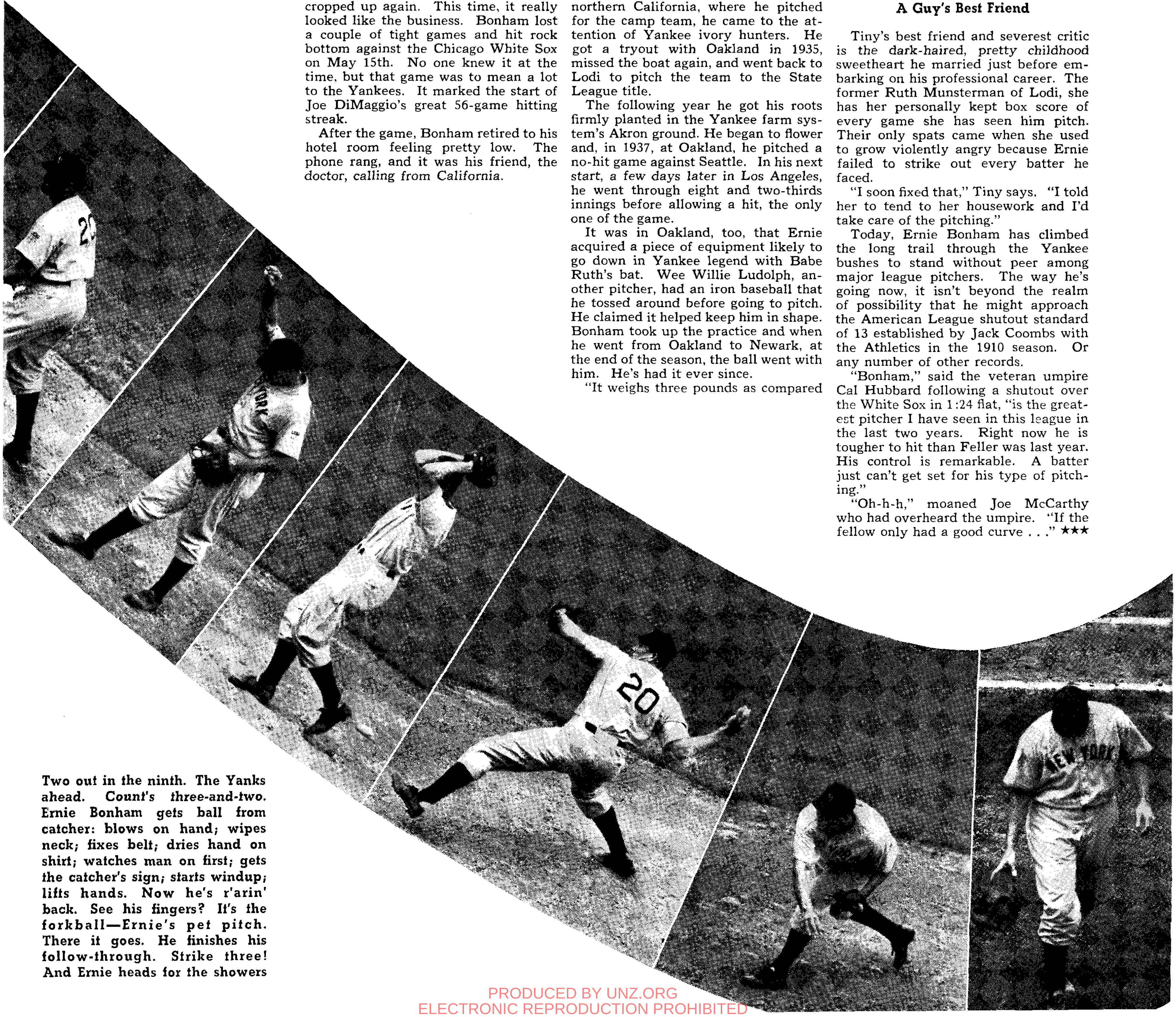
Tiny's best friend and severest critic is the dark-haired, pretty childhood sweetheart he married just before embarking on his professional career. The former Ruth Munsterman of Lodi, she has her personally kept box score of every game she has seen him pitch. Their only spats came when she used to grow violently angry because Ernie failed to strike out every batter he faced.

"I soon fixed that," Tiny says. "I told her to tend to her housework and I'd take care of the pitching."

Today, Ernie Bonham has climbed the long trail through the Yankee bushes to stand without peer among major league pitchers. The way he's going now, it isn't beyond the realm of possibility that he might approach the American League shutout standard of 13 established by Jack Coombs with the Athletics in the 1910 season. Or any number of other records.

"Bonham," said the veteran umpire Cal Hubbard following a shutout over the White Sox in 1:24 flat, "is the greatest pitcher I have seen in this league in the last two years. Right now he is tougher to hit than Feller was last year. His control is remarkable. A batter just can't get set for his type of pitching."

"Oh-h-h," moaned Joe McCarthy who had overheard the umpire. "If the fellow only had a good curve . . ." ★★★



Two out in the ninth. The Yanks ahead. Count's three-and-two. Ernie Bonham gets ball from catcher: blows on hand; wipes neck; fixes belt; dries hand on shirt; watches man on first; gets the catcher's sign; starts windup; lifts hands. Now he's r'arin' back. See his fingers? It's the forkball—Ernie's pet pitch. There it goes. He finishes his follow-through. Strike three! And Ernie heads for the showers

Bobby's Hobby

Continued from page 19

them six weeks' salary. When they mentioned that fact he just got angrier. "Pay or get out!" he said.

So they found themselves with another minstrel show of even vaguer financial responsibility. It finally stranded them, with eighteen cents between them, in Tampa, Florida.

Bobby remembers that as the low point in his life. They were forced to sleep in the fields and exist on sugar cane and oranges until their complexions became hideous with acne, and the local burghers took pity on them. The chief of police handed them railroad tickets back to Springfield—tickets, Bobby remembers, "with the word CHARITY printed on them in the biggest letters I've ever seen off a billboard."

They arrived home just in time to get the Christmas presents Bobby's mother had thoughtfully made for them—two voluminous money bags to be worn around their waists.

"Just what we need," said Paul, crying like a babe.

Because of a methodical turn of mind rather than because he thought anyone would be interested, Bobby began to keep a diary. In little red books labeled Diary and Timesaver he made a complete record of every day from 1905 until 1942—including the exact amount of each expenditure.

They Join the Circus

In the spring of 1905, it records an outlay of two dollars and twelve cents for clown make-up—he and Paul were in a circus called The Carl Hagenbeck Greater Show. It was precisely like being minstrels, except that they wore white instead of blackface—and got paid.

For Hagenbeck, for Sells-Floto, and for Ringling, they clowned and bugled and tumbled, sleeping together in one upper berth all night and throwing each other around all day. However, their five years with Ringling showed some change; during those years they were a threesome. Enlisting the aid of a series of different youngsters, they called themselves the Prosit Trio.

Finally the intimacy of the double upper became onerous and they quit tanbark for vaudeville. On December 2, 1912, as the diary carefully notes, the team name "Clark and McCullough" appeared for the first time on any program. It was at the Opera House in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and there, to an all unknowing public, was unveiled an act that was to make show-business history.

It was called Much Ado About Nothing and required them to dress as tramps. Bobby, an elegant vagrant, wore a battered silk hat, a too small coat, too small trousers and something he'd dreamed up while a clown—a peculiar pair of felt boots that made him look as if he were walking on his knees. Around his eyes was penciled the facsimile of a pair of spectacles. A sawed-off walking stick, a cigar—and a boyish, happy, innocent grin.

Paul, the "feeder" of the team, dressed to contrast with Bobby. Everything of his was too large—including an enormous moth-eaten fur coat.

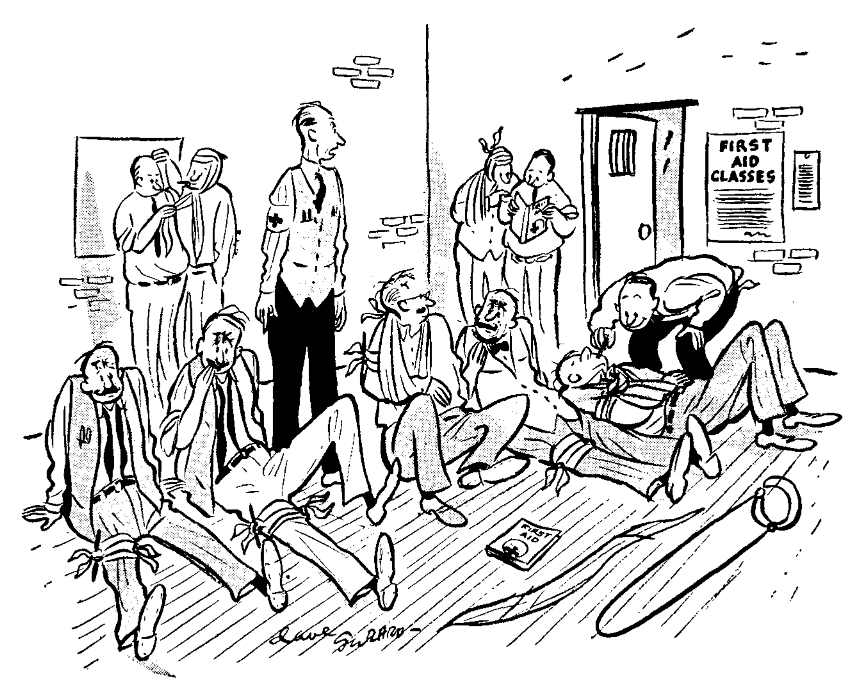
Lights! Fanfare!

They entered, carrying between them a wobbly table, a chair and a barrel. It was the standard setup for the familiar acrobatic tramp act such as the Prosit Trio had been doing for years. The audience relaxed, expecting routine gymnastics.

While trying to lift the chair onto the table, Paul contrived to get it stuck on literally nothing. Then—for over fifteen minutes that first night—Bobby ran around and around, puffing his cigar, shouting silly instructions, plus almost any dialogue that came into his head. Meanwhile, Paul stood on the table, blinking at the recalcitrant chair and occasionally throwing plaintive complaints to Clark.

When Bobby felt the audience had had enough, he remarked, "I guess it can't be done." Whereupon they picked up their props and shambled offstage to the strains of The Funeral March.

The audience loved it. In all parts of the country they loved it, and the spirited little man with painted-on glasses plus the fat man with the moth-eaten fur coat became national figures. Bobby alternated his naturally cherubic smile with a peculiarly knowing leer—one bespeaking a lewd knowledge of things too wicked to tell—and it became as much a part of his costume as the short cane. And McCullough's gangrenous fur coat was carefully borne from theater to theater and treated with all the solicitude usually accorded an ailing but distinguished relative.



"All right, Harding! Just the tourniquet mark on the forehead—cut out the mustaches!"

COLLIER'S DAVID C. GERARD

For over twenty years McCullough used that same coat and after a while he seemed to grow larger to fit its tent-like proportions. Even those who knew him personally came to think of him as rather ponderous and unwieldy, although actually he was only four pounds heavier than Bobby and had just as sprightly a mind—which it was his business to conceal with a blank, buck-toothed gape.

After five years of what Bobby calls "small-time vaudeville, but very good time," they got featured billing in the intensely moral burlesque of the day, which led to the diary entry for September 28, 1923. After some details about preparing for a new show, occurs the notation, in parentheses: (Married).

He can perhaps be forgiven for billing his nuptials under the show, for he and Paul were in the most successful Broadway production of the times—The Music Box Revue, presented by Sam H. Harris; songs by Irving Berlin.

His wife had been a burlesque chorine and he'd known her for several years before marrying her. She made him very happy and he had plenty of money. The only thing lacking was star billing. That came in 1926 when the name Clark and McCullough appeared above the title of The Ramblers.

Feeling like kings, they were imported to Hollywood to make shorts for Fox—at a contract calling for forty weeks at four thousand a week. They were met at the station by a band and cheering section, carried bodily into the office of the top man of the studio. "Here they are, boss!" shouted a thrilled press agent, "Clark and McCullough!"

The mogul smiled coolly. "Oh, I know," he said. "The dancers!"

Neither of them ever liked Hollywood.

In three years they made sixteen shorts with titles like Knighty-Knight, Control Yourself!, Turkish Bath. Not all were produced by the same studio, but all were famous money-makers.

A show in London, and then, in New York, Strike Up the Band!, Walk a Little Faster, Thumbs Up!—while in between they appeared on the stages of movie palaces, establishing box-office records that stood for years.

The Team Breaks Up

Then — suddenly, astonishingly — in March, 1936, Paul McCullough, who was vacationing with Mrs. McCullough, killed himself. No reasonable explanation has ever appeared and Bobby is constrained to speak of it as "unpremeditated suicide." It's as good an answer as any because the note found with the body gives no clue. It was addressed to Bobby and read, "What's doing in New York? Not much news here, although having fun. Let's not go into anything new unless we like it a lot—"

It was too shocking for any reaction except disbelief. News of McCullough's death brought literally tons of condolence letters. Among them was a request from the city fathers of Springfield, Ohio, that the famous coat be given to the local museum where it would at last find refuge from moths. Bobby refused, because Springfield is no longer the Springfield he once loved. It seems that the block on which he lived as a boy has been rendered too modern by a certain huge printing plant—the establishment of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, producers of this magazine. That this plant might be built, two grand old sycamore trees and Aunt Dilly's garden had to be destroyed. Bobby thinks it an unfair trade and is a little bitter about it. Therefore the coat was kept by McCullough's widow.

The Ziegfeld Follies of the following year starred Bobby Clark and he was judged just as funny as he had been when his partner was there to "feed" him. Came a good movie role in The Goldwyn Follies, and a Broadway show called The Streets of Paris.

And then he had his greatest triumph, the star role in the Theater Guild production of Sheridan's Rivals. For the first time he appeared without the tramp make-up which was his trademark, but, as one critic put it, "Mr. Clark *can* be funny in any period he likes. However, even though his sputtering cigar and acrobatic cane are absent in the eighteenth-century costume of The Rivals, they are there in spirit."

A New Audience

He took the character of Bob Acres and made of it a personal possession. Many of the old Clark tricks were there—the preternaturally knowing smirk, the sudden nervous acrobatic movements. He made his initial entrance to roaring applause as he ran around in little circles, beating clouds of dust off his costume. Thus rendering all the others on stage coughing, blinking stooges, he proceeded to caricature gentility. His superelegant handshake during which he seems faintly surprised that no one kisses his fingers, his demonstration of how a fair lady walks a country dance, Clark with curlers in his red wig—it was all good for solid belly-laughs.

However, the high point of the evening was in a scene in which he wrote a letter challenging a man to a duel. Lying flat across a desk while gargling blood-curdling shouts of inarticulate defiance, absurdly shaking ink from the quill pen into a desk drawer, winking conspiratorially aside to the audience at every excuse, he frequently broke up not only the customers but the actors as well. They could never tell what he was going to do because he was forever adding new business.

It was a task that never ended. "What would Bob Acres really do there? How can I get a better laugh in that duel scene? Shouldn't the letter-writing be played farther upstage?"—such considerations occupied his time off stage. No thought was wasted on the problems of the day, for he doesn't read the newspapers—"They don't tell the truth anyway." He almost never goes to movies, and radio gets none of his time because it strikes him as "entertainment for morons." He indignantly refuses all offers to appear on the air and won't have a radio in the house. Night clubs bore him.

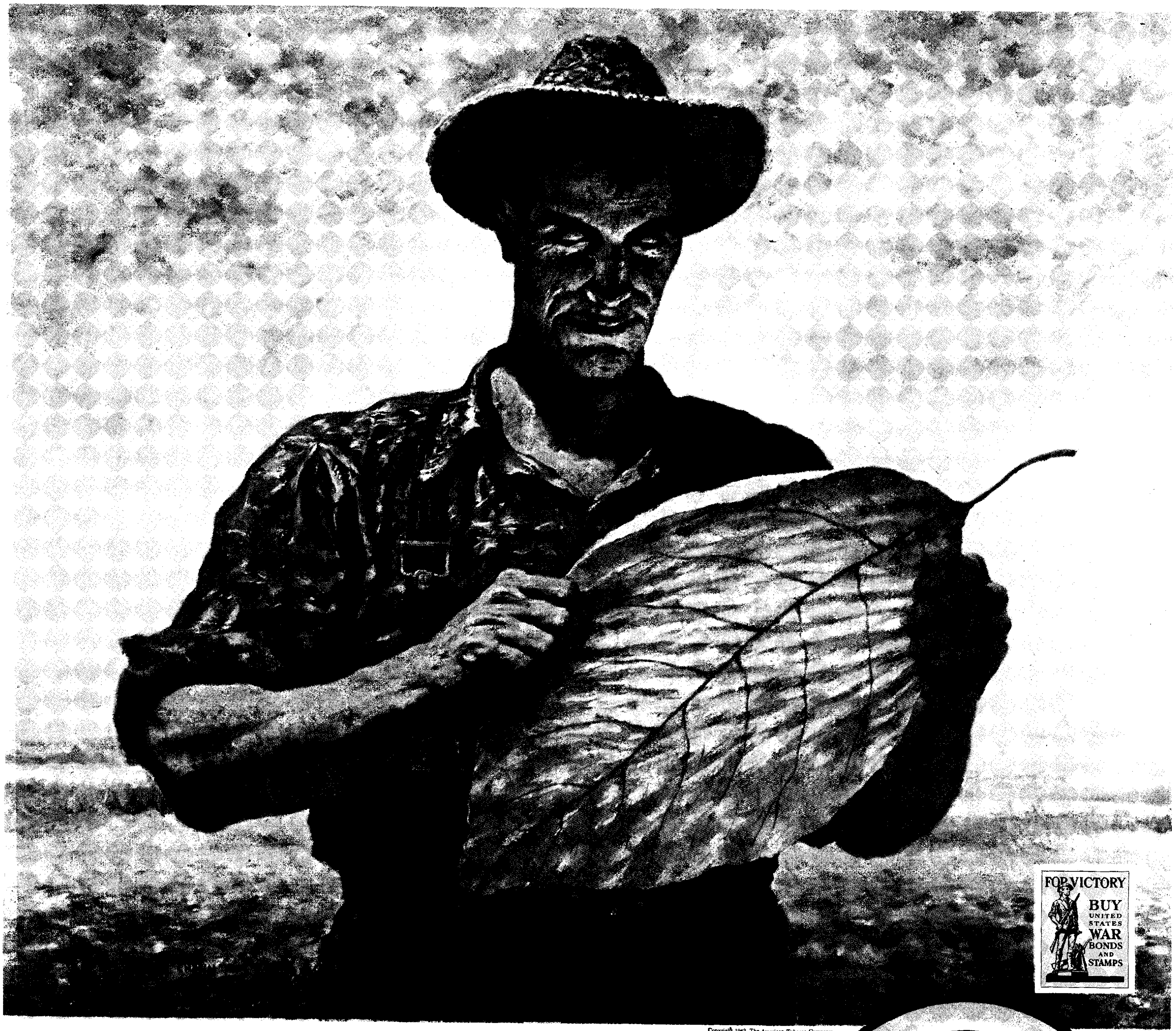
Occasionally he takes time off from being conscientious, long enough to play a hand of cards or a game of golf. Recently he's discovered a new pastime; one of the latest entries in his diary reads: "Started taking typing lessons today."

"I want to be able to copy my own scripts," he explains. "After all, why pay a girl to do it?"

THE END

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

"Boy, That's Tobacco!" Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf...These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

Action by Night

Continued from page 21

Stuart said, "He won't be comin' back." Tap listened to Stuart, hearing nothing familiar. The Star Cross owner's sureness was gone.

"Why won't he?" asked Trumbo.

"Nothin' to come back with. That crooked crew will keep right on travelin'. They see the writin' in the sky. He's alone with his woman. Tomorrow this time they'll be over the range."

Tap thought to himself, "That is strange." For Stuart was talking cautiously.

Spade said, "I'll pull out. Nothing to stay for now. Good luck, Drew."

Trumbo had lighted a cigarette. He reached up and pulled it quickly from his mouth. "Hold on."

"For what?" asked Spade.

Trumbo pointed at the porch: "Doña Gertrude."

THE chill, uneasy silence came again. Stuart said at last, "Take the boys, Tap. Hunt up some shovels. Dig a grave somewhere." He made a step toward the porch and wheeled back. "It could have been a bullet from the Horsehead outfit just as well as one of ours. It may have been."

"I hope so," Spade murmured. "It is a pretty grisly thing to remember. I don't like it."

"Well," said Stuart, "it is done. Can't make a cake without breakin' eggs."

"Can't put the wrong eggs back together again either."

"You don't need to keep talkin' about it," said Stuart. He raised his voice: "Get about it, Tap. Get about it!"

Trumbo said, "The Basin won't like it. We're in a bad light."

"Why did she have to run straight into us?" grumbled Spade.

"Might have been Horsehead's fire," repeated Stuart.

Spade suddenly thought of a possibility: "Any chance of keeping this quiet?"

"You think anybody's goin' to mention it?" asked Trumbo.

"No," said Spade. "But she'll be missed sooner or later."

"Let Coleman answer for that," said Trumbo.

"Somebody in his outfit will talk," Spade said.

Stuart broke in: "Who'll believe those fellows?" Then he added in a different tone: "There's that woman."

Tap called from the trees: "Solvay, too."

A strange sound came out of Stuart, half a groan and half a sigh. Trumbo dragged in the smoke of his cigarette and threw it to the ground; and he stood with his head lowered.

They remained like this, all of them hard-caught by the situation they were in.

Tap called, "This is deep enough. Get Doña Gertrude."

"Go get her, Tap," said Stuart.

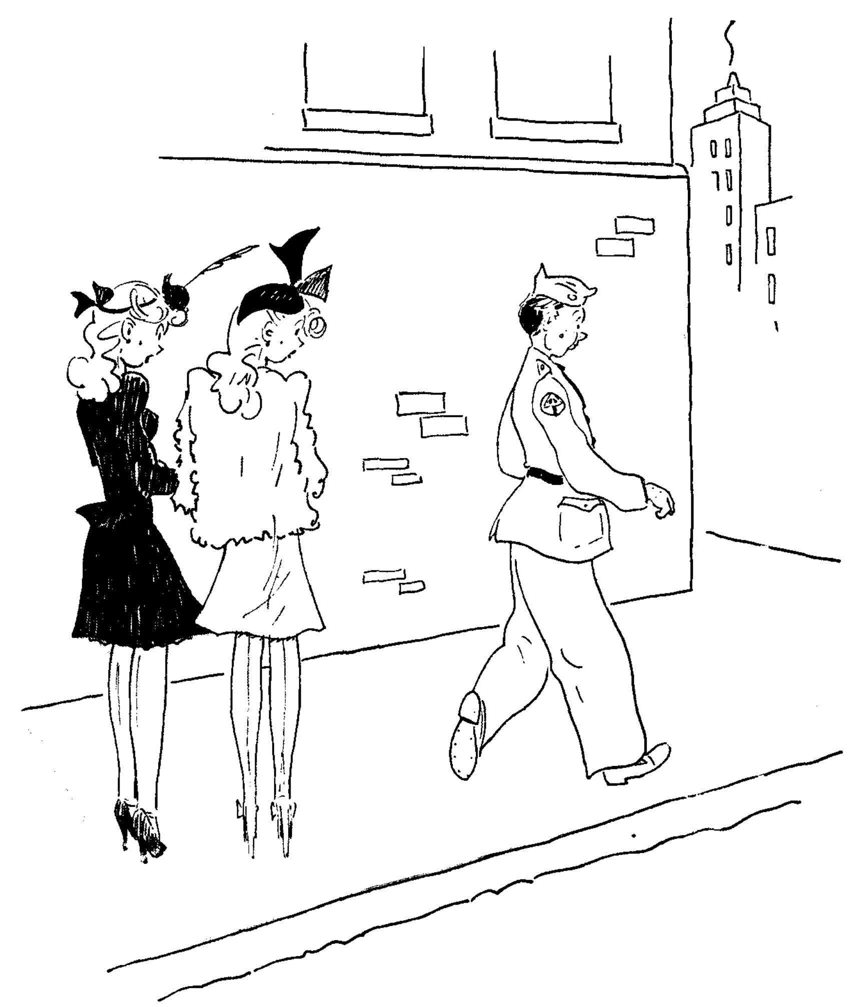
Tap, who had never disobeyed Stuart before, didn't move from the shadows of the pines and he didn't answer. Stuart jerked his head upward and said with a return of his old arbitrariness: "You hear?"

"Mr. Stuart," said Tap, "I will not touch her."

Trumbo suddenly swung toward the porch. Doña Gertrude had reached the house's front door and had fallen there, her small body blocking it. Lamplight came out of the doorway and touched her. She lay as a little heap of black clothes, her two hands drawn up toward her shoulders. Trumbo stepped over her into the house and went on to a bedroom, finding a blanket. He came back and spread the blanket on the porch. Nobody else had come forward. He lifted Doña Gertrude in the blanket and rolled it about her and he carried her out to the trees. He stepped into the grave and laid Doña Gertrude on the bottom and got out. The crew began to shovel in the dirt; at the sound of it Trumbo whirled on his heels and went back to the group of men. The sound followed him and he removed his hat.

"It is a bad break for us," he said.

It didn't need to be said; they knew it. They were thinking about it and they were trying to slide away from it. He saw it on Hoby Spade's face; he saw it on Stuart whose eyes, even in the shadows, showed their hard, sly gleaming. Both of these men would try, in some way or another, to put the affair on him.



"He just says 'Morning'—'Good morning' would be disclosing valuable military information"

REAMER KELLER

Spade said, "Time to get out of here," and walked away. Trumbo turned and followed him; when they were alone, beyond hearing distance of the others, Trumbo caught Spade's arm and whirled him around. He put his face close to Spade's. "You're not backing out on us. You've got what you wanted. You made your deal with Stuart. You're stickin' to it."

Spade said, "This thing will stink up the whole Basin. No use, Drew. Mistake's been made. I'm through with it."

"How do you propose to get rid of what's already done?"

"It's done. But I won't make it worse by takin' Stuart's pay for it."

"You'll do what you set out to do," said Trumbo. He put his strength into the grip on Spade's arm. He saw Spade's expression tighten and he knew he had put fear into the man. "You were in this when it looked easy. You'll stay in it when it is gettin' hard. If I call for help from you, I want it. If I don't get it I'll come after you."

Spade pulled his arm free and moved away. In a moment he raced from the yard with his two punchers. The man had less bottom than Trumbo had thought; and his very weakness might betray them all. He moved back to Stuart. "Spade," he said, "is trying to slide out."

Stuart said nothing. Tap came up and all the Star Cross men stood by. Trumbo rolled a cigarette and lighted it. He held the match suddenly close to Stuart's face and watched the man. The light went out. Stuart said, "Well, time to go."

Trumbo said, "You think it is finished?"

"We drove him off," said Stuart. "It's done."

"You're wrong—and you'll see why in a few hours. It will just ride back home with you."

STUART walked away. Trumbo stood still, watching the Star Cross men fade to their horses and swing back; they returned through the yard on the run and in a little while vanished. For a moment the murmur of their traveling remained in the air and then that died and the silence began to flow around Trumbo, thick and disturbing. He had not finished his smoke but he dropped it and walked to the house. He moved to the lighted lamp in the living room and turned it down. He put his hands in his pockets and went from room to room. Fire burned in the kitchen stove and the coffeepot was still warm. He lifted the pot and drank from it; and stood still, listening for outer sounds. He left the house by the back door and put his shoulders against the house wall, facing the slope of the hills.

Spade was full of fear and Stuart would be steadily scheming to put the burden of this affair on him, on Trumbo. Stuart, he knew, had never intended going through with his bargain, and did not intend to go through with it now. The killing of Doña Gertrude had set him back: but it would be only an added prompting to work the deal around to his own advantage if he could.

There was no sound at all on the place; silence pulsed around him like the pulse of his own heart. He stood still, straining with attention. His muscles were tight and his jaws bitten together. He slid along the wall and returned to the front yard. He took his horse into the front pines and he squatted down there; and he saw something now that he hadn't seen before. He was alone on this place with Coleman moving somewhere free through the hills. He was trapped on Horsehead, as Coleman had been a little while before. Coleman had traded positions with him—and now Coleman had the advantage of surprise and attack.

STUART had probably thought that same thing, and had been quick to pull out from the ranch and leave him alone. Trumbo struck his fist into the soft soil. He rose, walking through the trees. Doña Gertrude's grave was a dark patch on the ground before him; he swerved aside and turned about, at that moment realizing another thing: If he remained on the ranch he would be admitting that Doña Gertrude's grave was of his making; if he stayed to claim ownership of Horsehead he also stayed to claim the grave. Maybe Stuart had thought of that too.

He went to his horse. One pure stream of cold feeling shot through him when he came to think of how close he had come to permitting Stuart to outmaneuver him. He smiled bitterly into the night. "The man who is saddled with Doña Gertrude's death is dead in this Basin. He figures to have the Basin find me here."

He rode out upon the flat, headed for the river ford. They had driven Coleman from the place; but Coleman had not lost. Coleman was alive. Until he was dead neither Stuart nor he would be free men. . . .

As soon as Stuart crossed the ford he halted to face his crew. "The whole thing dies right here. Let no man carry it farther."

Tap answered with a trace of resentment: "Unnecessary to mention it, Mr. Stuart."

"Never does harm to speak plainly."

"We'll not be speakin', but you got a lot of other tongues to consider."

"Trumbo," said Stuart, "will say nothing. Nor will Spade. The information, if it comes, will come from Horsehead—and there's no man on that outfit with a name for honesty."

"Except Ben Solvay," said Tap. "Then, there's the woman."

Stuart sat silent, considering those two; and presently he spoke in the way of a man who traces his thoughts aloud, very quietly and with no stress: "The woman does not count. As for Solvay —he will have to be killed. He's the only man who would be believed by the Basin."

"That's tough," said Niles Peck. "Ben's not a bad hand."

"If he speaks," said Stuart, "he speaks

I'M FLAVOR—*the fellow who makes your drink mellow!*

I'M SMOOTHNESS—*I'm gracious, polite—yet vivacious!*

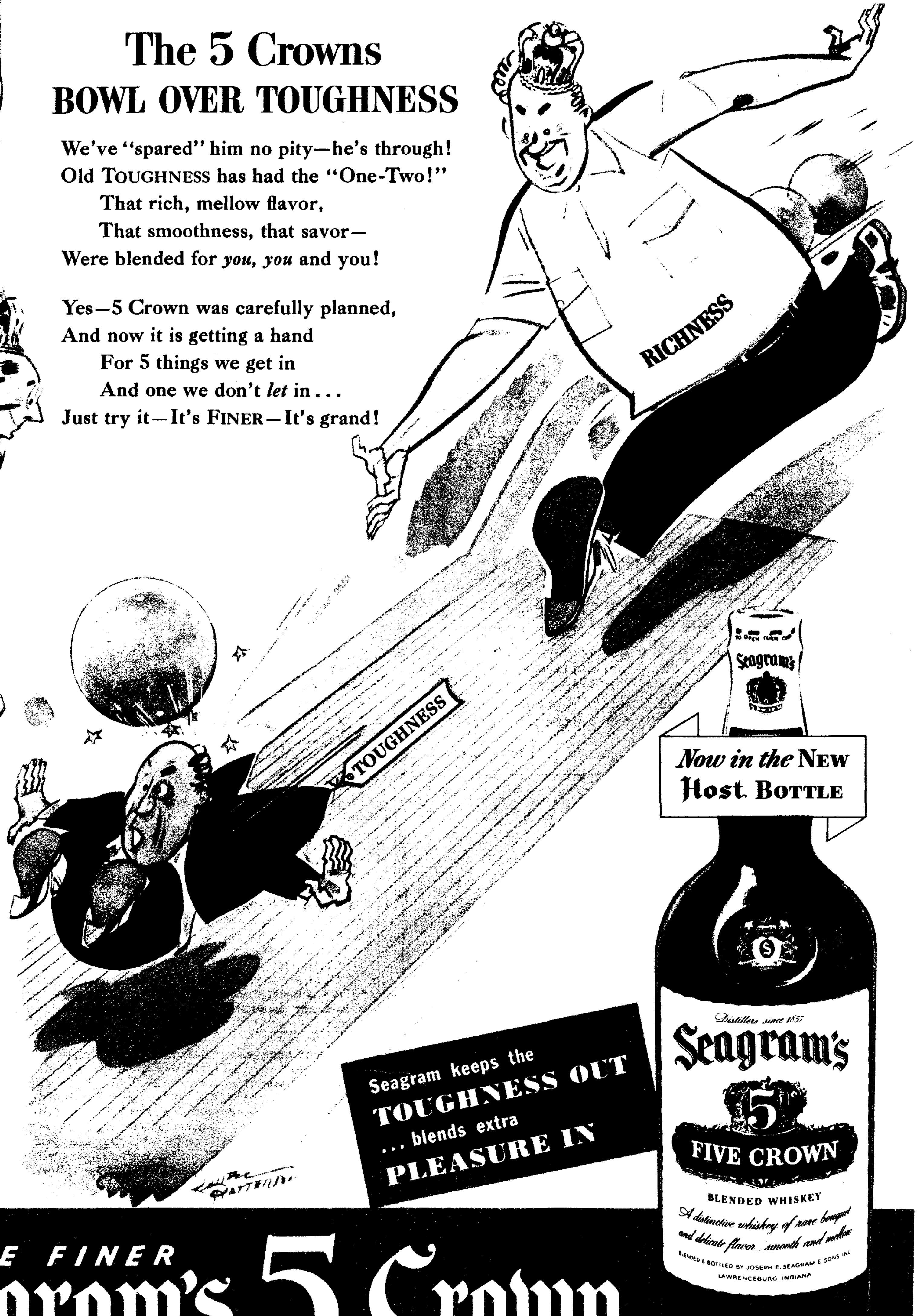
I'M LIGHTNESS—*Designed to be mild—and refined!*

I'M BODY—*I'm hearty, the "life of the party!"*

The 5 Crowns
BOWL OVER TOUGHNESS

We've "spared" him no pity—he's through!
Old TOUGHNESS has had the "One-Two!"
That rich, mellow flavor,
That smoothness, that savor—
Were blended for *you, you* and you!

Yes—5 Crown was carefully planned,
And now it is getting a hand
For 5 things we get in
And one we don't *let* in . . .
Just try it—It's FINER—It's grand!


RICHNESS
TOUGHNESS
TO OPEN TURN CAP
Seagram's
Now in the New Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

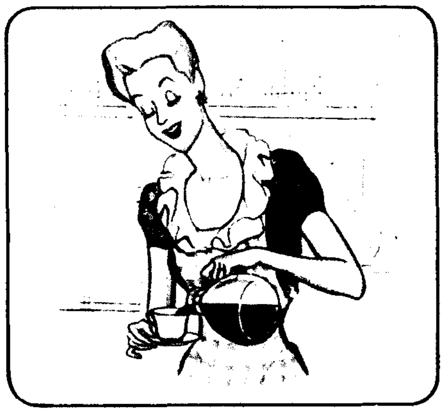
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

1. You can't help worrying about the war. The news makes you jittery. And you worry about that big jump in next year's income tax. You chew pencils and figure on the tablecloth at lunch.

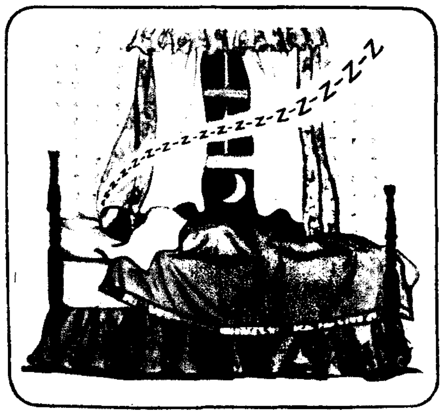
2. Perhaps the draft has taken so many men out of your office that you're doing the work of 3 men. You work late nights, and now, more than ever, you need a good night's sleep.

3. Do you get it? Or are you one of those who are kept awake by the caffein in coffee—but who *love* coffee so much, you can't resist it! So you punish your already downtrodden nerves with caffein!

4. Then you toss and turn, and wish you could sleep. Should you give up the cheery luxury of fragrant coffee? Of course not. Simply ask your wife to start serving Sanka Coffee.



5. Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake! So you *still* enjoy *real* coffee—only *this* coffee lets you sleep! So why wait? Start right *now* to enjoy Sanka Coffee!



6. Sanka Coffee is *all* coffee, *nothing but* coffee. *Only* the caffein comes out . . . the tantalizing aroma and delightful flavor *stay in!* Get Sanka Coffee *today.* (For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.)

SANKA COFFEE

"Drip" or "Regular" grind—vacuum packed in glass or tin.

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY, IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M. New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

against us. I have got a job for you, Niles. Break off for town. Just drift into the saloon and say you were crossin' Horsehead range tonight and heard some shootin' over that way."

"Which there was," commented Niles Peck. "What else do I say?"

"Nothing. But somebody will ride that way in the morning, out of curiosity."

"Whut'll they find?" asked Niles.

"Trumbo," said Stuart. "Trumbo and a grave."

The crew pondered this a moment. Then Tap said, "That's all right. That will put the peck on Trumbo. Go ahead, Niles. Get a drink or two under your belt before you talk."

"Won't be hard," said Niles Peck and sloped away into the night. Stuart took his outfit on, Tap riding abreast him. Starlight showed thin and bright against night's moonless black; and in the wind was the first thin, bittersweet odor of fall. Ahead of them the low hills lay in round shapelessness and beyond that stood the great ragged bulk of the main mountains. Tap fell into a spell of coughing, the dust and the weed pollen touching off an asthma which had cursed him all his days; and the sound of his lungs was like the pumping of an old, dry, leather bellows. He calmed himself, and said, "I wondered why you took to Trumbo so sudden. It did not seem natural. I see why now." Then he later added in a puzzled way, "But how'd you know there'd be the curse of a thing like Doña Gertrude to put on the man?"

Stuart made no answer.

NILES PECK made it to town in an hour. There was half a crowd in the saloon, the busy time of roundup now over and men drifting in to soak up the dryness of summer's abstinence. Gunderson sat at a poker table with Frank DeLeon and Bill Yell, the three of them buried deep in a game that would not end for a week. They would play until they were hungry, and eat; and play again until they were half asleep and then would sleep and play again. Doc Fallon stood by, idly watching; the outdriver of the Gateway stage came in for a drink and a try at the lunch counter.

Niles Peck wigwagged for a drink, took it straight and poured a second; he worried the second drink around the bar with the point of his finger. Buck Gadsby, the saloon's night man, had a moment to gossip and stood by. He said, "Where's the rest of your bunch?"

"Driving some stuff down from the high country," said Niles Peck.

"You bein' the gentleman of leisure?"

"No, I just came off the west side. Was up at that old Cliff cabin." Niles Peck swallowed his second drink, closed both eyes briefly to better withstand the wallop, and laid down payment therefor. "I wouldn't mind knowin' what the shootin' was about."

"Where?" said Gadsby on the alert.

"At Horsehead, sounded like. I heard it away out on the flat. One long bust, like three, four guns, maybe. I kept going, some faster." He turned from the saloon, got on his horse and rode from town. He thought: "I did it smooth. Lyin' might come easy to me. Long ride for two drinks, though." A mile onward he had a disgusted second thought, "Why didn't I buy a pint to drink on the way? Better all drunk than just comfortable."

Gadsby washed the used glass, put the bottle behind the bar and dropped the two-bit piece into the till. He made a swipe at the small, wet ring on the counter with his towel and came about the bar. He leaned over the cattle owner's table, speaking gently to Yell and Gunderson and DeLeon: "Niles Peck just said he was ridin' on the flat near Horsehead quarters hour and a half ago and heard a jag of shootin'."

He went back to the bar and resumed his chores. The three cattlemen kept on with their play. Doc Fallon had heard the barkeep's talk, thought about it and stepped to the bar.

"Did Niles say he was riding with anybody?" he asked Gadsby.

"Said he was alone."

Fallon turned and made an idle circle of the room, looking on at other poker tables, saying a word now and then to one man or another, and moved back to the cattlemen's table. He bent over. "That is a very funny thing. Niles said he was riding across Horsehead alone. Now I will say something. I stood on the bluff of the river, near the ford, about that time and I watched a bunch come over from the west side. I didn't call out or come up, since it was a night ride and none of my business." He looked at the three. "I think I know what outfit it was. If I am right, Niles was not riding alone." Having said it, he left the saloon.

Frank DeLeon said, "We'll break up this game a little before daylight. I want to go over there."

"Go with you," said Gunderson. Yell nodded.

ON THAT night there was one other person traveling the prairie at the time Dan Stuart brought his crew over the ford. Ann, riding under the blackly cushioned stars, had followed the net of trails which wound in and through the low hills separating Star Cross from Horsehead. A lonely girl, with a lonely girl's vivid imagination, she had coursed this whole country since childhood, so that she knew every night shadow and night sound.

This night she rode to consider her last remaining duty to her father and had her painful tragic moments when she realized there could be no compromise between her father and Coleman. Her father's nature would never change. His need of power drove him and would always drive him.

She circled out of the hills near Trumbo's range and followed the river northward. Half a mile from the ford she saw a group suddenly come into view against the bluff, having crossed over from the west side. The group paused a moment; apparently to talk, and later a man split away while the rest moved straight east. That would be her father and the crew returning from the trip on which they had so abruptly started a little before sundown that day.

She headed diagonally across the flat, and tarried a little in the Star Cross hills, and arrived home a half-hour after them. Her father was on the porch with his cigar.

Usually he had a surly question for her. Usually he said, "Where the devil have you been spookin' this time of night?" Now he only sat still, a taciturn, granite-willed man, wrapped in his own affairs. She stood near him, gradually becoming aware that something out of the way had happened; after so many years with him, she knew the quality of his temper by little signs on him. But he had nothing to offer her and she turned to her room. She lay long awake, feeling fear, and as it ran through her, she thought of Coleman and she visualized him and then she knew the reason for her fear.

At sunup she watched her father stroll around the yard, obviously restless, obviously troubled; around eleven he climbed to his saddle and headed for town, the sun slanting around his stout, truculent figure. Tap sat in the yard, working over a broken bridle. She walked out to him.

"What's up, Tap? What went on last night?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Say it the way you mean it, Tap."

"Then," he said, shortly polite, "the truth is I would say nothing."

He went on with his work. This little man was a deadly bomb of blind zeal for Star Cross; her father had but to light the fuse and Tap would throw himself unhesitatingly into the destruction of whatever her father wished. In a way Tap was terrifyingly simple; in a way terribly malign. She idled through the yard, watching the other men of the crew, noting that none of them were anxious to meet her—that they moved off before she came close to them. Returning to the porch, she waited for her father, but as noon approached she continued to think of Coleman; and at last she saddled her horse and started over the flat. For a short distance she thought of going to Trumbo. Within a half-mile she gave over that idea. If there was news it would be in War Bonnet; so she turned townward.

Dan Stuart reached War Bonnet near noon and put up in front of the Alma House. He walked back to the saloon, knowing it was likely some of the owners would be there—and as soon as he stepped into the saloon he saw Frank DeLeon at the bar drinking an odd mixture of beer and bitters which he had invented many years before to doctor a fancied stomach trouble. He joined DeLeon, and his pride unbent to permit him to speak first to a man, a thing he seldom did. He said, "Mornin', Frank," and waggled a finger for his bottle of Scotch.

DeLeon soberly added bitters to his beer, murmuring, "I notice I use more bitters and less beer. Man's taste changes as he gets older. For that matter, a man changes otherwise, too." He finished his drink and turned to meet Dan Stuart's glance with a chilled expression, and left the saloon.

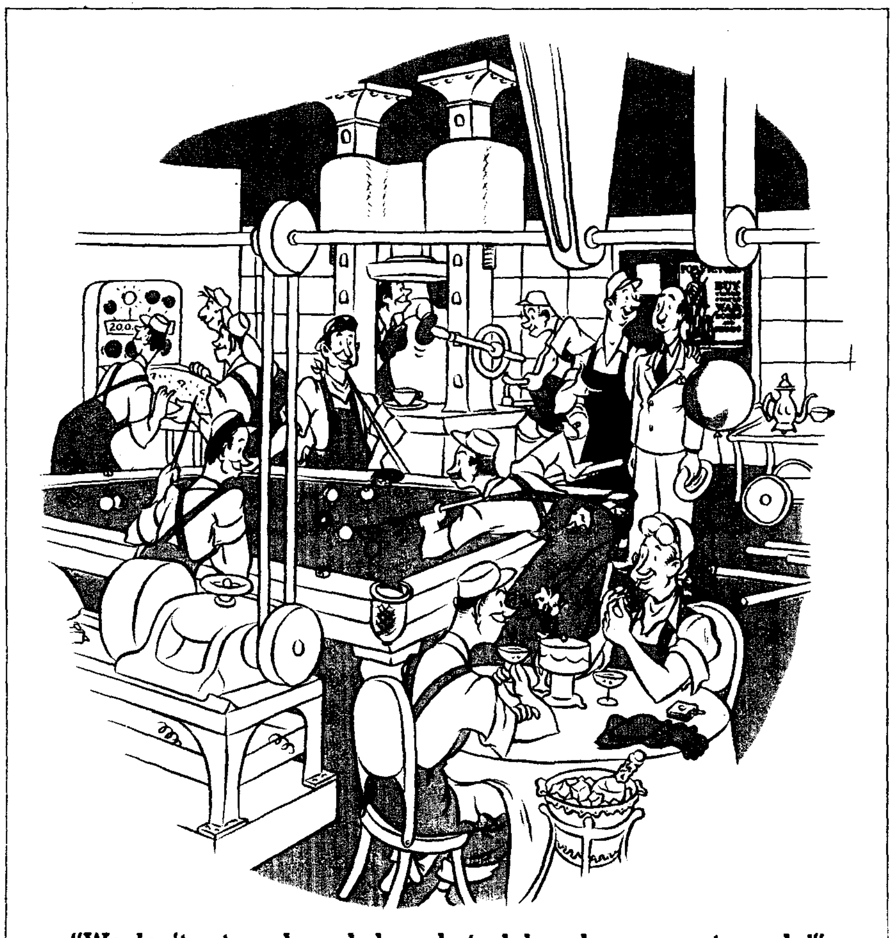
Stuart remained quite still. He was not entirely sure DeLeon had meant to cut him, for the man sometimes had long spells of reserve; yet the glance had been straight and seemingly deliberate. He stood with his head dropped, the debate continuing in his mind. He weighed DeLeon's manner until he grew confused and suddenly hit the bar with his closed fist and walked out. He went on to the Alma House and crossed the lobby to the dining room. Three men were there—a rider from Medary's outfit, a tobacco drummer, and Fay Taggart who ran the livery.

He sat down, ridden by a growing obsession. Nobody had spoken of Drew Trumbo's being on Horsehead; and he knew the Basin well enough to guess that somebody had already gone out to investigate Horsehead on Niles Peck's rumor. He ordered his dinner and when it came he ate in a heavy, disinterested way—an autocratic man who never offered friendliness or interest to anyone. He had no way of speaking casually to people, thereby discovering what he most wanted to know. So he sat glum and formidable in the warm dining room. He heard riders trot up the street and later he made out the voices of Gunderson and Bill Yell as they came into the dining room. He didn't look up. These were men he had neighbored with for many years and if nothing had changed during the last few hours they would simply turn at his table and sit down, out of habit.

WHEN they got abreast his table he saw them from the corner of his eyes and knew they were not going to stop. He looked up at them and he caught Gunderson's glance. He said, "Mornin', Sam. Mornin', Bill."

Yell nodded. Gunderson broke his stride and paused momentarily. He seemed about to say something—and never said it. Nodding, he went on with Yell to a farther table. The waitress laid a plate of pie before Stuart; he cut out a piece and ferried it to his plate. He ate it and laid half a dollar on the table and left his seat at once. In the lobby he checked himself to light a cigar. The ends of his fingers shook and he thought somebody watched him from a back corner, but he didn't turn to see. As he walked to the street he knew something had gone wrong.

His daughter had arrived and was at the moment entering the house of Mary van Hogh, the little seamstress. He



"We don't get much work done, but, oh boy, have we got morale!"

Collier's MARTIN GARRITY

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Jennie: Ta! da-da-da! Loosen up the hips, Auntie! And get a little sparkle in your eye! The rhumba is supposed to be fun.

Auntie Mae: Oh, dear! I know I'll never master it!

Auntie Mae: It's no use, Jennie! Even if Mr. Brown *does* love to dance, I'll never be able to do the rhumba.

Jennie: Fiddlesticks, Auntie, all you lack is a little *pep appeal.* And that reminds me. I'll bet you're not eating right, not getting all your vitamins. You can't have pep without vitamins, you know. Come down to the pantry and we'll make a start right now.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-REINFORCED

Jennie: And now, Auntie, right in this scrumptious cereal are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D. Yessir, right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat.

Auntie Mae: Hey! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I may wind up doing the rhumba yet.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S
IN BATTLE CREEK

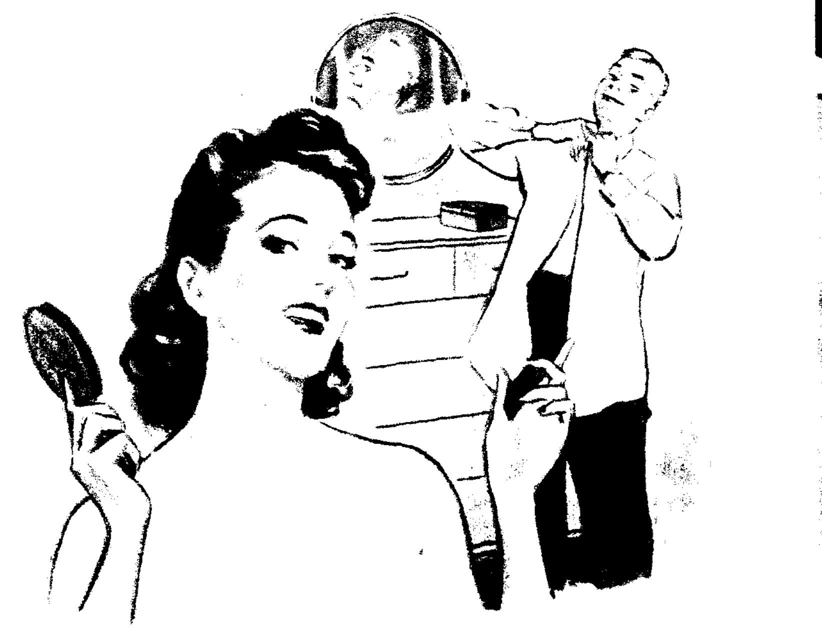
U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
THIS TYPE OF FOOD IS AMONG THOSE RECOMMENDED IN THE NUTRITION FOOD RULES
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

SOLD BY GROCERS
EVERYWHERE

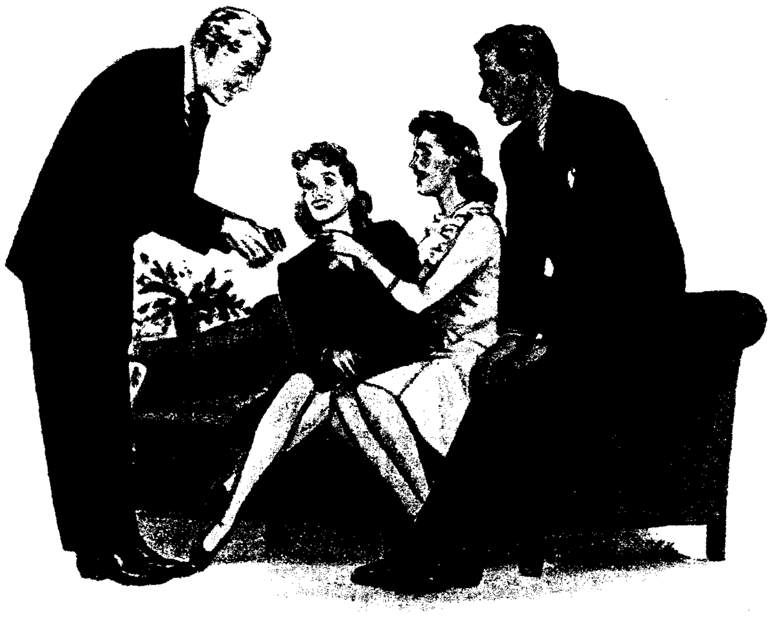
Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for Vitamins!

Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B_1 (1/2 for children up to 5).

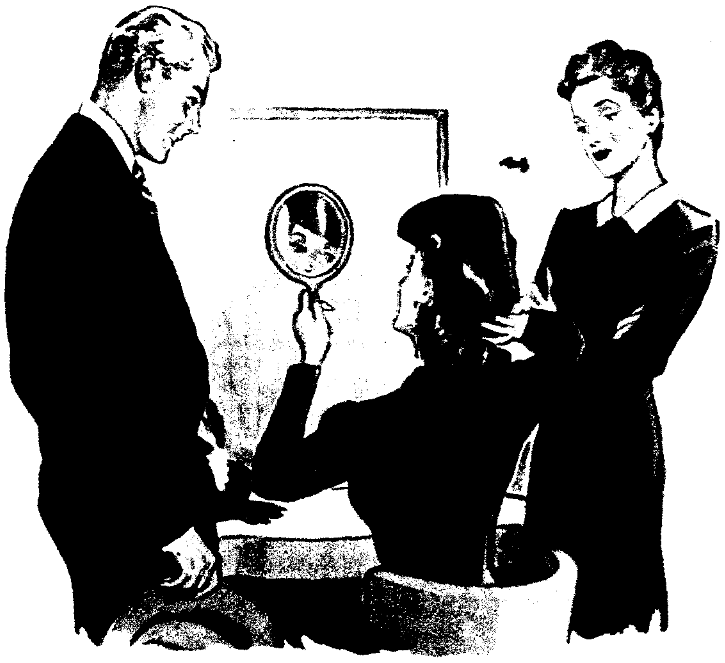
Win yourself a new hat! TRY THIS RALEIGH BET ON YOUR HUSBAND TONIGHT



1. **"Here's one time** Jim paid a hat bill without a murmur. We had the Clarks over the other night, and I bet I could pick Raleighs from any other brands just by looking at the color of the tobacco.



2. **"Jim up and bets me** a new hat that I can't. So I let them take my Raleighs and the different brands *they* smoke . . . cover up the labels . . . and show me just the open ends of the packs. What then?



3. **"As you can see,** I picked the Raleighs and won the hat. Try it on *your* husband or boy-friend. Honestly, you can't lose! Why? The tobacco in Raleighs is more *golden* in color. It stands out from all the others."

Raleighs are more golden
Raleigh
CIGARETTES
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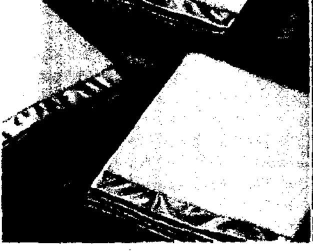

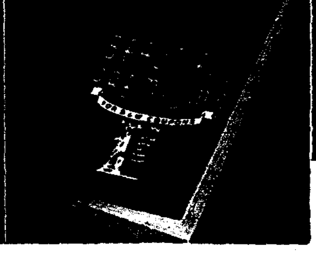

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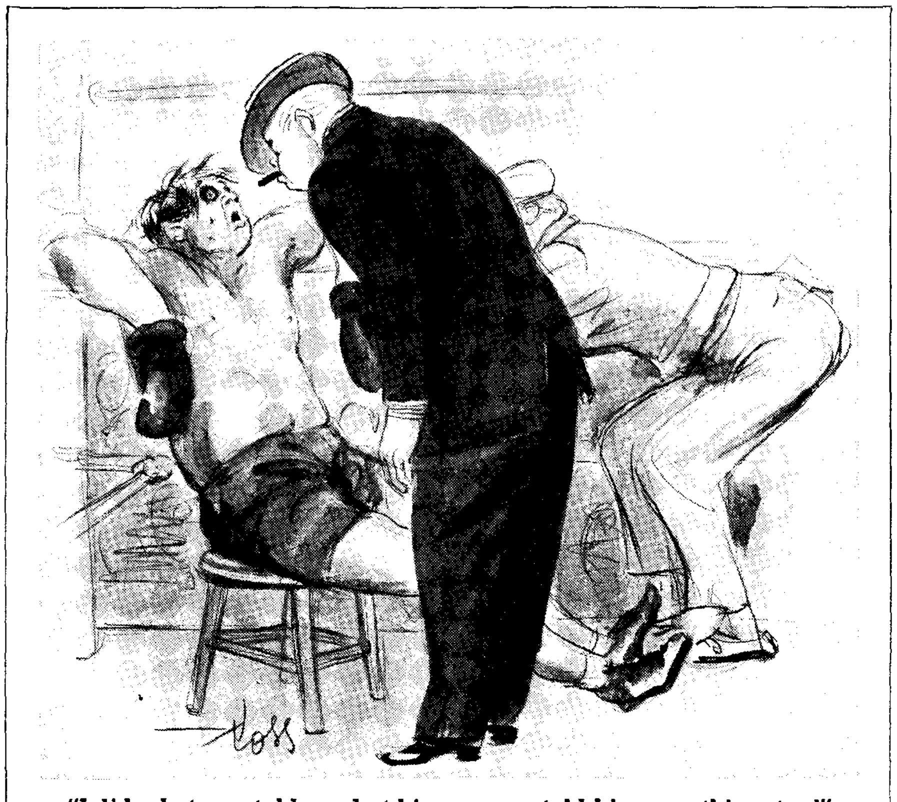
watched people move idly along the walks, and his curiosity burned harder and harder. He looked at each person he saw with the sharpest possible glance, trying to read them but reading nothing. He noticed Jack O'Boyle step out of his saddle shop and for an instant he had a quick hope. He had always been friendly with O'Boyle and the Irishman liked him. He would go across the street and pass the time of day with the man, but O'Boyle gave him a look and moved at once into the livery stable.

His dull suspicion could no longer be held back. Trumbo had outguessed him and had escaped the trap on Horsehead; somehow it had become known that Star Cross had raided Horsehead—and that Doña Gertrude was dead. He stood alone in town and he felt the eyes of the town upon him. He thought, "It is in my mind, nowhere else," and moved toward his horse. Oldness came upon him and his first lift did not take him into the saddle; and then his brutal anger flamed up and he took a huge swing, landed on the leather and started from town.



"I did what you told me, but *his* manager told *him* something, too!"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

His daughter came from the seamstress shop and called to him. He went on, giving her no attention but she followed and caught up with him. He looked at her and discovered the same weight in her eyes he had seen elsewhere this morning and all his repressed anger and fear rose up and punished her: "You're big enough to ride home alone! Get away from me!"

SHE rode a full three hundred yards before answering him; and at that point pulled her horse half around. "That's what I am about to do," she said. "Stop a moment."

He reined in, growling, "Don't need to make a ceremony of ridin' away."

"I'm never riding back to Star Cross. There is only one thing on it I want, mother's picture. I wish you'd leave it at Mary von Hogh's some day."

He said, "I put up with the fool dreams of your mother a long time. I don't want to see them in you. Let me alone."

"Better listen. I'm saying goodby to you."

He looked at her with his redly formidable eyes. The desire to strike her was on his face; his temper had punished him all morning and now he was dangerous, cruelty making its wild thresh through him. He looked around him quickly, at the open prairie, at the town four hundred yards behind them. He looked back at her. "Leave and be damned! What man you going to? Tell me his name and I'll kill him for what he's probably done. Is it Trumbo?" He fired this at her quickly, indecently; and then his mind swung back and he added in a changed voice: "Why?"

"You know, don't you?"

"I know nothing."

"You raided Horsehead last night—and Doña Gertrude's dead. Where's Coleman?"

HE SAID with a sly swiftness, "Who told you all that?"

"Almost anybody in town could tell you."

He turned his eyes from her, staring into the Western sunlight. She saw the age on him, the breakage beginning to show on his red face; she saw the cruel, small down-slanting lines at the corners of his mouth. She searched him for some soft quality, for some kind memory to carry away, and failed. Still looking away from her, he said, "If you leave me now you'll be lending truth to a lie."

"Is it a lie?"

He said with his old impatience, "I never explain anything to anybody!"

"Some day you'll want one thing I have tried to give you. When you want it, you'll want it worse than water or food or all the land you ever dreamed of. It will be the last thing you'll ever want—and you'll call for it, just as you call your dogs to you. But it won't come."

"What would I be wanting from you?" he challenged her.

"My love," she said. "But it won't come. You did a good job of killing it."

"I told you once," he said, "that anything that lifts a hand against me is something I never want around. You leave now and you never come back."

"That's the way it will be. And I will be against you."

"*Against me?*" he cried out. He would have hit her then if she had been within reach of his big arm. He brought his horse nearer and she saw temper slash through him and turn him crazy. "I'll watch you and I'll watch the man you go to—and I swear I'll kill the man!"

She had never lifted her voice out of its repressed calm. "Can't you let me think of you in any nice way at all? Do you have to send me away with so much hate and venom?" She wheeled her horse, walking it back toward town. He watched her go, a long, fierce flare in his eyes, the old and massive intolerance dominating him. When she had traveled a hundred feet he called out, "Wait up," and rode to her. "I'd never ask you to come back in a thousand years. I beg nothing of any human being—never did, never will. The door's open until midnight, on Star Cross. After that it won't ever be open to you."

"You can close it and lock it now."

"I never knew the queer things that went through a woman," he said, half to himself. "All right. I'll send you a hundred dollars. Don't want Dan Stuart's daughter to be beggin'."

"I'm staying with Mary von Hogh. Send me nothing but mother's picture."

"That," he said, with a fresh revival of temper, "I will smash into a thousand pieces tonight!" She didn't answer him but he knew he had hurt her and he was pleased by it. She started on. He watched her in his gray, uncomprehending way; and then he called one more thing after her—and this rose out of a place beyond his close guard, escaping from a source of which he had no knowledge at all, and when he spoke it he knew not why he had done so:

"You're my daughter, ain't you?"

She had her face away from him and he therefore had no way of seeing the tears running down her cheeks. He watched her until she had entered War Bonnet's main street; after that he set out homeward. She was in his mind a full half the distance and his thoughts were unclear about her, turning from odd questions to destructive impulses, and back again to a baffled wonder. Long later it occurred to him to remember why she had left him. Everybody now knew Doña Gertrude was dead. The blame was on him and would remain there. "That," he said, "will never be proved until the Horsehead outfit comes out of the hills. They'll never come out. I will have to go after that bunch."

TWO or three miles up the black hill trail Coleman called ahead, "Move off the trail and wait for me," and rode downgrade. There was below him the grunt and the pound of a horse coming along, and the occasional rattle of a branch. Coleman listened carefully until he was sure it was only a single rider, and lifted his gun. He stayed in the trail and he watched the black shape of horse and rider move into vague view below him.

The rider's horse felt or saw the obstruction in the trail before the rider, and dropped to an uncertain walk. The rider's voice began to swear softly. "Go on—go on." When he heard that voice Coleman lowered his gun.

"Hold up, Alvy."

Alvy's breath made a steamy in-and-out report: "Coleman?"

"What's behind you, Alvy?"

"Nothin' I know of. I heard the shootin' and I came back. I got on the edge of the trees and I heard Stuart talkin'. I figured you'd be on this trail."

He had never been sure of Alvy and was not now. "What made you think we'd come this way?"

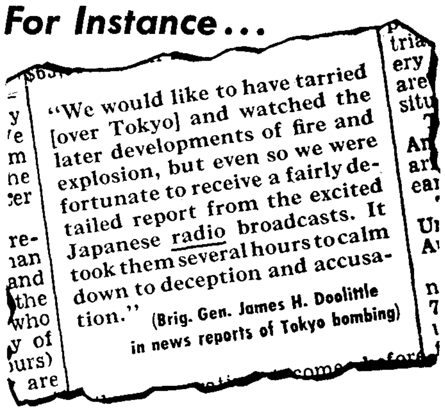
"If you'd crossed the flats I'd have heard you. This is the only other way. Somebody in the yard was talkin' about Doña Gertrude. They said she was dead."

"Stay here a minute, Alvy."

Coleman went by Alvy, dropping down-trail another hundred yards. A wind ruffled the treetops and in that wind drifted the keen smell of winter, distant yet true. There was nothing

1917 WAR
RUN BY
TELEPHONE
1942 WAR
RUN BY
RADIO

For Instance...



"We would like to have tarried [over Tokyo] and watched the later developments of fire and explosion, but even so we were fortunate to receive a fairly detailed report from the excited Japanese radio broadcasts. It took them several hours to calm down to deception and accusation." (Brig. Gen. James H. Doolittle in news reports of Tokyo bombing)

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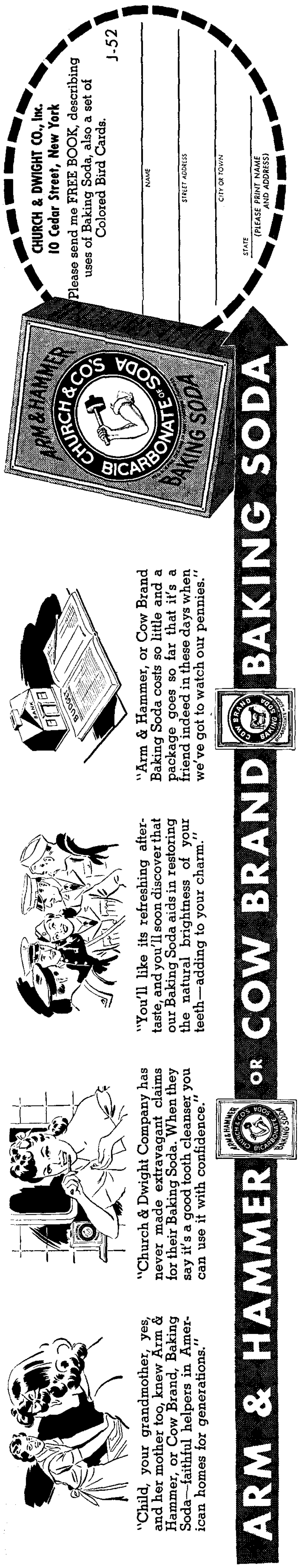

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else. So far Stuart was not following. He turned and rejoined Alvy; the two moved forward at a walk. "You recognize anybody else in that bunch?" asked Coleman.

"Trumbo was there. All of Stuart's outfit, I'd guess. I heard Stuart sing out Tap's name. I heard Trumbo call to Spade."

"How much of a crew has Spade got?"

"Two, three."

There had been ten or eleven against him. Except for Valencia Wilder's presence he might have stood off the attack with his crew. The girl had made it impossible to carry on a fight. He plunged methodically up the hill until he thought he had gone a sufficient distance, and sent a careful call outward: "Pairvent."

Pairvent's "All right," came from the near-by black.

"Find a good place to hole up for the night."

The main party came into the trail and moved upward again. Coleman said, "Go ahead of me, Alvy," and took the rear position after Alvy passed. He dropped back, occasionally stopping to listen into the night, puzzled by the lack of pursuit. He had been driven off Horsehead, but until Stuart and Trumbo had destroyed him they could not say the job was completed. They were smart enough to know that. Perhaps, then, it was fear of hurting the girl which held them back. He considered this as he rode along the winding, rising trail. There was no moon and the timber around him held a kind of blackness that absorbed everything; nothing broke that blackness except overhead where the trees bordering the trail struck against the starlit sky.

Maybe fear of hurting Valencia had kept them from following; but it would not long restrain them. For they had the death of Doña Gertrude on their hands, which was a fact that would never let them alone. A lot of things would come out of her death. It would change every man who had charged across that yard; it would make a difference to each one of them. Tonight or tomorrow or next week Stuart and Trumbo would start after Horsehead again. They would have to do it to justify the killing of a woman; they would have to go through with what they had planned. If they stopped short of it Doña Gertrude's ghost would rise upon them. Their act was incompleted. They would now have to complete it if it killed them all.

AN HOUR or so onward Pairvent's voice drifted to him, "We turn off here," and the single-file column left the road, passed between high rock shoulders and came upon some kind of a mountain meadow. Water ran quick and shallow near by; the trees seemed shorter around him and a colder wind moved up. Directly ahead seemed to be the face of a canyon. The party had stopped and Pairvent was beside him.

"This will do," Pairvent said.

Coleman stepped to the ground. "Put a guard back on the trail, George. We'll take turns at it." He unsaddled and let his horse stand. He said, "Valencia," and heard her small, tired voice answer. She was still mounted. He lifted his arms and she came heavily against him as she stepped down. Her face brushed his head and she whispered a single, soft word he didn't catch. He led her back to his blanket. "There's your bed," he told her; and returned to her horse. He got the blanket from her horse and took it to her. He crouched down near her. "I'll find a way of getting you out of this tomorrow. Ben will know how to circle back to War Bonnet."

Her fingers closed about his arm. "Doña Gertrude's dead?"

"Yes."

"I liked her. She was kind in her judgments. It would be nice to grow old with so little meanness." Her tone quickened: "You're not running from them?"

"I do not know yet."

"Don't run," she said. "You were never made to give up. Remember what I told you—you can have anything your stubborn mind wants." The pressure of her hand held on; and her voice was a quiet whisper for him. Somebody moved slowly forward and stood still. A match broke the intense black and Coleman saw Ben Solvay's face outlined by the sudden glow. Solvay let the light burn to its last guttering bit of flame while he looked down at Valencia and at Coleman. He had a stony, unhappy expression on his face. After the light died he said gruffly, "Better get to sleep, Valencia."

Valencia drew her hand away from Coleman; he heard her faint whisper: "Stay near." He settled back, hearing the horses stir and hunt for grass.

EARLY morning's fog was a cold steam rolling through the canyon; and the chill wetness of it collected in Coleman's bones. He rose and put on his hat and he rolled a cigarette and had a quick smoke, noting how peacefully Valencia slept; he had heard her turning restlessly during the small hours.

Northward stood a ragged chunk of rocks, through which they had apparently come the night before. South lay the up-and-down canyon wall, something like two hundred feet high, and at its base ran a creek which at this point was a slow-moving pool. Watching it and the mists which were beginning to rise from it, he saw a trout jump. Farther on, to the east, was a widening of the canyon into a kind of meadow. The timber made a solid mass northward.

"Alvy," he said, "take the horses over to that grass."

He walked to the creek, washed and took a deep drink to fill the emptiness in him. He was hungry in the sharp and painful way of an active man who sees no hope of food; he stood in the lightening fog and felt hunger's transient irritability. Pairvent came up, the rest of the crew straggling behind. Ben Solvay remained with the girl.

Pairvent said, "You still givin' orders for Horsehead?"

Coleman watched the yonder scene between Solvay and the girl with interest. Solvay was stiff and displeased and appeared to be saying unpleasant things to her—the long-brooded things of a jealous man's mind. Coleman's eyelids drew together, temper ruffled through him. The girl appeared to be answering with softness. She smiled at Solvay, but he turned on his heel and moved toward the group. When he arrived he gave Coleman a crusty stare.

"Or," said Pairvent, "are you goin' over the hill and leave this mess the way you made it?"

"Why should I run?"

Pairvent's dry sarcasm grew more pronounced: "I'm askin' that question—not answerin' it. But you got every earmark of a man on the run. Last night we could have taken a chance of standin' those fellows off. It might have worked. Long chance, but I gathered that was the kind you liked to take."

"We had the girl with us."

"The woman is a nuisance," said Pairvent. "Send her away."

"George," said Coleman, "that's enough of that."

"All right," said Pairvent, "what're you thinkin' to do? We can't stay here forever."

"Where are we now?"

"Five miles from the ranch. The big canyon of Cloud River is a couple miles east. You're two hours' ride from the summit of the range. Ten from there downgrade to Gateway."

Coleman pointed west. "What's that way?"

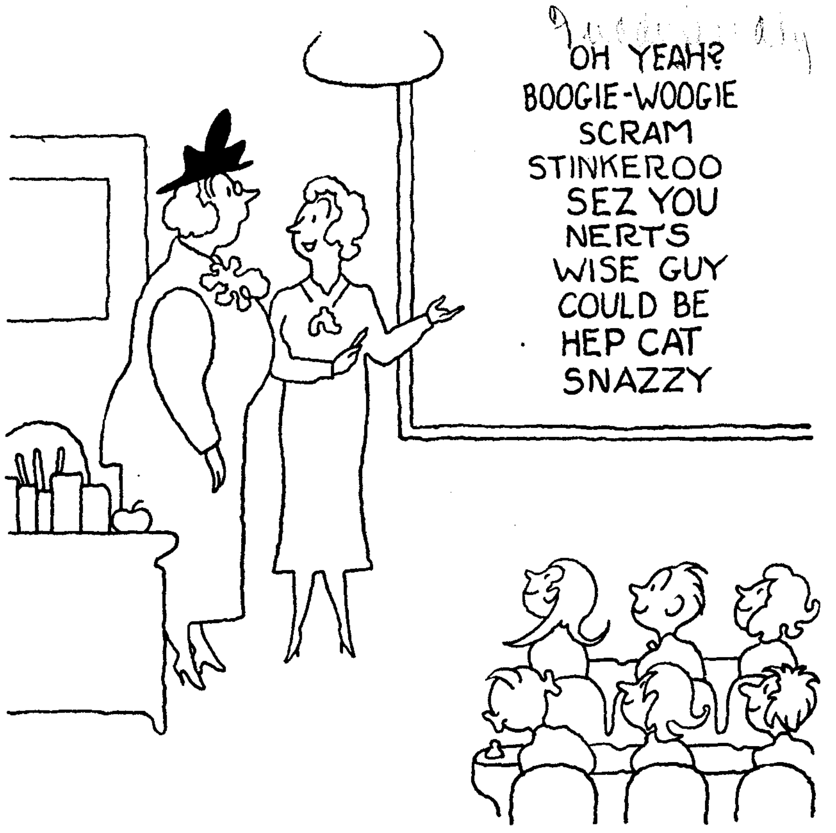
"No use thinkin' of it. Too rough to get through." Pairvent pointed at the canyon wall. "Just a lot of that."

"Can we cross the big canyon?" Coleman asked.

"A trail goes down to an old mining shaft near the river. It will do you no good. No way of crossing."

"Baldy," said Coleman, "ride back through those rocks and keep an eye peeled. We'll stay here until something else seems in the cards."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S

"You see, we start out by teaching them the words they'll use most frequently"

GARDNER REA

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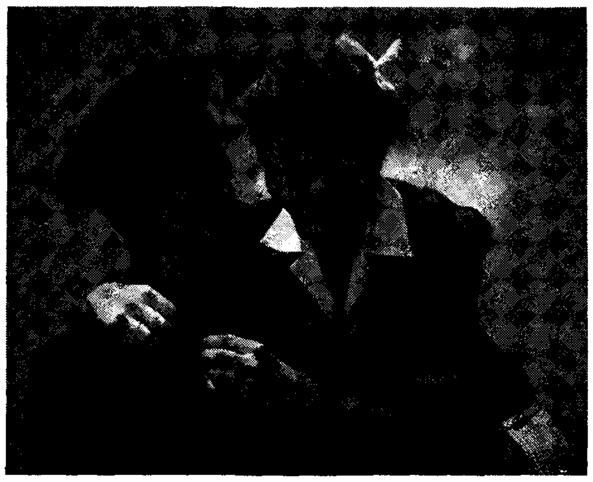
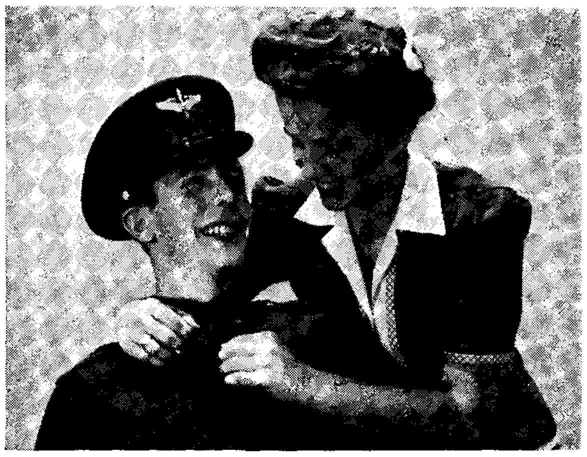
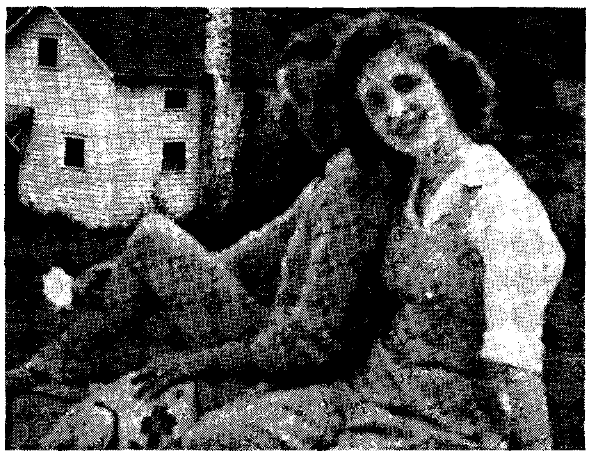


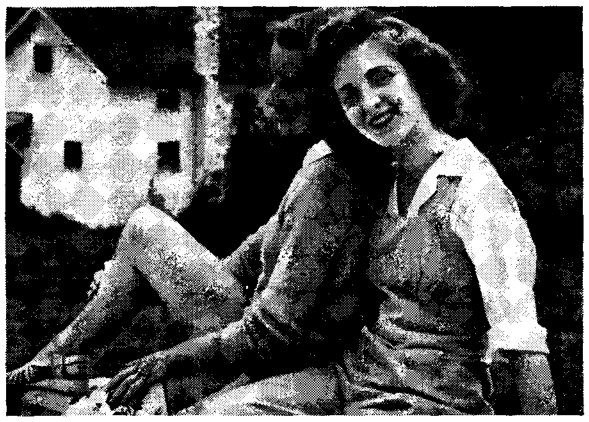
1. WRONG: This picture was purposely under-exposed to show what happens when too little light reaches the film. Whenever you see a dark picture like this one, you can be fairly sure that it was caused by under-exposure.



2. RIGHT: To avoid under-exposures, you can do one of three things. You can (1) open the camera aperture *wider,* which was done for this picture, or (2) use a *slower* shutter speed . . . if your camera permits those adjustments. Or (3) you can make use of a faster film.



3. WRONG: Here is a perfectly clear picture of a house—but not of the principal subjects. The girls are out of focus. Has this ever happened to you? Have you any fuzzy folks in your album? Do you know what causes out-of-focus pictures? They are really easy to avoid.



4. RIGHT: The girls are in focus and the farmhouse is hazy because the camera focus was *correctly adjusted.* See if your camera has a gadget for this. If you have one, be sure to use it. If there isn't any adjustment, don't take pictures of anything closer than ten feet. They'll probably be out of focus in the foreground.

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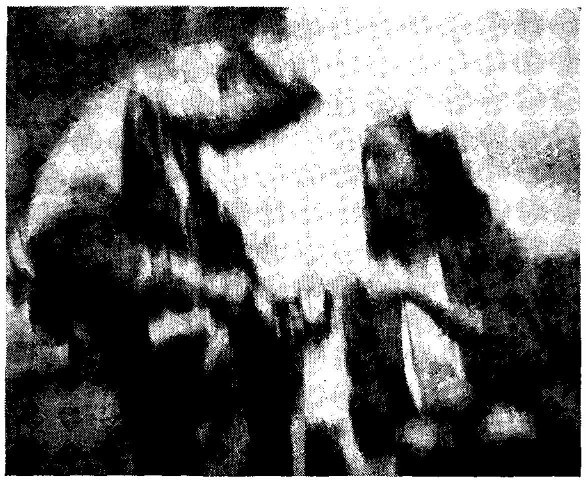
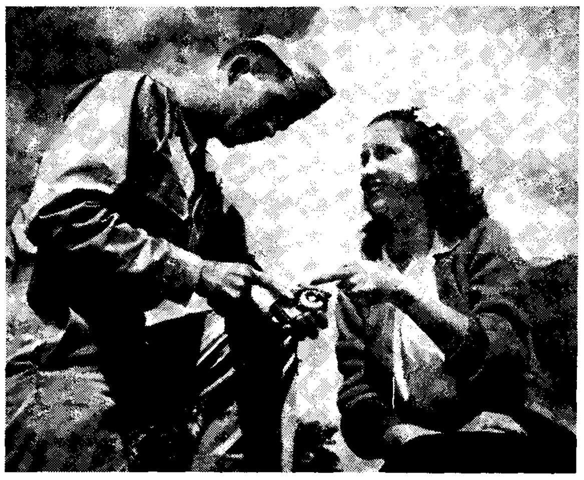
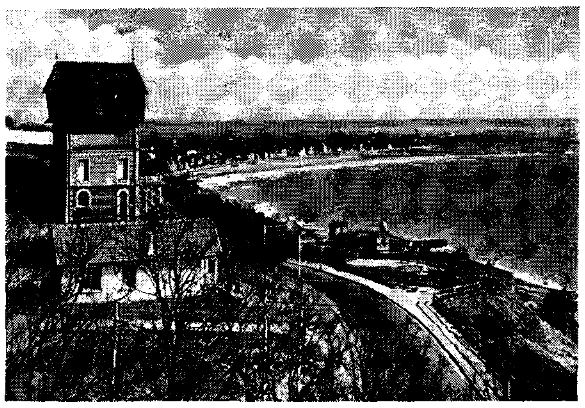


5. WRONG: If you move your camera when you snap your picture, you get this effect. Last year a large number of people sent us pictures with this mistake. We mailed every one of them a new roll of Agfa Ansco Film although, of course, the film was in no way at fault.



6. RIGHT: Here's the same picture, but the camera was held firmly. Hold your breath the instant you snap the shutter! If you have to use a shutter speed less than 1/25 of a second—put your camera on a tripod or some other firm support. Always do so on Time exposures.



Unusual Photographic Facts

A snapshot like this recently helped in a Commando raid because it revealed an area on which the Commandos had only incomplete information. Your own Government wants any pictures you may have taken in foreign countries. Send prints with a description of the place to: U. S. Signal Corps, War Department, Munitions Building, Washington, District of Columbia.

Double-Yolk Hoodoo

Continued from page 15

He put his glasses back on, took a small sack of candy from his pocket and proffered it to the Widow Duck. He was certainly a funny-looking little man. His tweed suit seemed much too large and his hat too small.

"Won't you have a piece of candy?" he offered.

"No, thanky suh," said the Widow Duck.

"I take it you do not love this—ah—Cissie Ringgold person," he went on, *with what he thought was a smile of* friendly camaraderie.

The Widow Duck chuckled. "Sho, I loves her," she declared. "De Lawd made her, didn't He? De Book say, 'Love my creatures both big and small, or you can't never git to heaven a-tall.' So say de Sperrit, soul. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

The man blinked. Miss Mildred giggled. "Amen, Widow Duck," she said heartily. "Call me if you need me." She drove off, leaving Lucius Dolworthy, Ph.D., head of his university's department of Experimental Sociology, in a state of bewilderment.

CONSCIOUS of the young man's discomfort, the Widow Duck hastened to explain: "You see, I been de Senior Usher over at Ole Ship er Zion church might' nigh ev'y since I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm dat frail brown over on Duke's Bend, and I got hit all figgered out."

"You have? What is it you've got figured out?"

"Well, hit's like dis. I love what's good and I hates what's bad. God made Cissie Ringgold and dat makes her good, cause what de Lawd do's is good. But Cissie do's bad on account er she ain't de Lawd. Onderstand?"

"Ah—um," said the learned one. "Very interesting. H'mm."

"I don't like her hoodooin' on account er Ole Satan make her do like dat and I ain't got time for no part er Ole Satan. And hoodooin' is strickly Ole Satan's works."

Dr. Dolworthy squinted beneath his thick lenses. "H'mm," he mused. "I wonder why you call it hoodoo instead of *vaudou?*"

"I calls hit hoodoo cause I'm tawkin' 'bout hoodoo," the Widow Duck said with some spirit. "Dat's what de Bible called hit when Ole Kaing Saul sent out to git a toby f'm de hoodoo lady, and what's good enough for de Book is good enough for me." And, feeling suddenly sorry she had spoken so roughly to the puzzled young man, she softened. "You ever read in de Bible, son?" she asked.

"Why—er—yes, of course," he told her.

"Den pray hard and let yo' light so shine," she counseled, "and understandin' will come unto you. So say de Sperrit. Be not disencouraged."

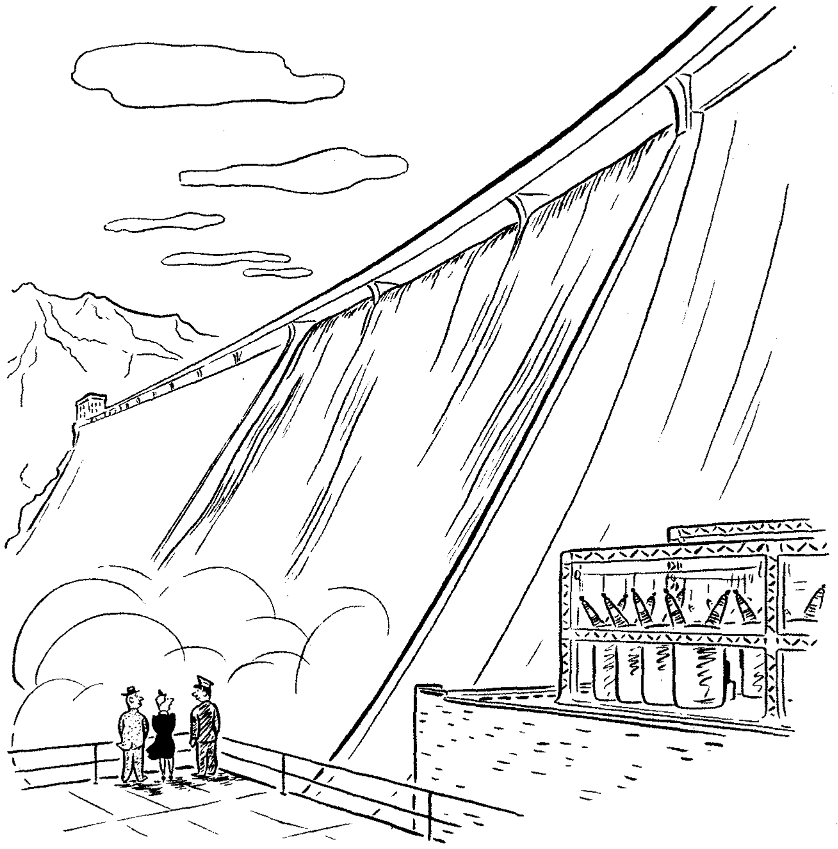
The professor looked at her sternly. "My dear woman," he said coldly, "I am here to conduct a scientific investigation of *vaudou* practices. I expect to contact this Ringgold person, directly. I have neither time for nor interest in your religious theories. Good day." He picked up his bag and started off toward the commissary.

The Widow Duck watched him, slowly shaking her head. "How long, Lawd?" she said. "How long?"

Later, while weeding her garden, she studied over in her mind the man's curious looks and actions. "Of all de fools Miss Mildred done brang out hyar," she concluded, "dat little ole white man is de fool killer! He think maybe he kin tawk mo' gooder den Miss Mildred!" She laughed out loud. "Wants to find out about Cissie Ringgold's hoodooin', when ev'ybody dat's got as much sense as de Lawd give a goat knows Cissie Ringgold ain't no hoodoo woman." She pulled viciously at a bunch of Johnson grass that had sprung up in her onions. "Efn Miss Mildred say he all okay, won't no harm be done."

Then she remembered. She stood up suddenly. Miss Mildred had said no such thing. Miss Mildred had just said, "*He claim he a doctor but he can't cyore de sick.*"

The Widow Duck did some hard thinking. Her mind was not accustomed to problems involving white folks. She had to think with caution. Nor was her fat old body given to speedy movement. It took some time for her to get going but the problem finally divided itself into two parts. Most important was to get Miss Mildred to assume responsibility for the man's behavior or take him off the place before he did damage. Meanwhile, Cissie Ringgold would have to be warned, in order to protect herself if the "doctor" should turn out to be dangerous.



"I imagine your water bill is terrific"

COLLIER'S DAVID B. HUFFINE

THE Widow Duck first sought out Giles, the foreman. "I wants you to do me a favors," she requested.

"Name hit," said Giles.

"I wants you to git in yo' ot-to and go bring Miss Mildred hyar to see me."

Giles grinned. "Ain't you gettin' mighty fine tellin' me, de big He-Coon around hyar, to git de natchal guv'mer lady and bring her to you! Well, I swear!"

The Widow Duck frowned. "Giles, I ain't no fool," she said, "and I don't ax no fool favors. You better go git."

"I ain't et my supper yit," he protested. "But I'll go quick as I eats."

Next, the Widow Duck hunted out Uncle Henry, the old lotman who was the Senior Deacon of the church and most tolerant of Cissie Ringgold's hoodoo foolishness.

"Henry," the Widow Duck said, "I and you is fixin' to go down to Cissie's house and set."

"She ailin'?" Uncle Henry asked.

"Nawp. Leastways, not as I knows of, yit." Then she outlined the facts as she understood them.

"I ain't et my supper yit," Uncle Henry objected.

"Bring yo' supper along."

"I ain't got hit cooked yit."

"Bring yo' rations and cook 'em at her house."

UNCLE HENRY looked around his kitchen and saw nothing in the way of uncooked food that appealed to him. "B'lieve I'll eat me a mess er eggs," he decided. "I ain't picked my eggs in two days. I bet my hens got to figgerin' I don't like eggs no mo' and is fixin' to quit layin'."

The Widow Duck laughed. "Efn yo' hens is all dat werrit, bring enough eggs along for Cissie, too. I bet she ain't et no eggs since de rabbits done quit layin' 'em."

Uncle Henry darted into his hen house and returned with his hat filled with eggs. He held an oversized one in his hand. "Rooster laid dis'n," he said.

"Put dat twin egg back," the Widow Duck said. "Don't you know hit's bad luck to eat a double-yolk egg?"

"I'll gi' hit to Miss Modom," the lotman said. "She might kin do some juju wid hit."

"Humph!" the Widow Duck sniffed. "I bet she ain't got hit in her."

Uncle Henry looked around his kitchen once more. "Git dat kittle er hominy over on de back er de stove," he suggested, "whilst I slices off a little slab er dis side meat."

"What you fixin' to cook?" the Widow Duck demanded.

Uncle Henry chuckled. "I'm fixin' to cook somethin' outn dis world," he said. "I'm fixin' to fry dis meat down in a slow skillet and den warm up dis hominy in de juice. And when she git good and hot, I'm fixin' to bus' dese eggs all over hit and stir 'em down good."

"Um-hm!" exclaimed the Widow Duck. "Hit tastes good!"

"Ain't but mighty few niggers and no white folks a-tall ever et dat kind er grub!" Uncle Henry boasted.

"Whyn't you chop up some onions in hit?" suggested the Widow Duck, "and den hit'd be *raley* outn dis world."

"Green onions," Uncle Henry agreed. "Tops and all! I swear, Mis' Duck, sometimes I think you's might' nigh as good a cook as me."

As they approached Modom Aw-bear's cabin, the Widow Duck grew serious. "Ole fool," she grumbled. "Settin' off over hyar by herse'f, jest a-sinnin' and a-goin' on!"

The cabin, as usual, had no light burning. When the old hoodoo woman heard the Widow Duck's voice, she backed into her cabin and began sucking her teeth.

"Open de do', Cissie," the Widow Duck ordered, "and light up some light. I'm a visitin' friend and neighbor, tonight, fo' true."

"Us come a-chivareein'," Uncle Henry explained, "and us is bringin' our own grub."

Modom Aw-bear relented to the extent of opening the door and lighting a lamp, but she went to a corner and continued to suck her teeth at the Widow Duck.

THE lack of hospitality was brushed aside. "Henry," the Widow Duck said, "you chunk up de fire whilst I scrubs Cissie's ole dirty skillet and gits dese onions chopped."

"Onions! *Mon Dieu!*" Modom Aw-bear came to life.

"And eggs," added Uncle Henry.

"*Oeufs!*" the hoodoo exclaimed with delight.

"I knowed dem eggs'd make you grunt," Uncle Henry laughed. "Look, I brang you a double-bar'ld egg, jest for luck." He put the double-yolk egg on the mantel. "Maybe hit'll he'p you do some juju!"

"No mind de chatter, Henry," ordered the Widow Duck. "I'm gittin' hongry, my ownse'f. You chunk up de fire; and, Cissie, you kin spread de table, efn you's got somethin' to spread wid."

Modom Aw-bear brought out a set of linens, yellow from long disuse, and a few odd pieces of real silver. The general gaiety had finally affected her. "My hosban' mamma, she gi' to me, dem," she said proudly.

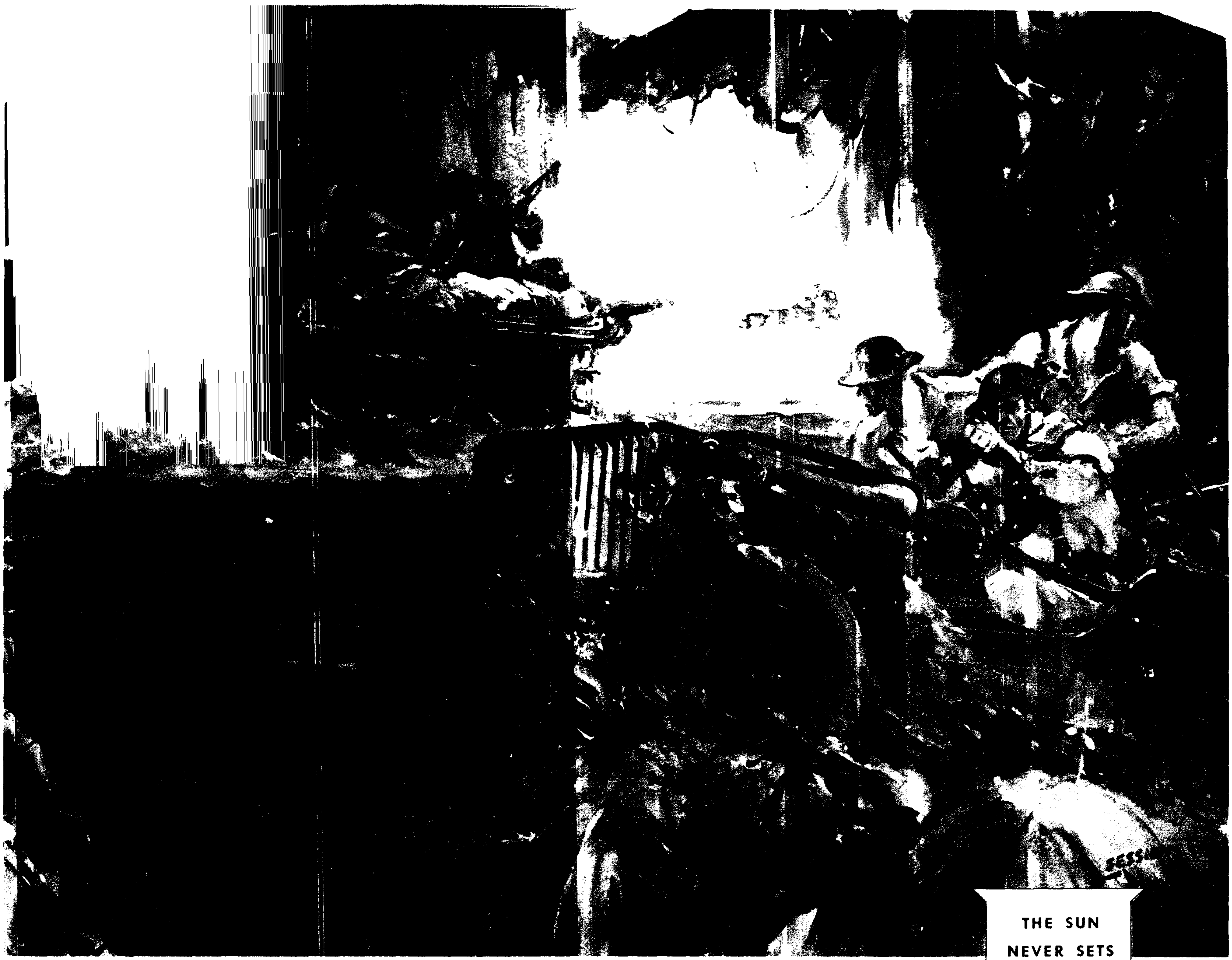
"Or else you stole 'em f'm somebody," *the Widow Duck said lightly.* "Hit ain't no skin offn my back, one way er de yuther, dis night. I didn't come hyar to save yo' soul. I come hyar to save you f'm a fool white man."

"White mans?" Modom Aw-bear demanded. She frowned and sucked through her teeth. "He try to do me somethin', I wither him like a crackin', me. I make de arm drop off. I make de meat dry up on de bone. I—"

"No mind dat stuff, Cissie," the Widow Duck interrupted. "You ain't gonter do no sich, cause you can't. And he ain't gonter do you nothin', cause I ain't gonter let him."

"What he do me, hunh?"

"All I knows is," the Widow Duck explained, "another one er dem questionaxin' mens come out and axed about you. I spoke wid him some, and he went away. But he ack like a pyore fool, and he might come down hyar and devil you. Leastways, Giles gone to git Miss Mildred to take him off, and I come hyar to set wid you to she gits



THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
WILLYS JEEP

JEEP IN THE HEART OF BURMA

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Willys-Overland is proud of the spectacular job the Jeep is doing for the United Nations. We are proud, too, of the Willys staff of civilian engineers of whom it is said, "They get more power, speed, action, economy and durability out of a ton of steel and a gallon of gas than has ever been done before."

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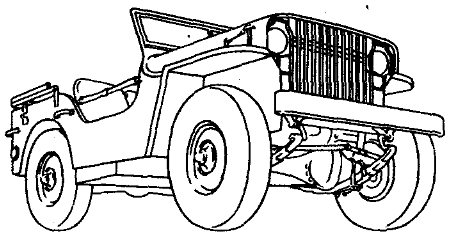
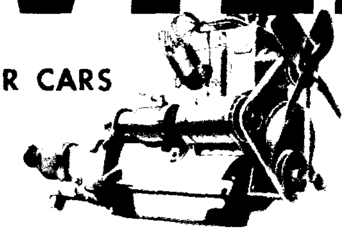


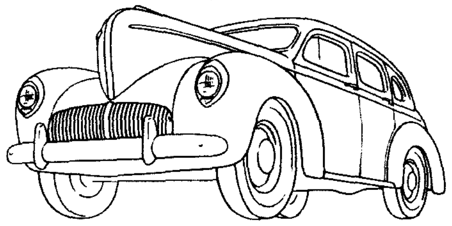
U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS



TRUCKS AND JEEPS



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SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR
CARE FOR YOUR CAR — FOR YOUR COUNTRY

hyar. Efn de man come and tawk, well, I can't stop him. But I ain't fixin' to let him stick no needle in yo' hide nor git no sample er yo' blood, nor write nothin' in de books about you, onless Miss Mildred come hyar and say hit's all right."

"Mm-mm!" Modom Aw-bear said. "You do dat for me, Duckie? Me, I t'ink you hate me, and dat's good like you love me."

"Tain't nothin'," the Widow Duck told her. "I'd do as much for a dog. Now, come on and le's whup up dese victuals."

THE feast was prepared and eaten in good humor. Modom Aw-bear contributed a batch of tasty ash cakes and brought out a bottle of sweet wine. After the meal, she refolded her linens and hid her silver again. Then she took the double-yolk egg from her mantel and placed it in the center of the bare table.

"De beeg egg, 'Onree, she bring me beeg luck, yas," the hoodoo woman said. "I put heem on de table."

"Efn hit was me," laughed Uncle Henry, "and I was expectin' de Whitecaps, I'd put my pistol on de table."

"And I'd put my Bible on de table," added the Widow Duck. "But I reckon de egg gonter do Cissie as much good as yo' pistol do you or my Bible do me, seein' you ain't got yo' pistol and I ain't got my Bible."

"Me, I suck my teef and scare heem, maybe," Modom Aw-bear suggested.

The Widow Duck picked up a sizable ash stick of firewood. "Efn de teeth don't skeer him," she suggested, "dis swish-elm club will lay him cold."

Uncle Henry snickered. "How y'all ladies go on!" *he said.* "*Teeth-suckin'* and swish-elm clubbin'! Back yonder, fawty years ago, when I was dealin' spot cyards in de Bayou Sara gamblin' house —I was a young sinner man den, Mis' Duckie—well, I c'd be settin' in a cheer like I'm is now. And I c'd jump up and hit a man wid de cheer I was settin' in, and den set down in de cheer agin, so quick you'd never know I moved."

With the sound of approaching footsteps, they heard a voice say, "Yonder her house, Boss, settin' in de edge er de puck-kon grove. Dis is far as I'm goin'."

The professor stepped on the porch and tapped lightly on the door jamb.

"Come in," directed the Widow Duck.

He entered the room and blinked his bespectacled eyes, looking around cautiously. He set down a suitcase and turned to the hoodoo woman.

"Ah," *he began, as though about to* deliver a prepared lecture, "*Est-ce qu' ici l'établissement de la Madame Hebert qui fait la sorcellerie?*"

Modom Aw-bear looked up. "*Oui, 'sieu,*" she said. "*Mais c'est longtemps dep'is mo'-s-entendais français de l'Île Brevelle.*"

"Dat's Jew-maker talk," Uncle Henry confided to the Widow Duck, in a loud whisper.

"I greeted you in your native tongue," the professor continued in English, "merely to put you at your ease. I do not speak French very fluently, and the man who guided me here tells me that you do speak English, so we will converse in the latter language, if you don't mind."

He looked around for a chair. This he dragged directly in front of the hoodoo woman and sat facing her.

"Now," he said without further preliminary, "just tell me in your own words how you became converted to the rites of *vaudou*."

Modom Aw-bear shrank back and sucked through her teeth.

"Mis' Modom do like dat," explained Uncle Henry, "on account er she don't like to tell her secrets to strangers."

"Oh, I see," said Dr. Dolworthy. "Thank you."

He pulled out the sack of candy and offered it to Modom Aw-bear. "*Candi?*" he said. "*Très joli.*"

The hoodoo woman continued to suck through her teeth.

"She ain't hongry," the Widow Duck said. "She jest et."

The professor was not discouraged. He put the candy back in his pocket, then took a pack of cards and shuffled them awkwardly. He tried to pass them to the hoodoo woman but she drew back.

"I am just going to demonstrate," said Dolworthy, "that I too am not unacquainted with the mystic rites of *vaudou*. Now, if you will just select a card, please."

But Modom Aw-bear would have none. The young sociologist handed the deck to Uncle Henry. "You try to get her to take a card," the professor urged.

Uncle Henry grinned. "Yassuh, Boss," he agreed, "efn you'd jest gi' me a little piece er dat candy, suh."

While Dolworthy was getting the candy from his pocket, Uncle Henry's stiff old fingers were working the cards with remarkable dexterity.

"Now, Mis' Modom," he said, "de gentleman axed you to take a cyard, but naw, one wa'n't enough. You had to pick out two cyards." He thrust a hand in the hoodoo woman's apron pocket and drew out two cards. "De fo'-eyed jacks!" he exclaimed. "Why, Mis' Modom, don't you know de man can't git a bit er luck widout dem fo'-eyed jacks?"

The professor tried to understand and classify scientifically what he had just witnessed, but Uncle Henry was not finished.

"*And now, Mis' Duckie,*" Uncle Henry instructed, "efn you gimme dem fo' aces outn yo' apron pocket, I'll gi' de cyards back to de man." He reached into her pocket and brought out the four aces. Then he assembled the deck and handed it to the professor. "Dey's all hyar, now, suh," he said. "All 'ceptin' de joker. Hit's off hidin' somewhars in my year."

He made a pass and produced the last card.

THE professor put the cards in his pocket and glared disapprovingly at Uncle Henry.

"Sleight-of-hand card tricks," he said sternly, "are distinctly not magic."

"Nawsuh," agreed Uncle Henry, "dat's how come Modom Aw-bear don't fool wid de spot cyards."

"Then, *since you seem to be her* spokesman," the professor said with temper, "perhaps you can tell me what she does fool with. Understand, this is a serious scientific investigation and I have no time for foolishness."

"She don't fool wid nothin'," declared Uncle Henry. "When she th'ows dem eyes er her'n on somethin' and squinches down hard and starts sayin' dem certain words, well, she ain't foolin'."

The professor brightened. "I see," he said eagerly. "Hypnotism."

"I don't know what you calls it," Uncle Henry said, "but when she levels down, things sho takes place." At that moment he happened to notice the double-yolked egg on the table. It was as good a thing to lie about as anything else. "See dat big egg, yonder?" he asked. "Well, suh, a rooster laid dat egg! She made him done hit!"

"Nonsense," blurted the young man. "Egg laying is a biological function and hypnosis is a psychological phenomenon. There is no connection between the two."

Uncle Henry was enjoying himself. "Dat's what de rooster figgered, too," he declared. "But when Mis' Modom th'owed dat certain thaing on him, he jest squatted down right in de big road and laid dat egg. Didn't he, Mis' Duck?"

"Fo' true," she declared. "He couldn't

he'p hisse'f. He jest squatted down and laid hit."

The professor stood in deep thought for several minutes. The experiment was making a pattern in his mind. "Hypnotism," he said to Modom Aw-bear, "is a definite science. The power to hypnotize may be acquired by any person of normally strong mental faculties, by thorough study of the processes and practiced application.

"Unfortunately, for the science, many ignorant people have acquired some skill in this field and to this slight ability they have added their own charlatanism. Doubtlessly, these credulous people here believe that you made that rooster lay that oversize egg. But I know that you did not. Come now, admit to me that you didn't."

HE TOOK off his glasses and glared at Modom Aw-bear. The witch woman glared back at him.

"Madame—Cissie Ringgold!" he said sternly. "Admit it. I know that a rooster is a male fowl and I know that it is biologically impossible for a male fowl to lay an egg. Therefore, you can never make me believe that a rooster can lay an egg, even under the most powerful hypnotic suggestion."

Modom Aw-bear stood up. "I make you lay egg," she cackled.

"Now!" exclaimed the Widow Duck.

"Come on, Mis' Modom!" said Uncle Henry.

The professor relaxed. "This seems to have developed into a contest of mental power," he said. "I had hoped that just such a contest might take place and I came prepared."

He paused and smiled with the complete confidence that comes only to those who have acquired a fullness of knowledge. He, a scientifically trained man, was being challenged by a combination of ignorance, credulity and fraud and he knew how to deal with it.

"Pardon me while I don my magic costume and assume the power of the Great Wombi," the professor said. "I assume these powers only on certain nights, when the moon is full." He picked up his suitcase and retired to the porch. "When you see me again," he called, "I shall be the Great Wombi."

"Set back, clear," Uncle Henry warned the Widow Duck, "cause efn I don't like de way Mister Wombi acts, lightnin' gonter strike him, quick."

The Great Wombi was a shocking if not a fearsome spectacle. The professor had stripped to his underwear and tied garlands of colored ribbons around ankles and wrists. He walked in with a sweeping stride, rattling two dried gourds and making what he hoped were guttural sounds.

"Hot dog!" said Uncle Henry. "He's fixin' to lay dat egg, right now, Mis' Modom."

The professor advanced toward the hoodoo woman. "I am the Great Wombi," he growled. "I am all-powerful. No human can stand before my mighty will."

Modom Aw-bear came forward hissing and whining. As the two closed in on each other, Uncle Henry raised his weight from the chair. He reached back, ready to strike. The Widow Duck tightened her grip on the piece of wood.

Modom Aw-bear did not falter. She stuck her face within an inch of the professor's and droned, "I make you lay de egg! I make you lay de egg!"

"Come on, Mis' Modom!" Uncle Henry cheered. "Hit him wid dat certain thaing!"

The professor involuntarily stepped back and the hoodoo woman continued to crowd him. "Like de rooster!" she hissed. "I make you lay de egg!"

The professor kept on backing away, and Modom Aw-bear continued to advance. "You lay de egg like de rooster!" she repeated. "I make you lay heem!"

Uncertainty now replaced confidence. The professor wondered if he had read that an unwilling subject could not be hypnotized or if it was merely a wish that had generated in his own mind.

"Now, you's cuttin' hay," encouraged Uncle Henry. "Put hit on him hard!"

"Won't be long 'twell he lay de egg and den cackle like a hen," predicted the Widow Duck cheerfully. "You got him cluckin' already. Pour hit on him, Cissie, and he shall abide tharin."

Egg laying, of course, was ridiculous. Or was it? It had been a long time since Dolworthy had studied biology, and science had made some rapid strides.

Fear seized the professor and he tried to run. He stumbled and fell over the table. The table overturned and Modom Aw-bear's double-yolked egg was smashed. Dolworthy groaned.

"Yaah!" shrieked the hoodoo woman. "You break my good luck egg! I make yo' eyeballs drap out!"

THE professor scrambled to his feet and ran for the door. At that moment Miss Mildred who had just driven up stepped on the porch. The professor collided with her, head on.

"I'm so sorry," he apologized. "I mean, I am so glad you came, Miss Taylor."

Miss Mildred had to bite her lips to keep from laughing at the oddly clad little man. "How are your investigations proceeding Dr. Dolworthy?"

"Well—ah—excellently," he assured her. "Excellently. In fact I have just completed some original research in certain phases of hypnosis."

"Good," said Miss Mildred. "When you change your costume, I can drive you back to town."

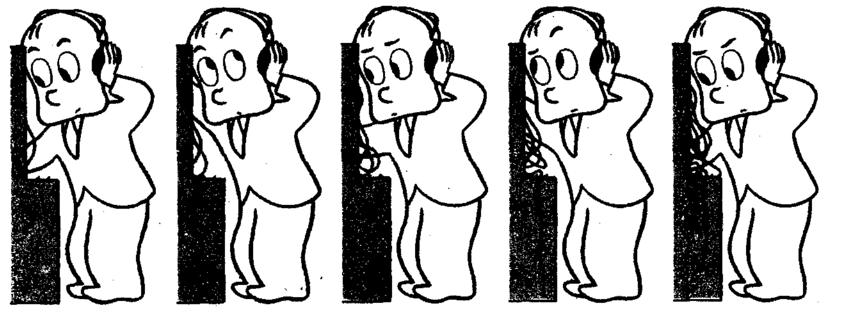
When Miss Mildred and the professor had driven off, Uncle Henry stood up. "B'lieve I'll be gittin' along home," he said. "All goin' my way, jine my class."

"I'm goin', too," the Widow Duck said. "Good night, all."

Just before the Widow Duck and Uncle Henry parted at the bayou bridge, she said: "Cissie skeered de fool outn dat man."

"He had a right to git skeered," Uncle Henry stated. "Cause efn Miss Mildred hadn't drapped by when she did, Cissie would 'a' made him lay dat egg."

THE END



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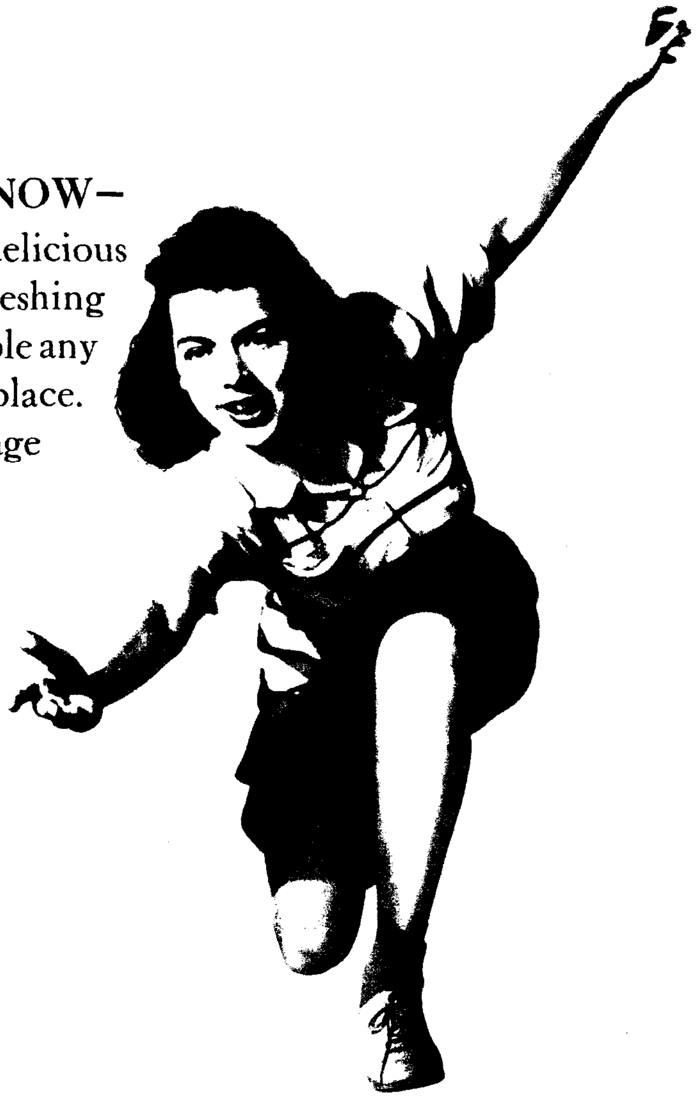

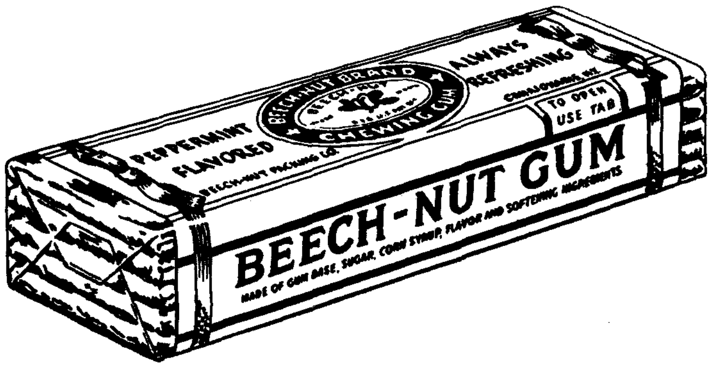
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How RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign Helps War Production

PATTERN FOR VICTORY

▶ While it is no longer news that American industry is "all out" for Victory, it *is* news when one company develops a pattern that is adopted by other industries. Because your peacetime purchases of RCA Victor products made possible the machinery that is doing today's job, this report of stewardship is made.

▶ To all Americans, this is an example — one isolated example — of how the American ideal of individual co-operation, freely volunteered, works to speed up the winning of the battle of production, so that all can return sooner to the American way of peace.

▶ This is what has happened at RCA Victor—through its now famous "Beat the Promise" war production campaign.

It began fourteen months before Pearl Harbor. In October, 1940, thousands of RCA Victor employees voluntarily signed pledges to *beat the promise* on the production of vital army and navy radio and sound equipment.

In its before-Pearl Harbor advertising, RCA Victor said: "With RCA Victor, National Defense comes first. *By comparison we hold nothing else important.*"

▶ At rallies at all RCA Victor plants, the day after Labor Day, 1941, the details of an intensive production drive, built around "Beat the Promise" pledges, were explained. Rousing, color-splashed posters appeared—employee-inspired—calling for greater effort, warning of the danger of "too little, too late," crying "no bottlenecks!"

▶ It is impossible to present *all* the elements of this campaign—great production rallies featuring Army-Navy notables and Victor Record artists; War Bond drives; use of a time-saving industrial communications system for announcements—and for music to tide workers over "fatigue periods;" the recorded voices of RCA Victor employees in the armed forces telling the need for more and more equipment . . .

▶ And what has happened as a result?

▶ Always a substantial supplier of radio communications equipment to the armed forces, RCA Victor's production for 1940 was four times greater than for 1939 . . . for 1941, fourteen times greater . . . for the first six months of 1942, average monthly production has been *forty-nine times greater than for the same period in 1939.* Today, the Navy "E" Flag flies from the mast of the main RCA Plant as a recognition of its war production accomplishments.

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RCA VICTOR

No. 1S4
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The effects of RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" campaign have been so telling that, up to the time this advertisement went to press, *87 other companies were making use of all or part of the "Beat the Promise" material.* The posters here are but a few of the many used in the campaign. They measure roughly 18" x 22"—with the exception of Squeegee, which is a cut-out figure life-size. They are available singly or in quantities *at cost.* If you are employed by a war industry in need of any of this material, send a postcard to Dept. BTP-1, RCA Victor, Camden, N. J.

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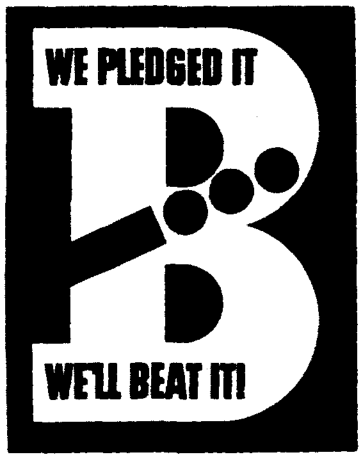

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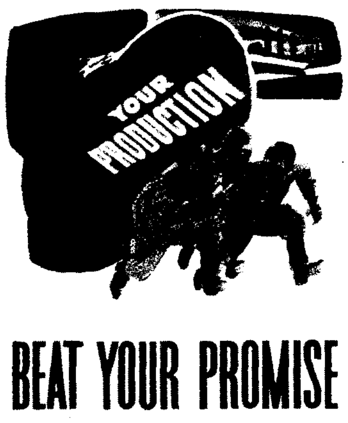

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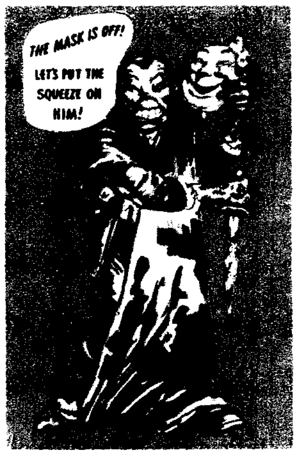
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LET'S PUT THE SQUEEZE ON HIM!

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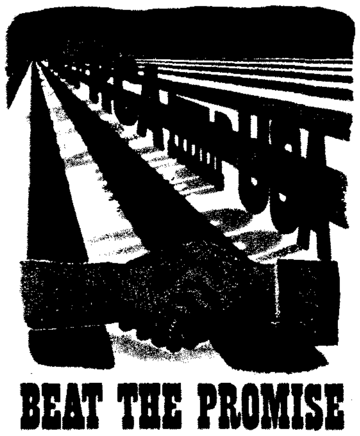

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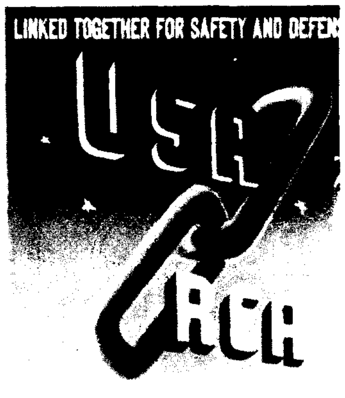
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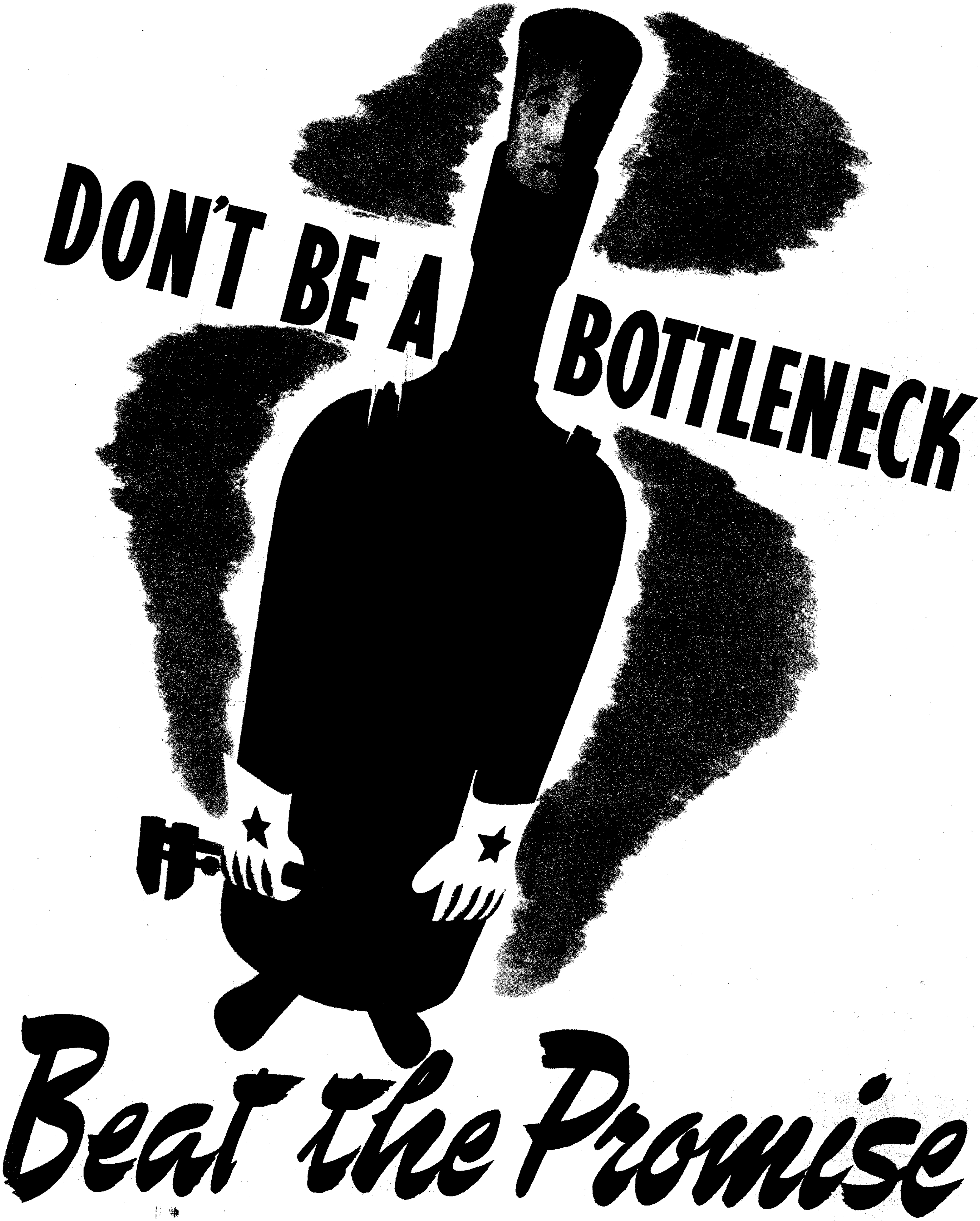
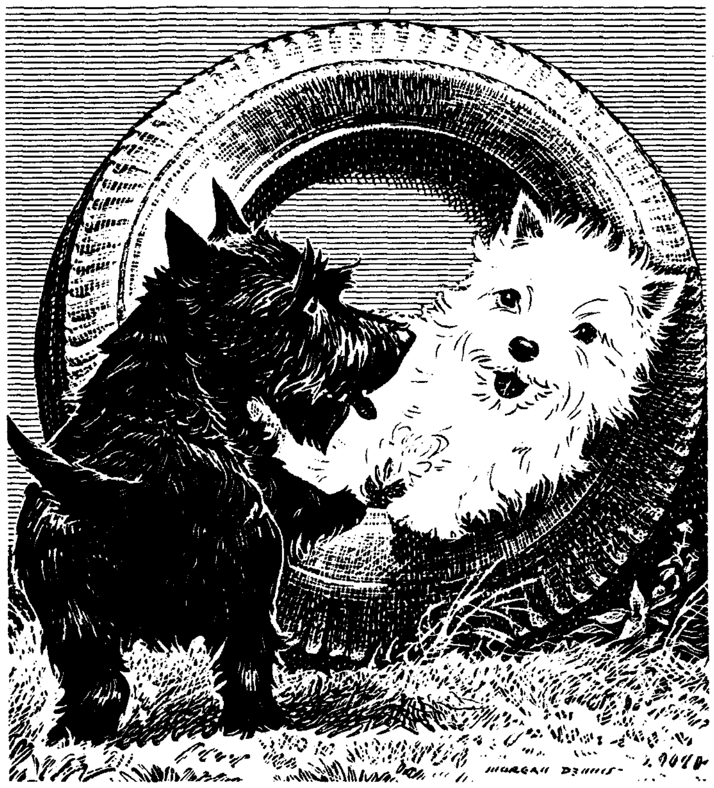
RCA
BEAT THE PROMIS


DON'T BE A
BOTTLENECK
Beat the Promise

Get in the Scrap!



Blackie: "That old tire will help rub out the Axis, Whitey!"

Whitey: "Well, Blackie, what are we waiting for?"

● Don't wait another day! Turn in every scrap of rubber you can find—to your local salvage agency. Help build America's scrap pile of rubber—and you will help put the Axis on the scrap heap!

Fine Old Scotch
Black & White
By Appointment to H.M. the King
Black & White
EIGHT YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

don't like, "that two of the four justices who upheld the right of freedom of religion and freedom of the press are Mr. Justice Black, a Klansman, and Mr. Justice Murphy, a loyal member of the Roman Catholic Church. To them and to Chief Justice Stone and Mr. Justice Douglas should go the thanks of the American people for their loud and vigorous dissent to the majority opinion which is a blow at the very freedoms we are told America is fighting for in many parts of the world . . ." It just goes to show you what happens when your mind is distracted from domestic phenomena by world wars. Here the Ku Klux Klan has gone respectable on us. We recall the time when the KKK spent its evenings beating the curd out of little, defenseless groups like Jehovah's Witnesses.

THIS week we have but two complaints from our Armed Forces. One is from a private who assures us that he will spare no effort to fetch victory to our banners. But he has been reading the papers and has joined the rapidly growing numbers of Headline Haters, most of whom are soldiers or ex-soldiers. This warrior, now training to destroy our enemies with machine guns, objects warmly to a newspaper sneer because, believe it or not, German and Italian troops take cover when United Nations machine guns open up on them at close quarters. He informs us that he is prepared to give any enemy a handicap of five minutes and beat his time to cover when a machine-gun nest opens up. "Of course those newspaper headline writers would not deign to pop into a foxhole or other protection when the other guys turn the nozzle their way, but as for us mere soldiers we have to. It's orders. Not that our officers have to give us any orders either."

THE other one comes from a corporal who has just received an official circular from the War Production Board by way of the War Department. This circular admonishes him in a couple of thousand time-honored phrases not to lose his dog tag or identification disc because the tag is made of monel metal and is a critical material. Thus, he is informed he will be aiding American industry to preserve his liberties. But what seems to irritate him a little more than anything else is the injunction to hang on to his dog tag no matter how hot the fighting becomes or how serious the straits the battle may find him in. "I see myself dying on the battlefield," writes the corporal. "I think of home, mother and my monel metal dog tag. As the Medical Corps comes along to gather up what's left of me I whisper with my expiring breath: 'I have saved my dog tag. Tell the folks I died happy!' " . . . W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

Nash-Kelvinator with those from the Hamilton Standard. The two assembled props were then put on the test stand and passed all of the exacting operating tests.

Further proof of the interchangeability of the two sets of parts came from one important mating where a variance of .00025 of an inch in the Nash-Kelvinator product would have produced a far-reaching blow to our propeller program.

FLYING cadets of the Army Air Forces are developing eyes in the back of their heads by means of simple exercises to improve their split vision, which is the art of seeing objects 90 degrees to each side while the eyes are focused straight ahead. Split vision is extremely important to the fighter pilot. He must be able to look straight ahead as he dives on an enemy ship, and at the same time keep on the watch for other enemy planes preparing to pounce on him.

Flight-training experts have long recognized the importance and value of split vision and they have sought to develop the art through games and exercises.

Lieutenant Philip W. Albano, director of physical training at the Lodwick School of Aeronautics in Lakeland, Florida, which gives primary flight training to Army air cadets, has worked out two special exercises just for this purpose.

In the first, the student Army pilots toss volleyballs to one another as they trot around three concentric circles. Those on the outside and innermost circles run in a clockwise direction, while cadets in the middle circle move in a counterclockwise direction.

Six volleyballs are distributed to them—three to those in the outside circle, two to the second circle and one to the innermost circle. The cadets begin trotting around the circles and the balls begin to shoot from every direction, like oncoming enemy aircraft. They try to catch a ball and toss it to someone else in any of the three circles, and at the same time they must keep on the "beam," as the circle markings are called.

In the other exercise the cadets are strapped to chairs arranged to form a square. They can only move their heads, necks and shoulders. Four of Lieut. Albano's assistants stand at the corners of the square and toss volleyballs to one another over the heads of the cadets.

The students follow the course of the balls with their eyes, twisting and turning their necks the same as they would if they were strapped in the cockpit of an airplane. "This exercise enables them to detect the approach of enemy aircraft much quicker and see them more clearly," Lieutenant Albano declares.

It also increases the size of their necks.

TO THE Air Forces in general, they're B-17Es and B-24s; to the public they're Flying Fortresses and Liberators, but to the boys who live with the four-engined Boeing and Consolidated bombers, who fly and bomb and shoot, they're personalized and humanized by names far less dignified and informative.

Here are a few monikers that they have selected:

Snoozy, Suzie Q., Cactus Sal, Nippon Miss, Esmeralda and Dry Martini (the pilot's name was Martini).

"Snoozy calling. She just laid an egg on the deck of that Jap cruiser!"

F. R. N.

No Dependents

Continued from page 18

mother should have remained with her! What a secretary she'd make!

He reported directly to his draft board and it was close to two in the afternoon before he got back to the spacious offices of Shrew, Neiman, Hackney & Quigg. Sure enough, there she sat in the triangle made by her desk and her switchboard; from the eager way she lifted her head, he knew she had been waiting for him to come in.

"Is everything all right?" Even her excitement was quiet, indicated only by the wide brightness of her eyes.

"Couldn't be better." He noticed a pint-sized paper carton of milk on her desk, and a glass. "Haven't you had lunch?"

"I was afraid I'd miss you if I went out. And you said . . ."

He could have kicked himself; he had lunched comfortably after he left the draft board. What a secretary she'd make, he thought again. "Miss Kettering, come and have some luncheon with me." Fine, he could give her the envelope then, and he'd pretend to be eating if it choked him.

She had a nice, little natural straw hat. Against its underbrim, her brown hair curled and ruffled, giving her a fresh country look. As soon as she had ordered her salad and he his sandwich, he handed her the envelope, smiling as she opened it, happily awaiting her surprise and pleasure.

She read the note quietly, she regarded the check; her face unchanged. Then she looked at him directly. "But I don't want this, Mr. Quigg. I didn't do it for this."

"Why, of course you didn't. But I want you to have it."

She put the check and the note together in the envelope, left it on the table. "I won't take it," she said, and he was conscious again of that hard, gemlike thing in her . . . character.

"But why?" He was awkward because his balance had been impaired.

She took her gloves with her small, capable hands, and he saw that she was going to leave the table. Her voice was quiet but emotion is not a matter of noise. "Mr. Quigg, people give you gifts from Cartier's. But you say what you want is only homemade cookies. I just want to be thanked . . . I just wanted . . . cookies, too." She left the table and the restaurant.

Was there something about the back of her that it always made him think she was fighting tears?

He scarcely realized that he was eating. For the first time, he really reconstructed what she had done for him. Without being asked, she had kept him and his problem in her mind. She had sat at her little desk thinking that he was in danger, that she must rescue him. She was a shy and honest girl, but for him, she had forced her way into his apartment, had posed as his secretary. A girl like that would go through fire for a guy if he was hers.

"I've never known a girl like that," he thought. "I've been looking for something real to leave behind me and when it comes along, I give it some money and tell it to go away. . . . Careful," he told himself from long custom, "you'll be falling for her." Exuberantly then he called for his check and at a half run went by the cashier's desk and into the street. For the hard-packed box of dreams beside him, she had had the key. It was too late to be careful, the lid was off, he was in love.

NOW she wasn't watching the office door, waiting for him to come in. Her head was bent over the engagement book and he had to go over to her desk, say urgently, "Bunty," before she noticed him.

"Will you come out into the hall with me for a minute?" he asked.

"I'm pretty busy, Mr. Quigg." How softly and firmly her lips fit together, designed by a matchless craftsman.

"This is very important."

Obediently then she followed him into the marble corridor, let him lead her around the corner past the bronze-doored bank of elevators.

He still wasn't sure she had been crying. Though her lashes curled with dampness, her eyes were clear and steady.

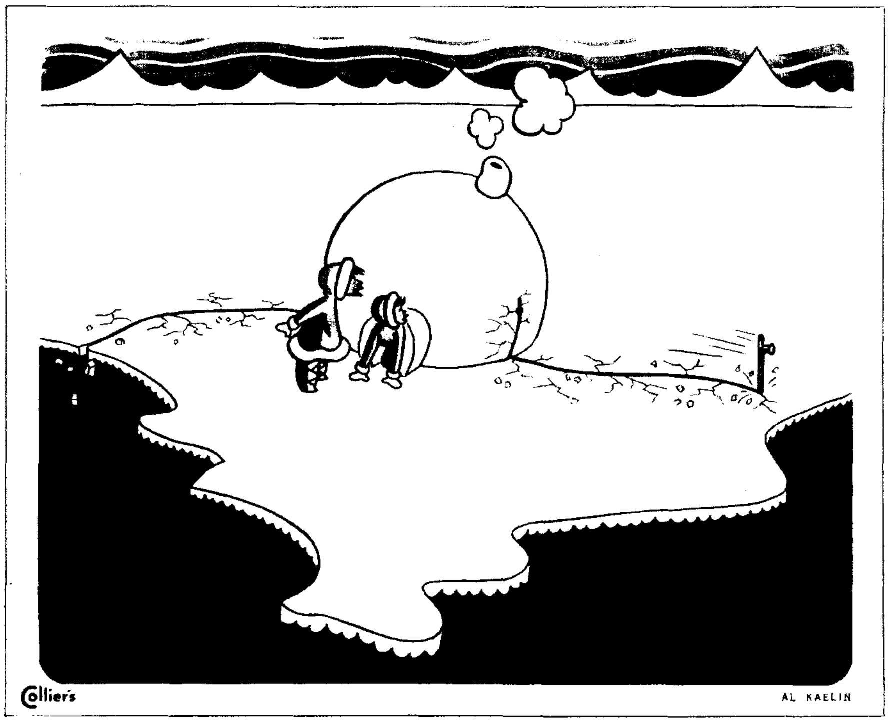
"Bunty," he said, not attempting to touch her, "I don't know exactly how to say this. But I want you to marry me."

It had never occurred to him that she could be angry, nor that her eyes could flash.

"I don't think you know what you *do* want," she said. "You've had everything most people struggle to get, and it doesn't make you happy."

"That's why I need you."

"You would be tired of me in no time. You've grown tired of lots of girls



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Dogs like the taste of Gaines. Recent surveys show that *better than 92 out of 100 dogs* "eat Gaines readily" upon their very first trial.

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You can give your dog his first taste of Gaines by sending for a FREE SAMPLE . . . or by buying Gaines at your dealer's in handy 2-lb., 5-lb., or 10-lb. bags under a *money-back guarantee* of complete satisfaction.

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Mighty economical to feed. Comes in both meal and pellet form. 2-lb., 5-lb., and 10-lb. paper bags.

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Gaines was the choice of the U. S. Antarctic Expedition

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What fellow-traveller ever said—
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You'll find that men will seem
To take a pride in offering you
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We've found *really* pays!

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Most pipe-lovers regard Edgeworth as a special brand of contentment—rather than just a brand of tobacco. They respect the judgment of other smokers who offer or accept a pipeful from the famous blue tin. It is this quiet comradeship and mutual trust which marks them as members of that contented group of pipe lovers who enjoy America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

Enjoy a generous sample of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 209 22nd Street, Richmond, Virginia.

EDGEWORTH
"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

. . . prettier girls. . . . I've heard all about it."

"From the wise secretaries in the office?"

"Well, maybe they're right. I used to think it was just office gossip but now I don't know. I won't marry you. I'd . . . I'd be scared to." She ran down the hall away from him, head lowered as though she faced a stiff wind.

He lit a cigarette, stamped it out. He was angry too. Had he insulted her by offering her himself and all he owned? Ha! He was also surprised. This was the first time he had proposed marriage to any woman, though he had been led many times and skillfully to the brink. And now, great grief . . . he had been refused! He lit another cigarette and started disconsolately down the hall toward the office.

He didn't want to go through the reception room, so he sneaked through Johnny Wallace's door which opened on the corridor. Johnny was at his desk, working hard.

"How's Nora?" he asked. "How's the kid?" He was strangely hungry to hear of Johnny's happy married life.

He did no work that afternoon. He ordered a five-pound tin of fancy cookies for Bunty, regretting from his heart that he had never learned to bake. Then he ordered two dozen long stemmed roses sent to her home, reascertaining her address from her application card. He'd get in to Cartier's and send her something from there too, because the name of the jeweler had entered their sparse conversations. Such activities made him happier but in his deepest heart he knew that these gifts would have no influence on Bunty. What he didn't know was what *would* influence her. For he still wanted her.

Time had never bothered him, it was something wheeled off by a clock. Now it became very important; another two weeks—maybe less—there'd be his final physical and whoosh . . . reveille. And Bunty left alone to be besieged by dozens of men. Funny that up till now he'd never realized that she must be almost irresistible to every male who saw her.

A week disappeared. Bunty had thanked him politely, formally for his gifts but he never saw her eat a single cookie or wear a single rose. For the *first time in his life he was bashful*; he didn't dare ask her for another date. He just stood gawking at her gratitude, almost afraid to speak.

THE week after that, his last week as a civilian, was the most melancholy of his life. Packing away his personal possessions, going to hilarious farewell parties at which there was no Bunty, cleaning up his desk at the office. Saturday would be his last day at Shrew, Neiman, Hackney & Quigg. On Saturday morning he would ask Bunty again; if she said no, he would take his defeat gracefully and apply, as soon as he could, for transfer to Iceland.

He had saved, from his packing, his favorite suit and tie he had worn the evening he took her to dinner, the night she had seemed to like him a little. On Saturday morning he donned these and regarded himself in a full-length mirror. "I look okay," he told himself, knowing that he was a handsome specimen. "Funny I've never kissed her, I've never held her in my arms. A few weeks ago I'd have roared at anybody who told me I was going to be so desperate about *any* woman. . . . Why, I am so sure I want her for my own . . . don't ask me, brother, I just know. . . . I hope you get her," he told himself somberly. "I sure do."

What he had not realized was that the office would pick this Saturday morning to give him its farewell party. He had hoped to see Bunty alone in the reception room. When he opened the door, the staff, from the Old Man down to the office boy, greeted him with shouts, thrust into his hands mementos from the dime store, a toy trumpet, lead soldiers, a pack of postcards. There was a service flag on the office wall with a new blue star; on Bunty's desk, a buffet had been set up, an extra breakfast for all, coffee, sweet rolls, scrambled eggs, restaurant-catered.

"You see," said the Old Man, reaching up to pat Ethan's shoulder, "we like you around here. And that name, Quigg, stays on the door till you get back."

Ethan wanted to cry and to swear. Across the room, in the background, there was Bunty, untouchable. How was he going to drop to one knee . . . or whatever she wanted him to do . . . ask her to marry him, with these wonderful nuisances around? He shook hands with everyone, trying to smile. He answered a hundred questions and he let the secretaries make a fuss over him and said sure, he'd answer their letters. He even forced some eggs down his throat, careful not to get any on his tie.

Most of the morning was gone before they let him stop playing hero, and went back to their own offices. At noon, the place would be closed for the week end, Bunty would slip away. . . . He looked into the reception room a half dozen times, she was never alone. He went into his office, sat down before his cleared desk and put his face in his hands.

Now, when he heard that light, quiet voice, he almost broke his neck snapping his head back. "Is it all right for me to come in?" she said.

He jumped to his feet. "You bet it is." She was carrying a flat gray folder in her hand.

"Mr. Wallace just showed me this." She extended the folder and he saw that it was the cover of a photograph. "It's for you."

"Never mind that," he said. "Bunty . . ."

She opened the folder on the desk and leaned over it; despite himself he looked too. It was a photograph of a boy child, about two years old, snapped as he suspiciously regarded the camera.

"It's Johnny Wallace's kid," he said.

They read it together, shoulder to shoulder. "To Private Ethan Quigg"—the handwriting was Johnny's—"from a young man who'll never forget that because of you his father's a captain." It was signed John Wallace, Jr. Underneath, a ragged pencil line undoubtedly was Johnny Jr.'s official signature.

"Did you give up your commission to Mr. Wallace?" There were flames of light in her eyes.

It was fine of Johnny to thank him this way, spared them both a lot of grief.

"Oh, that . . ." he said, embarrassed.

"That was one thing the girls in the office didn't know," Bunty said. "I think it was wonderful." She paused helplessly, looking up at him . . . then went on steadily, "I said some awful things to you. I—I want to take them all back."

WORDS are a nuisance sometimes. His normal courage and vanity came back to him; he put his arms around her and kissed her as she should have been kissed a long time ago . . . hard, putting his mark on her. He let her go, looked at her and kissed her again.

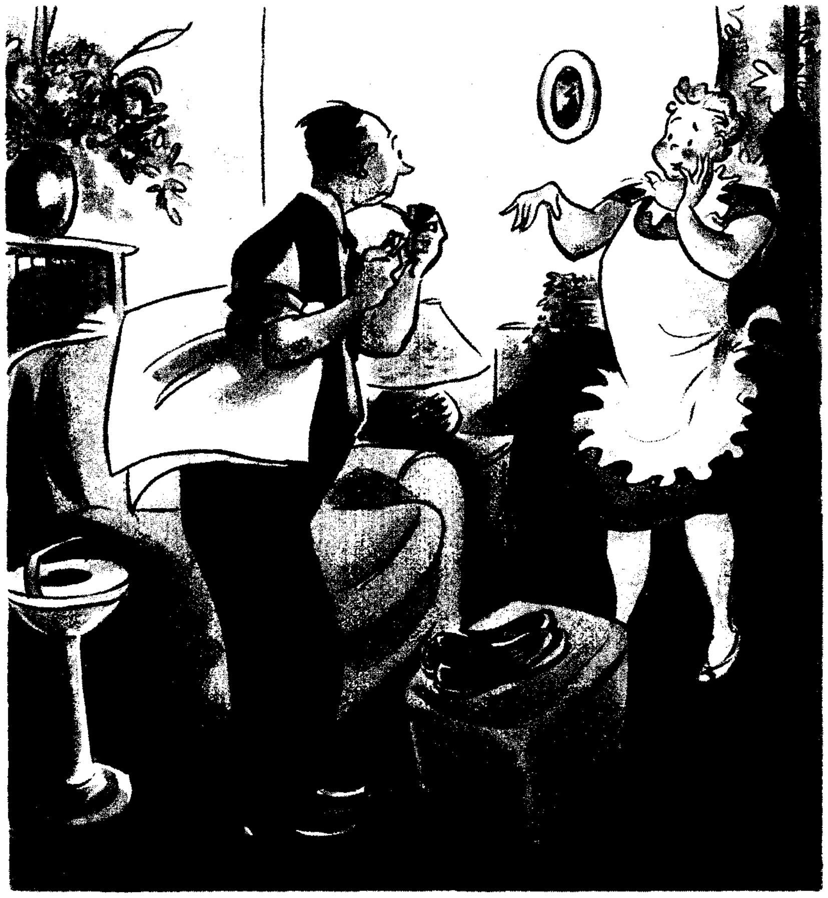
"Take it back that you won't marry me?"

"I take it back. I didn't know you could be so—nice. So good."

He drew her into his arms again and stood soberly, looking out over her head. Sure, the reason he'd fallen in love with her was that he had seen how good she could be . . . that was what she'd been looking for in him, too. He wanted something real to leave behind, she wanted something real to say goodby to. These days everybody's looking for the stuff; the genuine, the twenty-four-carat, he thought. The "Guaranteed to last a lifetime."

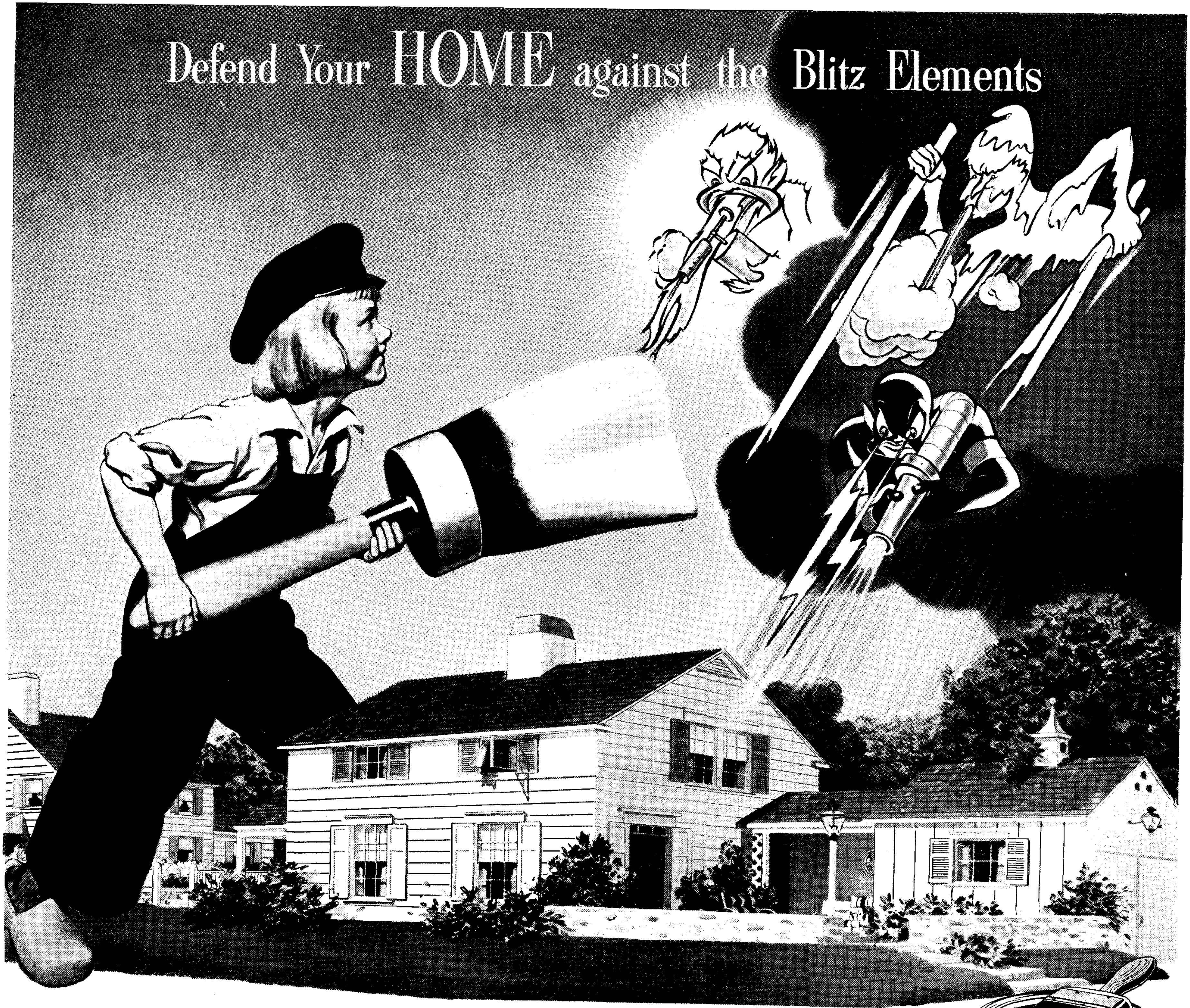
In sudden deep content, he kissed her ruffling hair. He thought, "We'll live happily ever after. Here, or here, or hereafter." He wasn't worried; the long-time luck of Ethan Quigg was on the flow again.

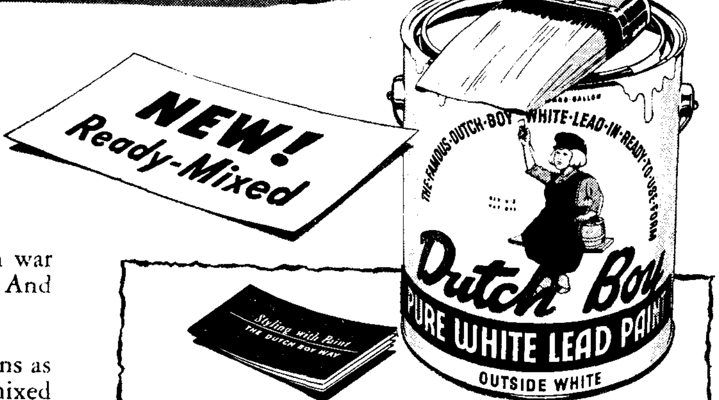
The End



Collier's "Go ahead and get settled comfortably, dear. That'll help me recall what I want you to do!" ROLAND COE

Defend Your HOME against the Blitz Elements





Never before has there been a war in which the *Home* Front was more important…a war in which property so needed protection — not only against the marauding foe but also against the elements.

Homes, farm buildings and factories are irreplaceable today and therefore deserve the best paint protection money can buy. And no paint ever defended the Home Front more stalwartly than Pure White Lead.

Since the nation fought its first war this gleaming "armor" has helped protect American property. Helped keep buildings standing today that were built by the Minute Men!

White Lead is an outer defense — a bulwark against the weather — that never cracks and scales. It not only makes buildings last longer but it lasts longer itself. Thus it conserves materials in *two* ways.

Today there is enough white lead for both war and essential civilian uses. No shortage exists. And its good quality is unchanged.

Dutch Boy White Lead — available for generations as a *paste* — can now also be bought as a ready-mixed *paint*. This new Dutch Boy Pure White Lead Paint is especially designed for *two-coat* painting. It comes in both Exterior Primer and Outside White. Used together they give sparkling whiteness and complete coverage with two coats — even on unpainted wood. Of course all white lead paint can be colored.

Remember — there's no combination like good paint and a good painter. And whichever form of Dutch Boy goes on your home — the famous paste or the new paint — *"you're money ahead when you paint with white lead."*

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Write for Free, 36-page, Color-Illustrated Booklet! Tells you everything you ought to know about buying a paint job. Address Dept. 397 care of the nearest office listed below:

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Buxton's patented *stitchless* construction proves so durable this billfold is guaranteed to last until the leather itself wears out!

Ingeniously folded —no stitches to rip!

A *patented* self-interlocking construction requires *neither stitches* nor *glue* to hold billfold together! Our guarantee: if any stitchless Buxton gives out in normal use before the leather itself wears out, we will replace it FREE!

"3-Way" in India Goat—**$5**

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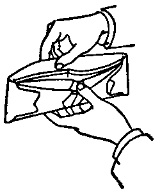
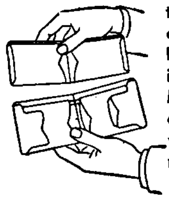
"3-Way" in the finest Bright Pin Sealskin—**$10**

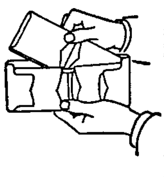
You actually get three billfolds for the price of one!



1. FOR GENERAL USE—Here's organization that'll save you from fumbling for papers, money, cards, credentials! The Buxton "3-Way" is so trim and shapely you won't believe it contains 3 full-length compartments and 8 smaller ones! The best leathers are used throughout—and the craftsmanship is unexcelled!



2. FOR ADDED SECURITY—The "3-Way" contains a second fold. Lift it out and you have a complete, streamlined billfold that slips into an inside pocket *without making a bulge*. Use it to carry money or confidential papers in two places when you travel. Can be separately checked at hotel—or used for evening wear.



3. FOR CONFIDENTIAL MATTERS—Here's a *third* billfold! The inner fold reversed and locked in becomes a secret pocket providing a swell hideout for large bills or private papers. When traveling, and you don't want strangers to see contents of your billfold, simply reverse the inner partition and you have a "hidden compartment" safely *locked in.*

THE Buxton stitchless "3-Way" is completely practical. It's more than just a billfold—it's a complete "pocket file." Designed to keep shipshape everything a busy man needs to carry, it's so well-made, durable, and good-looking that a man knows he'll find it useful *for years to come!*

A *patented* construction permits a Buxton to keep that "just-bought" look. You see, a Buxton's flexible. When you fill it full *it expands*. As you lighten the load, *it eases back!* A Buxton always keeps its "waistline" down!

The unique "3-Way" is *organized* to *safeguard* all the various essentials an active man needs to carry.

The "3-Way" is roomy. It has *three* full-length compartments to keep private papers, bills, checks separated. Also *eight* smaller compartments including a "window" case for identification, photograph, or other credentials, a leather card case and a stamp case.

Write for this Free Gift Book

Dozens of "what-to-give" suggestions—thoughtful remembrances from 75¢ and $1.00 to lovely matched sets at $25. Clear instructions for fancy gift-wrapping. Information on leathers. Write Buxton, Inc., 4246 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass. or Dept. N, 47 W. 34th St., New York City.

Buxton "3-Way"

Night Flight—1942

Continued from page 16

the pilot laughed. "Those pretty lights are very nasty flak, and they might bring us down. I don't mind you getting killed, but I have orders not to let you get captured. They might not treat you nicely."

We swung around and when the plane banked, I was alone again with a plate of glass between me and the water a thousand feet below and there is no more lonely feeling. We swung north again over the Channel, and it was calm and quiet, and the fireworks over Boulogne were in back of us and a thought came into my glass-enclosed chamber, and the thought was this—"The pilot and that rear gunner holding his gun button tensely do this every night, and it's business with them, and every night some of their pals get killed doing this, and they must feel a bit resentful merely acting as pilot and protector to a reporter just here for the ride."

"That's Dieppe to the left," the pilot called through his speaker, much as a London guide would say—"And on our left we have the houses of Parliament, and you'll notice that the famous roof built by Sir Isaac Rufus is no longer there. It was destroyed by fire May 10, 1941, and here on the right—"

Back to Churchill's Island

In peacetime, boats went from Newhaven on Britain's south coast to Dieppe, and they advertised: "Only 67 miles." When you were fed up with Brighton—Atlantic City is our equivalent to Brighton—you'd drive over to the nearby Newhaven and hop an overnight boat to the playground on this part of the French coast. The trip was five dollars. Now the trip may cost you your life. We swung out into the Channel again, and the moonlight danced impudently on the most important body of water in the world, and you wondered why everything should be so peaceful. By now, through familiarity, my glass enclosure seemed safe and secure and I reached out and punched the heavy glass and leaned forward, finally lying down so that I was looking directly ahead and downward, watching the tiny whitecaps born of a sudden breeze dance merrily on the surface. It was good to know that we were flashing at almost 300 miles an hour across the English Channel toward Churchill's island on a magic carpet from my own country. The longer you live abroad, the more American you get and the prouder you get of American institutions and of American industry which could produce something like this Douglas Boston, which kept singing evenly, serenely, as though to say, "Don't worry—I won't let you down."

"Is that lighthouse flashing?" I called through the intercom.

"No lighthouses out here," the pilot laughed. "This is the Channel."

I looked again, and still thought I saw a light. The clouds, tired of flirting with the moon, had come low now to play hide-and-seek with the whitecaps, but through them I saw a pinprick of light. It was a light that fluttered irregularly like the heartbeat of a tired bird; a light that flickered, then died away only to be reborn when the ghostly white clouds swirled away. The airplane lurched to the right as the pilot banked.

"It is a light," came through the earphone. "You're right. No lighthouse. It's flashing—my God, he's flashing S O S!"

We circled low. But a sudden Channel mist made it hard to see anything. We circled, and occasionally in the exact center of our circle the light flashed, hopefully now, it seemed.

"Angel calling, Angel calling." The pilot's voice wasn't gay and laughing now. He was calling his airdrome. It sounded like a Hollywood war picture. "Are you receiving, over over?"

The voice broke in—"Ronny calling. Receiving you clearly, receiving you clearly. Over over." And then my pilot saying, "Angel calling. Take position fix. Have you position fix? Returning now over." And again—"Receiving you clearly. Have position fix. Are you returning now? Why do you wish position fix? Over." My pilot, a bit petulant: "Never mind, never mind. Returning immediately."

The wing, which had dropped while we circled, rose and now the slight hum of the motors increased and the speed indicator read 290 again, but inside my glass case it was still fairly quiet, and yet even there I could feel the tension of what I didn't know. We straightened out now—"flat out" as the pilots say—and the pilot told me, "That's one of our chaps, you know. Probably a fighter pilot who bailed out this afternoon. He's in his rubber dinghy and luckily his torch flashlight had strong batteries. He's about fifteen miles off Brighton. We'll drop back to the airport and tell them about it. They'll have a boat out in no time."

The British coast, curly breakers meeting white sand, flashed below us.

"That's Brighton," the pilot called. We flew for ten minutes, then circled, and I knew we were over the airdrome. Then a thin triangle of light appeared below us.

"That's home," the pilot chuckled. "If there are Huns about, we don't show lights at all. Got to pray your way in then." I looked at our wing tips and magically a colored light had appeared on the tip of each to tell the ground crew we were friends. We landed nicely and now the pilot, knowing that no German ears could listen to his local intercommunication, talked freely to the operations room of the airdrome.

"Did you get my fix?" he asked. "Got the position right? Good. Found a chap out there signaling S O S. One of ours, I imagine. Okay. Right. Have him picked up."

The Night Eyes of London

The pilot turned his attention to me. "Want to see London from the air?" I definitely wanted to see London from the air, and the slim Boston began to dance down the runway. We skimmed along the black concrete, and what if there wasn't a light to show us the way? The sure-handed pilot, his fingers feather-light on the stick, knew that runway and so did this lovely aircraft. He pulled the stick back and we rose surely, clearly, gracefully, and you could feel somehow that this plane was as honest and as trustworthy as the men who had sweated to produce it. We cut diagonally through the night, away from the earth beneath, and the needle on my altimeter leaped up to two, then three thousand feet within what seemed to be seconds.

"We're at 5,000 feet now," the pilot called. "She climbs fast."

"Made in America, sweetheart," I told him complacently, and then, relenting—"but you handle her well. You must have been taking lessons by mail."

"Used to give them before the war," he said calmly. "Gave three thousand hours' worth of lessons. We've got to keep above those balloons over London. They're very dangerous."

"I hear those balloons got two Heinkels and a Hurricane last week," I told him, and then he said that we were on the outskirts of London. I lay down, by now trustful of the glass, and peered below. We were at seven thousand feet and it was chilly.

"We're over Hammersmith. We're approaching Kensington and we're over the West End. Recognize it?" His voice sounded like that of Ted Husing or Clem McCarthy announcing the running of the Kentucky Derby. It was 3 A. M. and London was asleep. From here not a sign of light showed in London. London might have been dead, but I knew that the night had a thousand eyes in London, and that those thousand mechanical eyes were on us. By now they'd received messages saying that we were friendly intruders. But I knew that a thousand fingers of gun crews were itching down there below. Usually a plane over London means a German plane and it's always open season for such game.

PRIVATE BUSINESS

Former New York actor Pvt. Bigelow Sayre had quite a time convincing his first sergeant at Fort Riley, Kansas, that an afternoon of rehearsal in an Army musical revue was anywhere near as important as doing K. P. for 250 troopers, but the top kick finally relented and Pvt. Sayre hurried to the theater and into his costume. Having run through his part, the trooper-trouper wandered to the back of the house to watch the progress of rehearsal, and a few moments passed in the half-light before he realized that the man standing next to him was his own top sergeant. *Now,* thought Sayre, *is the time to clinch matters for future rehearsal time.*

"Don't you think," he said, "this is pretty worth-while stuff, Sergeant?"

The sergeant clicked his heels smartly. "Yes, sir," he said. "Very worth while, sir."

Pvt. Sayre's jaw dropped, then he turned and slowly walked away, suddenly remembering that his show costume was an officer's uniform bearing the gold leaves of a major.

We flashed over where I knew the Houses of Parliament to be, but from that height we couldn't see them, and I realized how absurd were the claims of Hun bombers that they had only aimed at targets over London. Even on a reasonably clear night such as this you could only find targets by instruments —not by your vision, as they boasted.

We flew up the Thames, and although I could not distinguish one building on the Embankment from another, I knew now from the bridges we crossed that we were over the Savoy Hotel. I felt a pang of remorse coming, knowing that the roar of our motors in the still night air would wake a hundred people down there in my hotel It had happened to me dozens of times, and when the sound of a plane wakes you in the unknown hours of the night you awake to a strange, unnatural world. Your subconscious mind, after two years of believing that all planes heard late at night are enemy planes, cries "danger coming," and your half-numbed conscious mind in vain answers, "There hasn't been any alarm." But in this fight, your subconscious usually wins because even your conscious mind knows that you have often slept through sirens and awakened only to the sound of enemy airplane motors above or of exploding bombs below.

We were north a bit now, and the clouds parted to show the placid dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, guarding the city as it has guarded it in a hundred raids. Beyond St. Paul's was Fleet Street and I could imagine the men in newspaper offices looking up, wondering thoughtfully if this was a jerry plane the radio detectors had missed. Sometimes they don't sound sirens for a single enemy plane. I could imagine Christiansen, editor of the Express, down there, just putting his paper to bed, and Percy Cudlipp, editor of the Herald, frowning because the sound of our motors interrupted him as he wrote his final editorial. I could imagine Michael Foot of the Evening Standard making up his first edition, and Gerald Barry of the News Chronicle swearing mildly because our plane had disturbed his train of thought. I'd be to blame if editorials were bad tomorrow. But not only Fleet Street and the correspondents of the American morning papers and American news services were awake down there below in that sprawling dark city, where not a light showed. They and twenty thousand ARP wardens and fire watchers and ambulance drivers and firemen were awake. The city slept, but she slept well-guarded now at 4 A. M. And then in the east a very thin ribbon of light showed, and my pilot called: "Time for breakfast, chum," and we circled away from London and headed for our airport seventy miles away.

Back for Breakfast

Like a good horse hurrying home to the barn for its oats, our Boston stepped out, now seeming to know that the long night's vigil was done. An early dawn was lifting the night from the airport as we circled over it. We landed lightly, sure-footedly, and the plane swung docilely to its position on the field. I slid back the gadget you bail out through if things go bad, and shook the stiffness out of my legs. The pilot, looking like a man from Mars in his odd helmet, his intercommunication mask hiding his face, his harness and his parachute, climbed down smiling.

"Bacon and eggs now," he suggested. "And a spot of beer. Sound good?"

"Sounds good," I admitted. "How about that kid in the Channel? Can we find out if he was picked up all right?"

"Oh, I guess they got him all right," he said casually. "Anyhow, we did what we could."

Life and death are casual matters to these R.A.F. pilots because they deal in them every night. It wouldn't do to worry about one lone pilot out there in the Channel. It wouldn't do to wonder whether or not rescue boats had found him or whether he was still floating out there on his tiny raft, despairingly flashing his small light while strength remained. He'd been shot down, probably wounded, and by now if he hadn't been picked up he'd be weak and discouraged.

"No, let's not find out," the pilot said a bit oddly. "If we learn they couldn't find him it'll only make us feel bad." We walked over to the mess, talking about Nat Gubbins' funny column in the Sunday Express; talking about the poor Scotch we got in London; talking about how good the blackout was over the capital; talking of the golden morning which had so unobtrusively and softly crept over the airdrome during the past few moments.

He was right. It would be better not to know.

THE END

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Leavenworth Opus No. 1

Continued from page 12

Nicky scowled at this lack of appreciation. "Not so fast, sweetheart. I'm going to pay you double whatever you're making now." A hurt note crept into his voice: "What kind of a patriot are you, anyhow, screaming about the F.B.I.? Here I'm willing to do my part and you don't even wanna be my house guest while we knock off the biggest thing since God Bless America."

"House guest?" Edgar said indignantly. "With these—these triggermen?" His first fears at finding himself face to face with the prominent Public Enemy had vanished in his righteous indignation. "And as for my patriotism, my draft board will inform you I did not even seek a deferment. I am entering the Army in ten days."

"You're lucky," Nicky said wistfully. "None of us boys can get in the service on accounta our records. They don't like pros." He sighed at the thought of what a few tommy-gun experts could do to the slant-eyed trade. "That's how come I decided to write this song, Edgar. You see I gotta do my bit this way."

Edgar stared at him. A man who so keenly felt his responsibility to the nation must not be quite as black as legend had painted him.

"These stinkers they call patriotic songs have been driving me crazy," Nicky went on morbidly. "They got no dignity, see? So I dreamt one up that's a lulu but I gotta have somebody like you to write those notes down on paper. That's why I'm willing to cut you in. What do you say, kid?"

Edgar experienced a surge of emotion quite equal to hearing Menuhin on one of his better days. He, too, had his opinions of certain flag-waving songs. Under the circumstances he looked on Mr. Zang with new eyes.

"You may count on me to the last bar!" he said. "Will someone kindly untie my hands now?"

LEAVENWORTH OPUS NO. 1's first clash with the muse occurred the following morning at eleven o'clock, Central War Time. Edgar's tardy premonition that their collaboration was not entirely made in heaven came when he learned the title of their forthcoming work. His protests brought him zero. Nicky made it only too clear that, as their art was to be tastefully dedicated to his old warden, his title would stay on until the nation, perhaps polled by President Roosevelt, chose another.

That settled, Nicky cleared his throat and with the roaring take-off of a four-motored bomber, gave Edgar a preview of the melody that was to save the United Nations. There was an appalling silence when he finished. Edgar just sat there with a stunned look on his face. Eventually he gave a little shiver.

"I can't write that!" he said desperately. "Why, we'd all go to jail!"

Nicky scowled. "Says you. What's wrong with it?"

"Practically everything. There's not an original bar in it, Mr. Zang. There's four bars of the Washington Post March, several measures of the William Tell Overture, a bit of God Bless America, two measures of Over There, the first seven notes of Yankee Doodle and"—he coughed—"four bars of Night and Day."

"I just put that in for a flourish," said Nicky, quite pleased with Edgar's ear. "But you got nothing to worry about, kid. Maybe other birds wrote those pieces first but I'm the first guy to put them all together, ain't I?"

"Yes," Edgar said faintly. "I'm sure you're the first man to do that."

"So what are you stewing about? All we gotta do is run them all together and we're in like a dirty shirt."

Calling on the same courage that had enabled him to tell even Mr. Stanislaus Jurich when he was wrong, Edgar said, "But there is still the matter of artistic integrity, Mr. Zang. One can't, well, just borrow another man's compositions. There are laws to prevent just such infringements."

Nicky's patience was rapidly running out on him. "Lissen, Edgar, you start writing my song down. *Now.* And don't let me catch you changing none of it, either."

"I wouldn't dream of it," said Edgar. "Not for a moment."

"Swell," said Nicky, relaxing. His tolerant smile might have been that of any fond father whose wayward boy had at first refused to stay in and practice. "Just dish it out the way I sung it, kid. And give it plenty of that allegro business. I gotta hunch we're going to have us a big première."

"Now, you do want another drink after all, don't you?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Edgar would have been even more terrified had he known his collaborator was about to corner Stanislaus Jurich and pressure him into officiating, with symphony, at the formal unveiling of Leavenworth Opus No. 1. Not at all inclined to hide his talents from the public, Nicky wasted no time in seeking an appointment with the eminent conductor. Unfortunately a pale-voiced secretary answered the phone and he was inclined to be snooty. Nicky was quite put out. He made it very plain that when Nicky Zang wanted to see people, he saw them and, like it or not, Mr. Jurich would do well to be home at four the next afternoon.

WHEN he showed the next day, the nervous secretary hurriedly ushered him into the maestro's impressive office. The least impressive thing in the room was Mr. Jurich. He was an overstuffed party, suitable for mounting, and at the moment his sweeping white mustaches were trembling. There was not an ounce of his ample area that didn't have a tremor all its own. Mr. Jurich was an ardent devotee of detective stories, and to find himself at grips with a gangster who had figured so prominently in newspaper headlines left him on the brink of complete hysteria.

"Mr. Jurich," Nicky said heartily, always ready to do the handsome thing, "you don't know how much I've enjoyed hearing you give out. The warden was always tuning you in." Mr. Jurich's tremor became more pronounced. "That's why of all the guys in the music racket, I've decided to let you in on a good thing."

Mr. Jurich, normally a fortissimo man who delighted in cowing chamber groups at ten paces, was terrified.

"So?" he squeaked.

Nicky lowered his voice. "Here's the score," he said. "I'm just finishing the great American war song and you're the guy I want to see in there on the kick-off. An old chum of yours, Edgar Snodgrass, is helping me get it down, see? Now as Edgar's going into the Army next week I knew you'd be wanting to give him a real send-off and here's your chance. You got no idea what this piece means to Edgar."

The conductor's face had curdled at the first mention of his former whipping boy. His tremors ceased when he found himself on home grounds. The basso profundo began to creep out. But before he could launch into his personal opinion of one who had been so ungrateful as to resign before Mr. Jurich could fire him, a jade screen beside him began to tremble. Nicky had also observed its strange conduct. Giving it the cold scrutiny its behavior warranted, he discovered the screen was wearing a large pair of black shoes.

Jerking it aside, he found his old chum, Lieutenant Bert Tilden, apparently in the last throes of a fit. His eyes bulging and his red face even more fiery with restraining his emotions, he gave a hoarse gurgle at the sight of Nicky. Then, breaking completely, he gave one howl and collapsed against the wall while his bellowing laughter went roaring through the house.

"Song writing!" he roared. "Wait till the boys at the station hear about this!"

"Lissen, flatfoot," said Nicky, "you start making cracks about my new career and I'll take it up with you personally. How do you like those onions?"

Tilden shook his head, wiping his streaming eyes. "I can't wait," he said.

It was, Nicky thought darkly, becoming more and more apparent that, what with people hiding behind screens, the life of a patriot is not an easy one. "I'm gonna tell my mouthpiece," he said bitterly. "I know my rights!"

"Look who's talking," Tilden said amiably. "You don't need a lawyer any more, Nicky. What you need is a guy with a butterfly net. Once you're stir-simple you stay that way." He gave Mr. Jurich a knowing wink. "I'll be moseying along now," he said. "You got nothing to worry about, mister, though I'll admit I thought it was a shakedown myself until I heard how Nicky's doing his bit these days. If he pesters you again, just call in the man on the beat. We got a place for such nuts."

When he was gone Nicky turned on Mr. Jurich with a coldness that had frequently sent people scurrying clear to South America seeking defrosting. "Calling in the cops! Passing up something I wrote myself . . ." His brows came together. "Or are you passing it up? We haven't really had a chance to get down to business yet—if you see what I mean."

Reinforced by the law's studied opinion that Nicky Zang was no longer a first-rate public enemy, Mr. Jurich was his old fortissimo self. "You cannot frighten me," he roared. "No song a gangster writes shall ever be played by my orchestra! And because of Edgar Snodgrass, it is a double no!"

"A fine patriot you are," Nicky said. "For a foreigner you got a lotta nerve turning down a song this country needs!"

"Patriot?" Mr. Jurich cried, going overboard on the agitato. "Of all symphony leaders I am the most prominent patriot! Do you not read the newspaper pieces? I am senior air warden, chairman of the Victory garden committee, major in the Evacuation Corps, and Tuesday and Friday afternoons, guest instructor in first aid!"

"That's swell," said Nicky. "You can never tell when you'll need it."

ON HIS indignant return Nicky gave Edgar the full orchestration, not ignoring the fact that he had counted on Mr. Jurich's acceptance if only out of tribute to his recent associate. The news that Mr. Jurich had not only been uncooperative but revealed as a downright stinker, came as no surprise to Edgar. This opinion had long been held in the better musical circles.

Cousin and Charlie were less inclined to be philosophical. Growing very upset at the news, they went into a series of gloomy huddles, emerging from their dark studies only when Nicky appeared. They became even more distrait as Edgar, having no choice in the matter, came down the stretch in his theft of some of the nation's finest songs.

Finally they could stand it no longer. Cornering Nicky, they gave him the chorus in crape. Knowing of his plans for a big première and never figuring on anyone ever turning him down, they had planned to surprise him with a testimonial turnout. Consequently they had already invited all of his old colleagues and business associates to be on hand at the concert in which Mr. Jurich would introduce Nicky's contribution to the nation's music. The invitations having gone out on an or-else basis had naturally met a hundred per cent response, something that was now troubling them a great deal.

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plans, Nicky rewarded them only with a frown. "You shoulda told me before," he said shortly. The symphony concert was on Friday, the night before Edgar's induction, and it was too late now for him to get out of it gracefully.

Nicky shook his head. "We gotta think something up," he said grimly. "And fast. Comes the concert, that symphony gives with my piece or else."

That his thinking was not in vain was evidenced by the fact that Mr. Stanislaus Jurich, conducting his first-aid class on the afternoon of the concert, was pleased to notice two new enrollees present. The class was held in an out-of-the-way office building and to date it had not met the overflowing success that Mr. Jurich felt one of his name merited. Therefore he was quite kindly disposed to the two gentlemen who seemed somewhat ill at ease among the society matrons and left-over debs.

The class instruction ended at five, allowing him time for his usual nap before a concert. The members were already streaming out of the room when he became aware the two newcomers wanted a word with him. They were patiently waiting in the aisle while he gathered up his splints and charts.

He lifted inquiring brows and the larger man beamed on him. "Cousin," he said, "we didn't get all of that straight. If you got a minute could you explain some of it again?"

"Yeah," said the smaller man, twisting his derby in his hands. "We want to be real sure how you put an arm in a sling."

MR. JURICH, modestly aware that he was very sound on slings, shrugged. "As long as you are so interested, perhaps a few minutes I could take."

While his eager neophytes watched him, he bent over the table, folding a cloth into a sling. "First you always fold it so. Then, if the collarbone is also hurt, you place arm against body, put sling over neck. . . ."

"Let me help you on with it, Cousin. We wanna get this right, don't we, Charlie?"

To Mr. Jurich's surprise he found himself wearing the sling. Charlie dropped back and studied Cousin's work. After a moment he shook his head. "Run of the mill," he said. "What worries me are legs. From what I hear it's the gams that take a beating in an air raid. How about that, professor?"

"It is simple. The patient is not to be moved until the ambulance comes. But, in great emergency, a temporary splint is attached—"

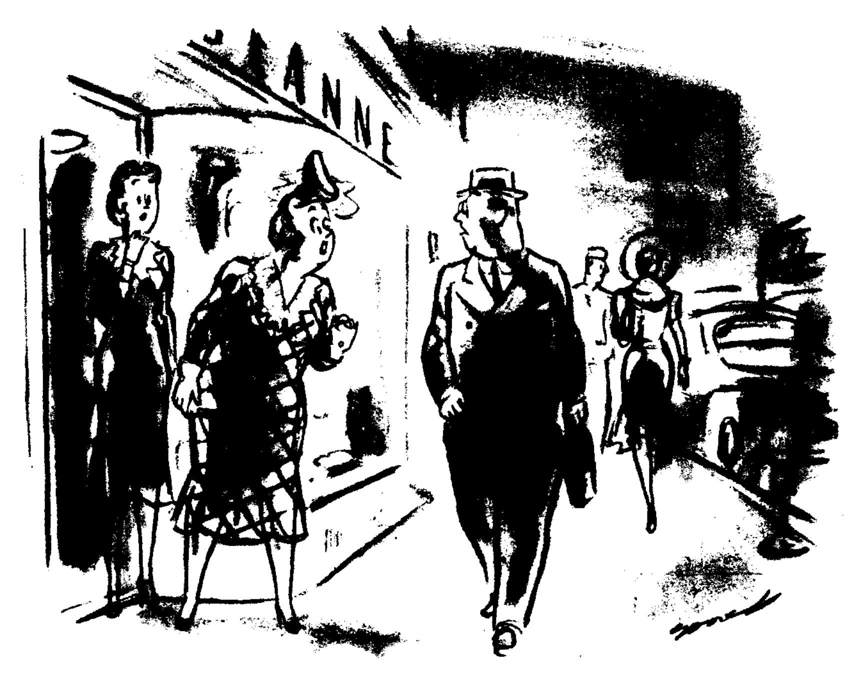
"I'd feel a lot better if I could just put one on," said Charlie. "My mother always said you learn through doing. Do you mind sitting down here?"

Never had Mr. Jurich encountered such interested pupils. They not only insisted on splinting and bandaging both legs but in also trying their luck on an imaginary broken back, Mr. Jurich furnishing the back. By then they had him bandaged from head to foot and Mr. Jurich was beginning to regret their enthusiasm. Now there would be no time for his nap. It was so late there were no longer even footsteps in the hall. "Perhaps," he said impatiently, "when we have more time—"

"You're sure you can't move?" Charlie asked. "If you had a broken back and you moved, you might hurt yourself."

Mr. Jurich made a brief struggle and subsided. "Not even an extra breath can I take," he said. "For beginners it is not bad."

Cousin beamed on him. "That's fine," he said, patting him on the head. "We'll be getting along now, Cousin."



Collier's **"Excuse me. Supposing you were my husband, would you mind my wearing this hat?"** LEONARD DOVE

Edgar was packing his grip with a light heart. After nine days of Mr. Zang's personal supervision he was eagerly looking forward to his induction into the Army. Compared with his recent colleague, the toughest top sergeant would be only so much milk and toast. As an example of his patron's iron whimsies, Edgar had barely finished the score when Nicky insisted on his arranging it for full symphony orchestra. This, of course, was sheer madness on the part of one who, having met Mr. Jurich at battle stations, would still not admit defeat. But the work was finished now and Edgar was thinking pleasantly of the handsome bonus he had received, when Nicky burst into the room.

"What do you think?" he cried. "Mr. Jurich got tied up on some business downtown and you're leading the symphony tonight, Edgar! We'll get to play Leavenworth after all. Let's get going!"

Without his ever quite knowing what happened Edgar found himself suddenly dressed in white-tie, bustled to the auditorium, thrust upon the podium and left staring at the conductor's score for the evening. To achieve so miraculously his dream of just once conducting the symphony himself was almost too much. The strongest man would grow misty at such sudden fortune.

The way the men had clapped when he took his place before them had only added to his emotions. The musicians, while sure that Mr. Jurich's handsome gesture had been conceived solely for the benefit of the morning papers, were as overjoyed as Edgar. Men had gone through life hoping to play just one concert with Mr. Jurich conspicuous only for his absence.

NOT even the sight of Cousin busily circulating among the stands, giving each of them their copy of Leavenworth Opus No. 1, seemed strange after so much had already happened. Had it not been Nicky Zang and he alone who had given Edgar the chance that not all his years had won him? He was glad now he had refrained from pressing Nicky as to the details of his promotion. On this night of nights he could even think kindly of the conductor, hoping that, while soundly chastised, Mr. Jurich had suffered no ugly scars.

The curtain's parting brought Edgar a thunderous ovation. At a signal from Charlie Schwartz, Nicky's faithful friends burst into shrill whistles and loud cries. Their strenuous achievements completely drowned out the polite applause of the carriage trade. Those faithful concertgoers, already shocked at Mr. Jurich's absence, relapsed into a stunned silence. The parties in the striped suits outdid themselves then, quieting only after Nicky had risen in his box and taken several quick bows.

Marche Slav and Afternoon of a Faun comprised the opening half of the concert. Edgar, well aware that he was face to face with destiny, gave his all from the opening bars. Never had the orchestra played with such brilliant effect and musicianly ability. When the intermission came, the loud efforts of Nicky's friends were equaled only by the excited "bravos" of the lorgnette set.

NICKY was all smiles, waiting for Edgar in the wings. "You've really softened them up, kid," he said, clapping him on the back. "You can give them the full routine any time now. These guys are good enough to play Leavenworth without a rehearsal."

Edgar slowly emerged from that lovely, applauding world in which he had been drifting. He was not a man to betray one who had given him so much. In all fairness it was high time he tell Nicky the sorry truth: that any public rendition of Leavenworth Opus No. 1 could bring him nothing but lawsuits, catcalls and jeers.

"Mr. Zang," he said delicately, "I really don't think we should play it tonight. In fact, it shouldn't ever be played. If it is—"

The color ran out of Nicky's face, leaving it an unbecoming gray. One hand instinctively edged into his coat. "Lissen, Edgar," he said ominously, "you leave the thinking to me. And I think you should play it, see?"

Edgar, having no wish to become prematurely deceased, nodded hurriedly. "I only mentioned it in passing," he said hoarsely. The way Cousin and Charlie were looking at him made him even more nervous. "We—we'll play it at once. Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole was to be next but I'll use Leavenworth instead."

"That's better," said Nicky. "And just to make sure it don't slip your mind again, we'll catch the rest of the show from here. We wouldn't want you to disappoint us, Edgar."

His grim presence in the wings was enough to make Edgar forswear any high-flown ideals. The outraged gasps of the orchestra on being informed they would play Leavenworth Opus No. 1 without a previous reading went unheeded. As the lesser of two evils, Edgar informed them that, ready or no, they would play it at once, and fortissimo.

The audience had barely resumed their seats when Edgar stepped out of the curtains. "Tonight," he said desperately, "we are privileged to introduce a work by a new American composer. We give you now Leavenworth Opus No. 1, a recent composition by Mr. Nicholas Zang."

Nicky's friends promptly brought down the house. The concert lovers present were so unsettled by the outburst that they had no chance to consult their programs regarding this Mr. Zang. Before their dismay could give way to dark frowns at this loose policy of casually introducing substitutes for the Symphonie Espagnole, Edgar swept the orchestra into the opus.

The first movement, starting modestly with the William Tell Overture, got out of hand the minute the orchestra encountered that touching passage from Night and Day. They wobbled, then came strongly in the stretch, only to become suddenly involved with The Washington Post March. Their fascinated horror was so great by then that they were unable to stop. The bassoons and oboes were still dealing with The Washington Post when the frightened percussion men went booming into Yankee Doodle. The strings, so suddenly beset on all sides, grew panicky and took refuge in a reprise of Night and Day. This error went almost unnoticed as the French horns had just struck the *furioso* passage in Over There and, quite deafened by their efforts, were just hanging on for a draw.

WHEN the first movement ended, the dazed musicians saw their own horror reflected in the faces of the faithful concertgoers. Nicky's buffs were equally stunned by the Big Boy's latest larceny. Their first envy had been replaced with reverent awe for the mind that could conceive such a high-toned snatching of private property.

Edgar saw that only Nicky was taking the whole thing in his stride. He was still standing there with his eyes closed, dreaming in that lovely, floating world reserved for composers listening to their own work.

Mr. Jurich, racing in at the stage door accompanied by Lieutenant Tilden and sundry police, also observed him, and let out a basso profundo roar. "They are there!" he cried, pointing at Cousin and Charlie.

Nicky took one look at the parties bearing down on them and sped across the stage, barely holding his lead over Cousin and Charlie. They leaped across the footlights, landing in the aisle in a blanket finish, just as Mr. Jurich and the apoplectic lieutenant came charging onto the stage. Edgar, seeing his benefactor was in grave danger of being dispatched then and there, rallied to the cause. Without a moment's hesitation, he took the orchestra into The Star-Spangled Banner.

Mr. Jurich, well aware of being stage-center, came stiffly to attention, a splendid example for the audience already rising to its feet. Lieutenant Tilden, cursing bitterly at the sight of Nicky, Cousin and Charlie speeding up the aisle, was also conscious of being very much in the public eye. Muttering, he too came to attention as did his abashed colleagues, who were feeling more and more like highly unnecessary supers. As the audience's voices welled into one massive chorus, Nicky, reaching the door, looked back over his shoulder.

"Boy," he said fervently, "this patriotism is for me! The next time I'll put in some of The Star-Spangled Banner!"

THE END

CHEVROLET

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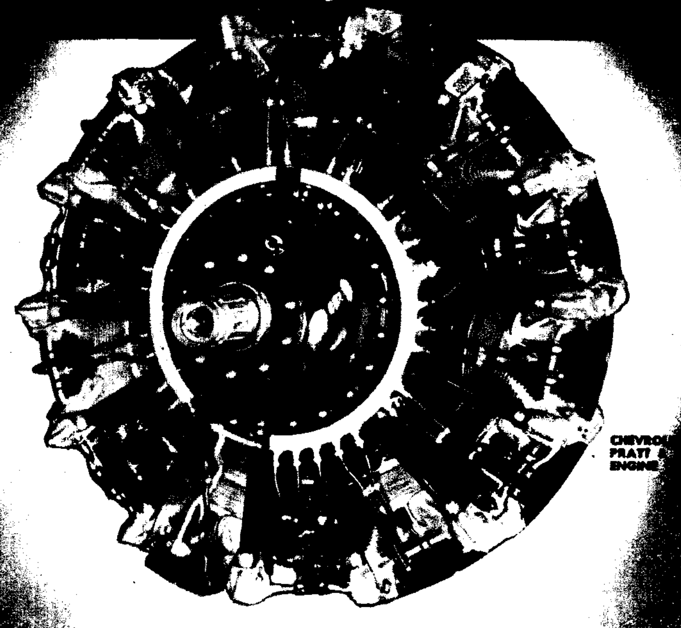

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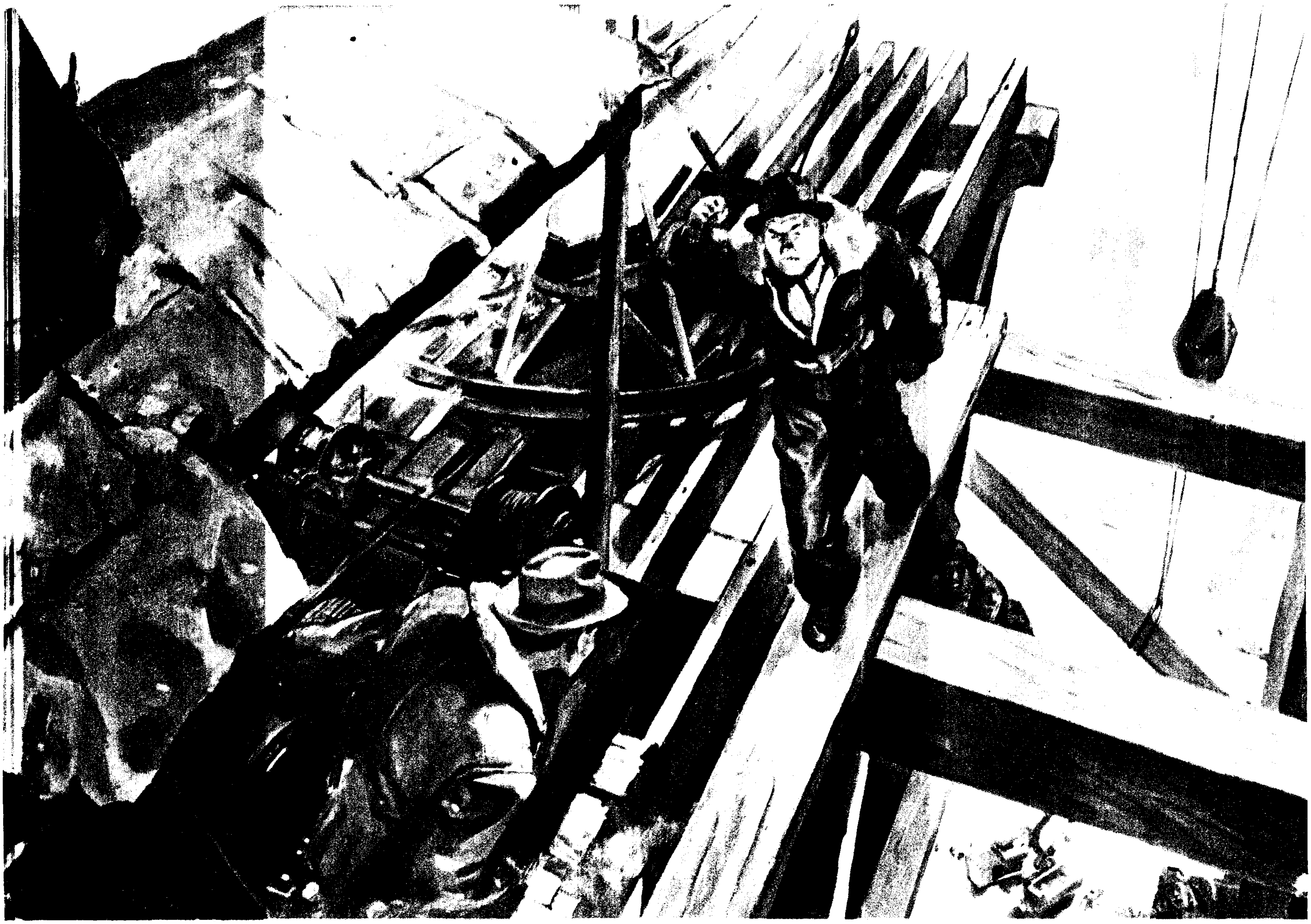

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Swede looked as big as an Army tank. "One more like that," he growled, "one more, kid, and I'm goin' to take you to pieces"

MAN WORKING

By John Hawkins

What young Jeff Stone did not understand was that knowing you're good isn't enough on a bridge job. You've got to prove it

JEFF STONE didn't stop at Mary's house, though he beeped his horn as he went by. She'd know who it was. His car—a '29 roadster with a cut-down top—was the only hack on Willow Road tricked up with dual pipes and an air horn. Mary'd be eating supper now. She'd hear him pass, and she'd look around the table at her family.

"That's Jeff," she'd say. "He went to work on the dam today. He's running donkey engine on a trestle up there."

Jeff's hands tightened on the wheel. Up till an hour before quitting time he'd planned to stop and tell her how things were on the job. About Dillar Taub, his fireman. About the pile-bucks, the trestle crew, and the way they walked a panel plank—a foot wide, and eighty feet in the air—like it was a four-lane highway. About the spillways and the glory hole.

"No," he said. "Not after what happened!"

He rubbed the mist from the windshield glass and peered at the rain swirling in the headlight glare. Ahead, the road dipped to cross a long swale. He could see the house, tall and dimly white against the dark massing of the trees. Window light made pale squares of yellow along the kitchen porch.

They're eatin', he thought, with quick bitterness. *They would've waited for Steve or Adam. But not for me!*

He left his car under the wide-roofed shed and went up the path to the kitchen door. Mom heard him coming and got up to fix his plate. The old man was reading and eating at the same time. Steve and Adam, twins, and the two oldest now that Ben was gone, grinned at him across the table.

"Th' workin'man," said Steve. "How'd it go?"

"Good enough," Jeff told him carefully.

Adam said, "You still on the pay roll?"

"What's it to you?" Jeff retorted, and his voice tricked him, sliding up till it was thin, scratchy. "An' lay off that 'kid' stuff. I earn's much as you guys!"

Steve grinned. "For how long?"

Jeff let that go. He put his lunch bucket on the drainboard and went into the bathroom to wash. The old, helpless anger was a cold stinging in his throat. Some brothers he had! Just because they were six years older was no reason they had to make it tough for a guy. They were operators—dragline and crane—an' the way they acted you'd think there wasn't another leverman in the world. Ben'd been the only decent one of the lot, and since Ben was gone—

"Your supper's on," his mother said.

Jeff said, "Be right with you."

The others had finished eating. The old man had taken his magazine and gone back to the front room. A knowing look passed between Steve and Adam when Jeff came in. And Willie, still in high school, the baby of the family, sat on a tipped-back chair, watching the twins. Like always, he'd take his lead from them.

Steve said, "What's the job like?"

"We're buildin' a gantry trestle."

"An' you made the grade?" said Adam.

"Why wouldn't I?" Jeff countered.

Steve laughed. He was big, square-cut and chunky; his face was as brown as boot leather, save for the white slash of a cable scar on his chin. "Most of the time we can't shut you up," he said. "So when you won't talk we know somethin's wrong. What happened?"

Willie squirmed on his chair. "They canned him!"

"They did *not!*" cried Jeff. "They—"

"Stop it!" That was Mom, butting in the way she did when they got too loud. "Go in the other room and let the boy eat his supper. Go on now!"

"Okay." Steve grinned at her. "But Jeff don't like that 'boy' stuff. Didn't you hear him jump Adam a while ago? He's eighteen now, an' all grown up. He joined the union. He—"

Mom said, "Go along—all of you."

When they'd gone, she stood by the stove, her hands wrapped in her apron. At first, Jeff thought she was watching him. Then he knew she wasn't really seeing him, or anything. She'd taken to doing that lately, standing and staring at nothing. Since—well, since Wake Island.

"Any news?" he said.

Mom shook her head.

Quiet came then, an aching quiet filled with the need for words. "Ben'll be all right," he said quickly. "He wasn't a Marine, Mom. He was runnin' shovel. Besides, he's mighty lucky."

"Lucky?" She said that as though it

(Continued on page 54)

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TAKE-OFF on a career in aviation . . . to help your country now and open unlimited opportunities for your future! Follow the lead of thousands of pilots now serving America in its great fight for democracy. Learn to fly, as they did, in the famous Piper Cub Trainer . . . the plane flown in the Civilian Pilot Training Program more than all other makes of planes combined.

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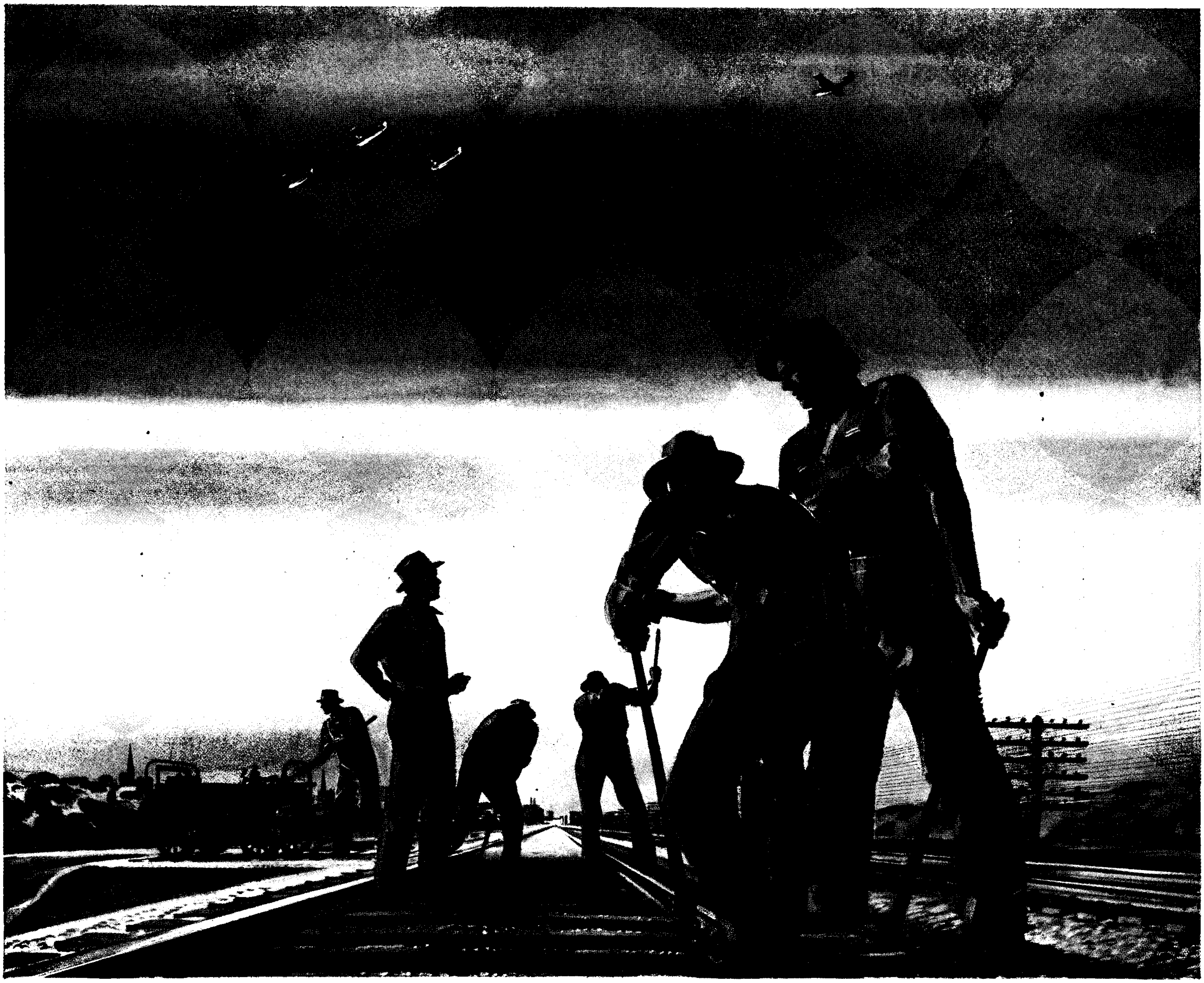
PIPER POINTS THE WAY TO WINGS FOR ALL AMERICA



DAWN PATROL

A section gang . . .

None of its members pilots a plane through the early morning sky. Their job is less romantic, less adventurous—even less hazardous. *But no less essential.*

For they're fighters on the transportation front. They're keeping in top-notch condition New York Central's 24,000 miles of track . . . the famous Water Level Route, now one of America's busiest military supply lines, carrying troops and war materials between the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean.

And New York Central passengers and shippers are helping in this vital "war of movement"—as are countless thousands of railroad users throughout the country.

As passengers, they are planning their trips for mid-week. They are travelling light. They are making their reservations and buying their tickets well in advance.

As shippers, they are seeing that freight cars are loaded to capacity, and loaded fast, and unloaded promptly. For every 1% increase in freight car utilization adds 20,000 cars to America's "war of movement."

For the part these people have played already—for their "thumbs up" attitude towards occasional inconveniences—all the employees of New York Central are extremely grateful.

For today the employees of the New York Central, together with the employees of *all* American railroads, have just one object in view—the complete and crushing defeat of the Axis powers. That is the job to which they have dedicated themselves. And with your help, they'll see it through!

BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVING BONDS AND STAMPS

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
SYSTEM

WASHINGTON ROUND BY ROUND

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AFTER you've made The Rounds in Washington for a few days you arrive at a couple of conclusions.

You'll decide that the capital of your country is a madhouse, but a truly democratic one, being run exclusively by its inmates. And you'll be convinced that all of the eleven hundred and twenty-two varieties of placards, posters and 24-sheets with which the nation has been papered, warning the citizenry against spreading rumors, releasing military secrets and otherwise assisting the Axis, should be returned to Washington where they're really needed. Then there will be collateral conclusions such as a deep conviction that little Doctor Goebbels is a dreadful sap. If he'd just lay off us, stop hiring waiters named Gus to plant anti-British propaganda and quit paying soupheads named Hans to spread gossip about convoy disasters he'd save money for his side and see the job done much better by local patriots who understand Yankee psychology.

In Washington, The Rounds means formal, informal, official and unofficial conferences and jam sessions in some or all of the uncounted branches, departments, bureaus, committees, offices, boards, administrations and corporations entrusted not only with winning the war but with preserving the political and economic status quo, including the Democratic party. It means, starting about four-thirty in the afternoon, wedging yourself into the cocktail bars of the Willard, the Carlton, the Shoreham, the Mayflower and other better smelling wailing walls. In these stops, endurance and physical condition are important. You've got to have a loud, competitive voice, at least one good ear and a habit of waving to important people whether you know them or not. They'll wave back, not because they know you but properly fearful that you may be somebody newly arrived to occupy an important post—for a while. After that, The Rounds take you to a couple of private cocktail parties where you accumulate a budget of inside stuff straight from the White House, the topside offices of the War and the Navy departments and, of course, the names of the big shots who are on the skids and why. The next Round is dinner at some better job-holder's house, after which, in the summer and fall, you sit under your host's trees or on his terrace and kick the British around. That about ends the day's Rounds except, if you've paced yourself intelligently and are still capable of remembering names, you join a few extra-tough guys, male and female, in a few nightcaps on the way home. We don't recommend this last Round; you're too apt to accumulate a nasty feeling that perhaps some of the stuff you've heard since morning isn't accurate. At least you'll have picked up too many contradictions. But it's about then that you become convinced that if Washington insists on turning out more posters and placards setting forth the evils of gossip, they should be hung up in Washington where they're needed.

Of course everything you've heard on The Rounds hasn't the virtue of being untrue. And a great deal of the stuff you've picked up is not only accurate but extremely jolly. At random we offer the projectile-propellant plant situation.

A Fifteen-Million-Dollar White Elephant

Your government has built four of them at a cost, roughly, of fifteen million dollars per plant. We shall bother only with the one at Flora, Mississippi. It costs us a million dollars a year to maintain. Not one item of projectile propellant has been issued from it and it is going to be a terrible shock to everybody if one ever is.

A projectile-propellant plant turns out explosive units. We'd like to be more explicit but you know how it is. These units are stuffed into the breeches of the huge guns of battleships and coast-defense batteries after the projectile. How much propellant you use depends on how far you want the projectile to travel and do a satisfactory amount of damage to an enemy who remains conveniently stationary. This was perfectly dandy before warplanes and carriers changed the processes of international murder. But before Pearl Harbor several of our more important generals, declining indignantly to believe that anything new had been added to the science of warfare since 1917, insisted that we accumulate vast stores of shot, shell and bagged propellant for our twelve-, fourteen- and sixteen-inch immobile howlers with which we would swap roundhouse wallops with enemy navies.

It was decided therefore, about a year ago, to build four propellant plants. Four would do for a starter, the theory of plant production being based on the production rate of our old government arsenals. These new plants were turned over to modern industry to operate. For example, the Flora plant was assigned to the General Tire & Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio.

But by the time we had finished building the Flora plant, the Mississippi Ordnance Company, we discovered that not only was the value of huge, slow-moving and even stationary cannon diminishing woefully, but that any one of the four plants alone, in one eight-hour shift, could make all the old arsenals look like a quiet Sunday afternoon in prewar Tahiti. Of course these new plants were expected to turn out propellant charges for the heavier field artillery too—for 155-millimeter guns and howitzers for example. But even so, the early advocates of the plants hadn't figured that modern methods utilized by such extremely speedy industries as Coca Cola, Goodyear, Hercules Powder, and General Tire were somewhat more efficient than our venerable and traditional arsenals.

Anyway, the General Tire & Rubber Company, having organized the Mississippi Ordnance Company and being about ready to turn out propellant at a rate hitherto undreamed of, was told to go back to its tires and rubbers and forget it. Nevertheless, the place is staffed with a maintenance crew of five hundred men. It contains thousands of tons of critical war metals. It will cost one million dollars a year just to keep it in idleness. The government defrays such costs and what with race-labor conditions what they are in Flora, Mississippi, the General Tire & Rubber Company is satisfied that the plant should remain idle.

An Ugly Racial Problem Sidetracked

General Tire's operating contract with the government specified that in hiring hands for the Flora plant there might be no discrimination between the white worker and the black. But Mississippi had somewhat different ideas about that—ideas which became even firmer when Negro organizers and promoters of race consciousness and even representatives of the government arrived from Washington to bid the Negro worker stand firm, resist all efforts to give the white worker precedence, and fight, if necessary, for his constitutional and contractual rights. It was a lovely situation. But the plant is dormant. So is the situation.

Naturally, making The Rounds, we picked up a lot of stuff about the censor's office and we'd like him to know that we defended him pretty valiantly. But as far as we've heard, nobody's Hatchet Men have been turned loose upon him yet.

Very few war-born agencies of government are without their own mobs of Hatchet Men. Or, if they don't maintain a stable of their own, they have the names and telephone numbers of lady and gentlemen character-assassins and person-removers. Journalists, gossip columnists in particular, going The Rounds sweetly intent upon picking up a few entertaining morsels, are the particular objectives of the Hatchet Men. A line or two in a well-read column will do it—that a certain New York, Chicago or San Francisco lawyer now filling an important post in the XYZA will soon resign for reasons best known to himself. It is all news to him but the unhappy gentleman in the XYZA, having committed a minor indiscretion at some unhappy moment past, will begin to lose sleep. Or perhaps he's as clean as an operating room. What is he going to do about it?

Gradually gossip catches up with him. Someone—a friend who may or may not be an ingenuous instrument of the Hatchet Man—goes to him.

"Listen, old man," says he, "I don't want to interfere but there's a nasty campaign on to get you out of Washington. I'd hate to see you leave but, innocent as I believe you are, you'd better do something about all this talk."

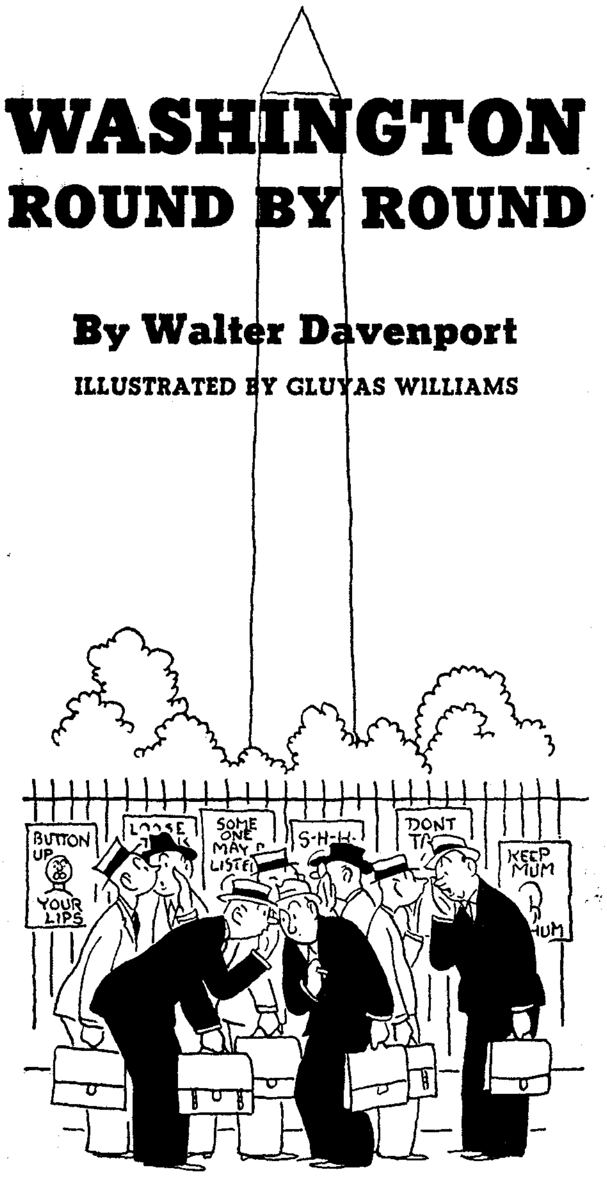
The victim may be utterly innocent. But the more he thinks about it the more he's convinced that there's nothing he can do about it. The gossip has no known author. There is no visible chin he can smack. He's the victim of an ancient political racket, set upon him by a jealous rival or by somebody in a rival organization which fears for its existence or the loss of some of its authority.

So he thinks about his postwar practice, his civilian employer, his board of directors back home. What is to happen to him if they hear the gossip? His panic takes on bulk. He decides in favor of his future.

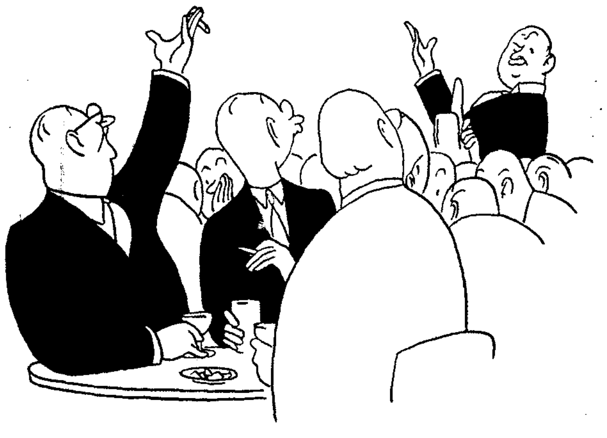
He resigns for the very commonly announced reason that he has completed the job for which he was drafted, or because his health is in jeopardy. Something like that. The gossip stops.

Nice dirty work and not hard to get.

But we'll win the war anyway. ★★★



If Washington insists on turning out more posters and placards setting forth the evils of gossip, they should be hung in Washington where they're needed



You've got to have a loud, competitive voice, at least one good ear and a habit of waving to important people whether you know them or not

Cocktail parties, where you accumulate a budget of inside stuff straight from the White House, the topside offices of the War and Navy departments

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*Further information on official report sent on request.

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Man Working

Continued from page 50

hurt her lips. She went past him to take an old jacket from its hook behind the door. "There's pie on the drainboard when you're ready," she said. "I'm going out to the turkey house."

"I'll go with you," he said.

He lit the gasoline lantern. They walked through the grove. Wind pawed at them and the rain was thin and cold.

"You get so mad," she said, "that's why Steve and Adam pester you. They're really proud as can be that you're working up at the dam."

"Fine way they pick to show it."

"Jeff, what happened up there?"

He didn't answer at once. For a time, thinking of Ben, he'd forgotten the dam, and that surprised him now. But it came crowding back, all of it: the frantic hammering of the donkey engine, the sweating terror that turned you sick, the curses howling up out of the hole. And Swede Nelson, Big Swede, charging across the panel plank, his face black.

Gently, Mom said, "Well, Jeff?"

She knew how the big jobs were; she'd lived with construction talk most all her life.

"It's gantry trestle," he said. "An' high."

HE TRIED to describe the picture in his mind: the vast and curving bulk of the dam, towering far above the island at its base. The great hole, torn deep into that island, going down and down to bedrock, where soon the foundations for the powerhouse would be poured. And the trestle—half completed, not unlike those used by railroads to span a mountain canyon, or a river—marching out into that hole on slender legs.

"The trestle's important," Jeff said. "As soon's we get her done, they'll put big cranes up there. The cranes'll handle the concrete, steel, everything that goes into the powerhouse. All the material's lowered into place, instead of lifted. That's the easy way."

Mom said, "Yes?"

"The rig—the pile driver—is sitting on top of the trestle now, maybe a hundred feet above the ground. You know how they build trestle. They drive piling in rows. Then each row is stiffened with braces and tied to the rest of the trestle with other braces. Hangin' braces is no fun, Mom. A man's got to be more'n half monkey, 'cause he's got nothin' much to stand on. Okay. That's what we were doin'.

"It's my job to pull the brace up to where it belongs, maybe eighty or ninety feet above the ground. An' I hold it there with a tight line while the crew crawls out an' gets it spiked. I got to keep my foot on the brake all the time they're workin', or I can flip the dog over so it catches on the teeth of the drum an' locks the rig so the brace can't fall. So that's what I did."

He broke off there, climbing the cleated plank to the turkey house. He pushed through the squealing door. Lantern light brought a soft gabbling from the birds as they shifted and moved.

"Two of my hens died today," said Mom.

"Tough," said Jeff. Then, "They had trouble with this brace, Mom. It was a long time before Swede give me the 'up-a-little' with his hand. I forgot this was an old donkey. When the old ones sit a while, the steam condenses in the cylinders an' the feed lines. A man ought to goose the engine a couple of times to clean it out. I forgot. So when I cracked the throttle easy she didn't take. She was water-blocked."

He was silent for a moment, remembering the stiff feel of the controls—and Swede, out on the end of the unfinished trestle, leaning into the smash of the wind, his lifted hand black against the dirty sky. "I give her more steam," he said brokenly. "She grabbed all at once. She didn't come a little; she come a lot, yankin' the brace 'way up! The crew was hangin' onto that brace, see? I come close to shakin' the whole bunch of 'em off into the hole. They'd've fallen ninety feet, Mom, straight down to solid rock . . ."

"Jeff! Did anybody get—"

"Nobody got hurt. But that was luck."

There was relief in her sigh. "Yes?"

"Then Swede Nelson come at me."

"But he didn't fire you."

"I told you they didn't. I—"

She wasn't looking at him now, wasn't listening. "There," she said, and pointed at the close-packed roost. "There's another hen that's sick!"

"Yeah," he said, and stopped there. The old hurt, the old anger swelled up to close his throat. *She don't care what happens to me,* he thought fiercely. *As long's I keep my job that's all that matters. As long's I keep on payin' board!*

"Nothing's harder to raise than turkeys."

"Then let 'em die!" he cried.

The words were choked and harsh, loud above the hollow drumming of the rain. Mom's face came up. Their eyes met and held, and then he flung past her to the door. The solid crash of its closing set the lantern a-swing.

Hands twisted in her apron, Mom watched the play of shadow on the wall, and wondered what she'd done.

Jeff had to go through the living room to reach the stairs. Willie and the twins had gone now. But the old man was there. He was reading, lips moving silently. He looked up, marking his place with one finger.

"Your girl called," he said.

Jeff said, "Thanks, Dad."

The telephone was in the back hall. Jeff dialed Mary's number, heard the distant buzz of the double ring. Her voice came to him, cool and small.

"You didn't stop tonight," Mary said.

"They had me beat down," said Jeff.

"Is the work hard?"

"No—but it takes a while to get used to it. An' with the storm an' all, I've got to leave here at five to get to work on time. I thought I better get some sleep."

"Five comes awful early," she said.

"Sure, Mary. See you tomorrow."

HIS room was under the eaves. He lay on the bed there. His anger was gone, burned out, and he felt empty and tired. East wind buffeted the house, brought rain to slash at the windows. Cold rain. And that meant sleet up at the dam.

It was funny how quick the weather could change. Last night, he'd stood at the window here, looking out at the clean-shining stars, at the lights along the road. He was a full-fledged operator, a union man, and there wasn't another guy his age on Willow Road who could say as much. He'd had the world by the tail—last night.

And now? He flinched, remembering the way Swede had come at him, swearing, with the crew there to hear everything he said. Jeff had hung on to the controls, taking it. And for a minute he'd thought Swede would do more than just cuss him out. The big squarehead!

After the whistle'd blown, Dillar Taub had walked up the hill with Jeff. "That's the way it goes," he'd said. "You can bring braces to them guys all day—so easy they wouldn't crack an egg, an'

LOWER EDUCATION

There was a boy last winter in the sixth grade of a grammar school in a small town near New York City who was having trouble in class. His teachers were worried about him because he looked and acted like a bright youngster and yet he was failing in all his studies. They finally decided to send him to a specialist in White Plains for an eye examination. In due course the doctor sent in his report.

"I have examined the young man," the report read, "and have some mysterious things to report. In the first place his eyes are perfect. He could read the small letters on the chart yards away and he could see everything else equally well. On looking at the record you sent me I could see that he was in the sixth grade. Basing my next test on this, I gave him a magazine to look at and I think I have discovered why he is having trouble in class. It isn't that the boy can't see; it is simply that he has never learned to read or write."

---

they never let on you're alive. But make a mistake—jus' one—an' they'll rawhide you clear off the job!"

"You mean Swede's after me?"

Dillar's quick glance had touched him, flicked away. "Swede ain't after anybody," he'd said. "The way he figures, a man's an operator, or he ain't. If he ain't, the thing to do's get rid of him before he kills somebody. Swede ain't thinkin' about you, kid. He's lookin' out for himself an' them other pile bucks."

"But he'll rawhide me," Jeff had persisted.

"Maybe, kid. You'll have to wait an' see."

Jeff tried to turn his mind away from that, tried to think of Ben, or Mary. It didn't help though, for things ran together, kind of. Ben was an operator, the best there was. He'd taught Jeff to punch donkey on a logging job.

High-line logging. Nothing much to it. You opened the throttle and watched the silver whip of the main line as it jumped for the sky. You felt the rig lunge against the anchor cables as the full weight of a giant log hit the main line. Far, far out, that log, noosed at the butt by a choker cable, was yanked free of the ground. Then you brought her in. Throttle open. Wide open. The log came roaring in to the spar tree, riding the high line, smashing down anything that stood in the way.

Ben'd talked of other jobs too. "This's bull stuff," he'd said. "Nice work for a man with a ham hand an' no brains. . . . It's different on a bridge, or a trestle. You need a gentle touch there. Beef the controls on a trestle job an' you'll raise plenty of hell, an' maybe kill four or five guys."

So it all tied together. Ben and the mess up at the dam. Ben's quiet voice saying, "These old pots are cranky after they sit a while, baby. Never forget it." But he had. He'd let Ben down. Ben. The big guy. The best operator that ever lived. Ben'd gone off to Wake Island to run shovel, or crane. And it was hard to think what it was like for him now. You couldn't get past the blank place in your head, no more'n you can tell some guy what God looks like.

It was better to remember Ben's quick, white grin, the way his shoulders crowded his jacket. Sure. And be glad the twins were operators in the shipyard and you were punching donkey at the dam, helping build the powerhouse on the number one defense project in the Northwest.

Mary was in the picture too. High school and the senior class play. The Saturday night dances, with the band playing a slow waltz and colored lights spinning around the hall. Other evenings, the ones they'd spent playing cards at her house, while he'd been bucking the Labor Temple and the union. Funny about those nights. At first they'd been swell, and then all of a sudden he was in bad with her brother and her old man.

Maybe it'd been his own fault in a way. At first it'd looked like he was a cinch for a quick job. So he'd told Mary's brother Homer and her father. Then it hadn't worked out the way he'd thought, and they'd made cracks. Nothing a guy could hang his hat on, but little stuff. "Got that job yet?" Homer'd ask, with a wide grin. Or her old man would say, "We're countin' on you, Jeff," and his eyes would shine under scraggy brows. "We figure you're just the man to put the defense program on its feet."

He'd had weeks of it. So he'd stopped on his way home, the day he'd gotten his work card. "Donkeyman," he'd said. "I'll draw a dollar-sixty an hour." And he had waited for the two of them to choke on that. But they'd surprised him.

"Swell!" Homer'd said heartily. "I'm glad to hear it, Jeff." And Mary's father had nodded slow agreement.

Jeff had felt warm and friendly then. He'd talked about the trestle—how it was high, dangerous, and important. And Homer's eyes had slid to the old man's in a knowing glance. Plainer than words, it said, "Getting a job's one thing; keeping it's another. We'll see how long he lasts!"

That's why he'd only honked on his way home, why he hadn't gone down after supper. The two of them would guess something was wrong; they'd be at him with plenty of questions. It'd be like it'd been with Willie and the twins at the supper table.

For the hundredth time the picture of Swede Nelson rose in his mind. Swede bundled up in coats and sweaters till he looked as big as an Army tank. His feet wide-planted; his square fists cocked, ready.

"One more like that," he growled. "One more, kid, and I'm goin' to take you to pieces!"

He could, thought Jeff miserably. . . .

THE next morning was the longest Jeff had ever known. Twice he missed signals, and Swede Nelson howled at him. And, at noon, Dillar Taub crouched beside Jeff, back hunched, his face pinched and blue with cold.

"You better loosen up, boy," he said.

"I'm okay," said Jeff. "I'm fine."

But he wasn't. He was fighting the controls, trying too hard. He pulled the collar of his sheepskin up around his face. There was ice on the working deck, and somewhere off to the east the dam was a huge, vague shape, brooding in the swirl of the storm.

Johnnie Copper, the super, came then. He crouched beside Swede Nelson, concern in his dark face. "Bad," he said, "an' gettin' worse. You better call it a day."

"Yesterday you was yellin' for speed."

"Sure. But this ice—" Copper began.

"Forget the ice," said Swede mildly.

"Okay." Copper grinned. "But play it safe."

Swede stood up. "Let's hang them braces."

And Dillar Taub whispered, "Be careful, boy."

Jeff nodded. Mom had said that

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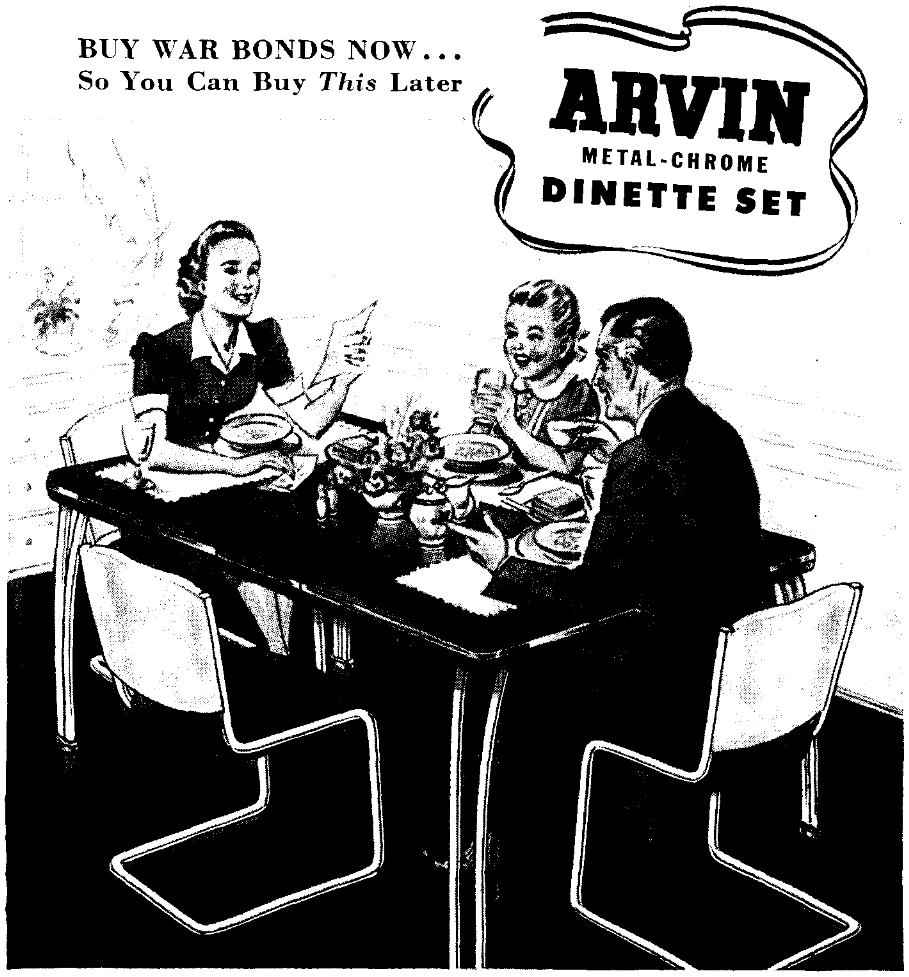

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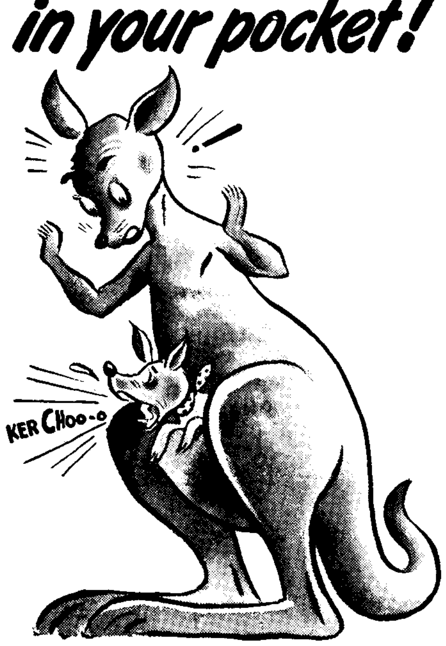

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(*from a letter by* K. J. S., Kalamazoo Mich.)

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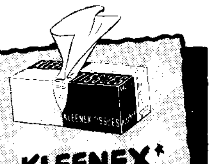

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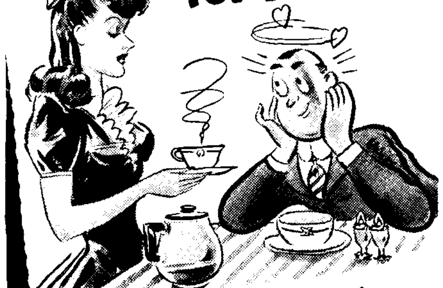

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(*from a letter by* C. L. H., McPherson, Kansas)

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(*from a letter by* W. E. S., Glendale, Calif.)

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat Off.)

same thing as he left the house that morning.

"Son," she'd said. "Half of any fight's believing you'll win. . . ."

He got a bitter grin out of that now. "Half of any fight—" Sure. But this wasn't a fight. It was squeeze-out. Swede was down on him. Every one of the crew shied away, wary as cats, whenever he had a load on the hook. They didn't trust him.

Swede yelled, "Gi' me slack!"

Jeff obeyed. The tools, the deck, the lines were sheathed in ice now.

Jeff watched Swede and the crew lift braces from the stock pile. Four-by-twelves, green and heavy. Forty feet long. Usually, they were dragged forward, one at a time, swung out and down, and bolted into place. Now the men piled twenty in a single slingload.

"We'll work up from the hole," said Swede.

Jeff got it then. Swede was working around him, making it possible for the men to spend the rest of the shift near the ground. *He's savin' the high stuff for tomorrow,* Jeff thought bitterly. *That means I ain't goin' to be here. Swede's goin' to fire me tonight!*

Swede's hand swept out. "Ahead easy!"

Jeff inched the throttle open. The slack came in; the sling cable went taut, biting deeply into ice-coated timbers. The crew scattered, going back along the trestle, climbing down into the hole. Jeff saw them moving along the trestle's base, tiny figures, half hidden by the beat of the storm.

Swede signaled, "Take it ahead."

JEFF'S hands moved in answer. Swede was out front, peering down into the hole. The storm whipped at his solid figure. Smoothly, Jeff sent the big load forward and swung it out, free of the trestle. He caught himself wondering why it was so easy now. The strain was gone. It was the old man-machine stuff Ben'd talked about.

"You'll know when you're good," Ben'd said. "It's smooth and pretty then. The rig eats right out of your hand . . ." And it was like that now.

"Down," Swede signaled. "Drop her!"

"Down it is," said Jeff.

Wind clawed at them, numbing and rough. Hammers of sleet pounded the slab of tin roofing above Jeff's head, drove at his face. The voice of the storm was a sullen howling now. The world shrank to the control deck, the panting engine, and Swede, blackly outlined against the sky. And then it happened.

Swede bent his head, lifting one hand to shield his face. In that flick of time—that second or two—a warning shouted in Jeff's mind. Trouble on the make! He felt it in the controls. The weight had gone off the line. The huge load was not yet halfway to the floor of the hole, and yet slack line was spinning off the drum. Hell to pay! And still Swede's hand signaled, "Down easy!"

The crash was loud above the cry of the storm. It was as though thunder rolled between the sheer walls of the hole. And though Jeff could not see he knew what had happened. The wind had taken a hand, pawing the load until it swung as a weather vane swings to head into the storm. Swinging, the load had come down upon the plank of the temporary scaffold, had caught there. Each turn of the drum had fed cable down to loosen the sling that bound it.

And the load had sagged apart. Already one timber, ice-slick and heavy, had squirted out of the pile—a half ton of death smashing down into the hole. The men were grouped at the trestle's base, directly under the load. They'd have no chance when it fell. You can't outrun timbers that bounce and roll, and cut you down like wheatstalks before a scythe. . . .

A yell came up, shrill and thin with terror. Out front, Swede leaned into the blinding sleet. His hand made a cutting gesture, palm flat. "Hold it there!" the signal meant. Hold it! While Swede peered down, trying to learn what Jeff already knew. While seconds raced away and the loosened timbers fell.

Jeff did not wait. He caught at the controls; he yanked the throttle wide. The instant hammering of the engine was welcome sound. Cable raced inward to swell on the spinning drum. And then. . . . The pile driver moved, lunging against the anchor cables as the full weight of the slingload again hit the main line. Weight—tons of it—to snap the sling tight around the pile of timbers.

"Got 'em!" Jeff said. "They can't fall now."

Swede Nelson shouted something and went past Jeff on the run. Sleet swirled around his stocky figure and he was gone. Dillar Taub moved out front and then came back to Jeff's side.

SOUR GRASS

Cpl. Ed Oliver (Greensboro, N. C.) called roll one morning, then looked over his group of Moore Field, Mission, Texas, rookies.

"I want," he announced, "twenty volunteers for special duty."

The response was not exactly terrific, but eventually the corporal counted twenty hands.

"Okay, fellas," Cpl. Oliver told the volunteers. "Go back to your barracks and take it easy." Then he scowled at the rest of the group. "You guys," he said, "can fall out and start planting grass."

"Kid," he said, "what happened?"

"The load hung up," said Jeff.

"I figured so." There was dark concern in Taub's eyes. "Kid, somebody got it when that timber fell. I could see 'em packin' him away. We better get the load down, an' then go see how bad it is."

Jeff swallowed. "Yes. We better."

THE crew waited in a tool shed, directly across from the First-Aid Building. They looked up when Jeff and Dillar Taub came in; the quiet run of voices ceased. Taub took a seat on a coil of rope; Jeff crouched near the wall.

"Swede," Taub began, "where's—"

"He's inside with Shorty," a man named Holm answered. "They made the rest of us get out."

"Is Shorty bad hurt?"

Holm lifted big shoulders in a wordless shrug and looked down at his hands. One of the others spoke from a shadowed corner. "It's God's wonder any of us got out of that mess alive. We wouldn't've, if the whole load'd come down." He paused. "It's a good thing Swede picked it up when he did."

"Yeah," said Holm. "It sure is."

Jeff winced inwardly. *Swede gets the gravy,* he thought bitterly. *I get the blame. These guys think it's my fault Shorty got hurt—*

He was an operator; he'd proved it in the clutch. He'd jumped the signal to yank that load up. And now— Even if Swede didn't fire him, he'd be a sucker to try and stick it out. Only Swede knew what'd happened, and Swede had a one-way mouth. He was quick to flay you for a mistake, but it wasn't in the guy to hand out praise. So the rawhiding would go on. The crew'd be out to get a man they could trust on the controls. They'd find a way to run Jeff off the job. The tough part of it was Swede could fix things with a word or two. If only he'd say, "You're in, kid. You made the grade . . ."

Storybook stuff, Jeff thought. *Fat chance!*

Sleet drummed on the roof. The moments dragged away. None of the men looked at Jeff; none spoke to him. Holm loaded his pipe. He lit a match and then let the flame burn down to his fingers.

Swede Nelson stopped in the doorway, the spread of his shoulders filling it. "It ain't so bad," he reported woodenly. "Shorty's leg's busted. He's got some bruises. It could've been worse."

"Plenty worse," Holm agreed.

Swede said, "We got braces to hang."

He moved aside; the men filed past. Swede waited until Jeff came out and then fell in step with him. The others took the ramp that led down to the floor of the hole, leaving the two of them alone. Inwardly, Jeff tightened. His throat was hot, dry. *Now,* he thought. *The guy's goin' to fire me now!*

"The storm's lettin' up," said Swede.

And Jeff thought, *Why don't he get it over?*

BUT Swede Nelson said no more until they reached the working deck. Dillar Taub was already there, fussing needlessly with the deck gear. Swede looked at Jeff.

"Pick up the hook," he said.

Jeff wet his lips and nodded.

The engine panted softly; the line came in. "I forgot we're shy a man in the hole," said Swede. "I'll have to give the boys a hand. Dillar c'n signal for you." Wind flattened his hatbrim over his eyes. "No need for me to walk clean around though. I'll ride down."

"Ride?" Jeff whispered. "You—"

"Sure," said Swede. "Why not?"

He left Jeff's side. He crossed the working deck to the front end, and a moment later he was standing in the hook—one booted foot in the steel curve of it, one hand on the cable. He pushed free of the deck, out over the long, long drop. He spun slowly as the raw wind struck at him.

"Okay," he called. "Send me down!"

As Jeff obeyed, as the line ran out and the hook dropped smoothly toward the floor of the hole, the wooden composure of Swede's face broke, for just an instant. He winked at Jeff.

And there it was. He was in. Swede was riding the hook, putting his life right in Jeff's hands. He was telling the crew Jeff was an operator, telling the whole cockeyed world. Better than words ever could!

Taub yelled, "Nice goin', man!"

Jeff didn't answer. Happiness and laughter swelled up in him. He wondered how he'd tell Mary about this. He planned the words. He'd honk when he hit the driveway, and she'd be on the porch waiting when he came up out of the dark. "Jeff," she'd say, with the funny little catch in her voice. And he'd kiss her, right there where her folks could see. Sure he would! He was an operator, wasn't he? Running donkey on the number one defense job in the whole Northwest.

And Mom. She'd be waiting to find out what'd happened. But she wouldn't mind if he was late. She knew how it was when a guy's planning to get married. Sure. She knew how it was.

THE END

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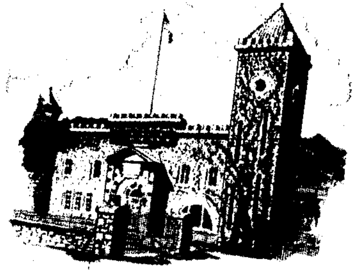

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One Never Knows

By H. C. A. von Schoenfeldt

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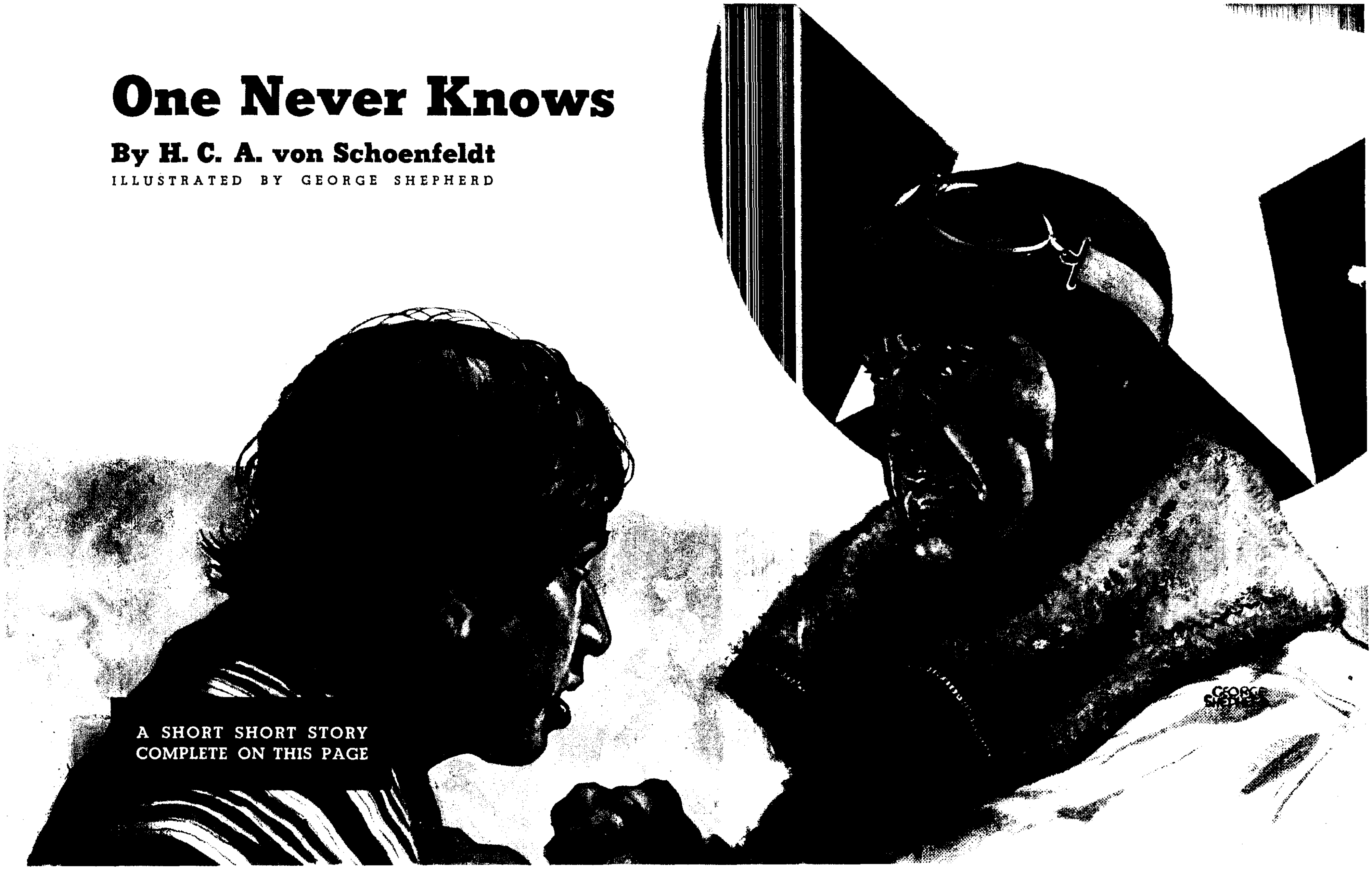


A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

OF ALL the lazy Indians who lived below the timber line of the Colombia Cordilleras. Pancho the horse thief was laziest. This morning, as ever, he was on his back, staring at the sky, lulled by the chatter of the parrots in the copaiba trees, while his wife did all the work inside the hut and out. But before the shadow of the tall red rock told of summer noon, Carmencita broke into his daydreaming.

"That she goat, you must get her," she declared. "The baby, she will be here next week, and where is the new milk?"

"That problem should rightly be yours," said Pancho.

"Six children have drained me," retorted Carmencita. "Get a goat or the seventh will turn into a dry stick."

She went back to the corn patch, where she plied her rude hoe as much to her six mischievous youngsters as she did to the earth. Pancho frowned. Whence a goat? He had no money, and the bargain-driving people of Bucaramanga in the valley assuredly wouldn't give him one. Nor could he, the proud cuatrero, steal a goat.

Parrot screams brought him up from his back. There was a loud noise in the sky. And a swooping silver bird.

"A condor of the devil!" shrieked Carmencita. "Run, children, hide!" And she followed their scampering heels into the hut.

But Pancho knew it was a gringo aeroplano. They talked of them in Bucaramanga whenever he took a horse there for selling. These birds laid eggs of death, he had heard. Making his quickest move in years, he scurried into a clump of scrub pines. The aeroplano circled down into Pancho's pasture. Three men in strange dress climbed out. One of them shouted in queer thick Spanish at the spot where the Indian had vanished:

"Come here, dirty peon!"

"It is well," said Pancho, emerging from cover. "What is it you wish?"

"Who lives here?"

"Me, my wife, the children, a donkey, and a thousand parrots."

Two of the flying men laughed, but the speaker was angered. "Imbecile!" he roared. "I mean: How many people?"

"One never sees men here," Pancho told him.

The speaker spoke to his companions. In their answers, Pancho caught a word that sounded like capitano, and he trembled to face so great a man.

"We shall stay a few days," said this glorious visitor.

"As long as you wish, Señor," said Pancho. "My house is yours."

"Does anybody ever come up here?"

"One never knows," replied the Indian cautiously.

The capitano's face became like a rock. "Fool! There is no road leading to this place, is there?"

"Only one small pass," said Pancho. "I alone know it."

"Good!" the other cried, pleased. He turned to his fellow fliers, issuing orders in harsh gringo. Then, in his queer-sounding Spanish he commanded the peon to help unload the aeroplano. But Pancho was no man's burro.

"What pay?" said the Indian.

The capitano seized a cane from the aeroplano and slashed it upon the peon until he howled. Rather than suffer, Pancho got busy. Much cargo was in the aeroplano. Heavy black metal barrels, many large boxes, blankets, and, strangest of all, a house of cloth which was stuck on the ground. Pancho laughed at that, for one mountain wind would blow it away. But his amusement was brief. The capitano made him slave, carrying and hauling, until he staggered.

When darkness fell Pancho was too tired and sore to eat and tumbled on his pallet. Before morning broke, the gringos had him out of bed. They needed him to roll and help lift the heavy black metal barrels. Gasolino had to be poured into the aeroplano. The capitano was furious when Pancho spilled a little, and kicked him resoundingly.

"Cockroach!" he yelled. "You are spilling gold!"

As the sun rose, they flew into the rosy sky.

"We'll be back before night comes," warned the capitano. "Don't dare put a finger on anything. Above all, stay away from the gasolino, or you will be shot!" He flourished his automatic to show his intention.

PANCHO said nothing, but that day when the red rock told of noon and he gazed his fill of the sky he had come to a brave conclusion. He went to the gringos' tent and closely examined their boxes and bags, their barrels, and their provisions, and especially the cans with the colored pictures on them. He was amazed at the wonderful lamps that shone at a touch. His soul was in a fever of desire. If he could but take something they wouldn't miss which he might exchange for the milk goat wanted for next week's baby! But he remembered the threat of the gun.

"It is like gold, that gasolino," he told Carmencita in awe.

"Put some of it in our big skin bottles," said she.

Pancho looked fearful. "One never knows."

The aeroplano swooped down into the pasture an hour before sunset. Pancho saw that the gringos seemed very happy. That night they drank and sang in their cloth house until long after the Southern Cross wheeled by.

The next morning only one of them was able to rouse from sleep early to drive Pancho out to fill the tank. Even so, he snoozed while the Indian worked in the dim dawn, and Pancho did things in his own peculiar fashion.

When they soared off they took along the cloth house and everything in it. The empty black gasolino barrels were rolled down the ravine though Pancho begged to keep them.

The capitano's face became like a rock. "Fool! There is no road leading to this place, is there?" "Only one small pass," said Pancho

"For my hard work," he said.

"*Schweinhund!*" laughed the capitano.

But Pancho didn't understand the word flung at him, nor would he have cared had he known it, for now the cruel gringos were out of his life forever and he could dream undisturbed in the sun again. Which he did for two days. Then he clambered down the narrow pass with Zecco, the donkey, and set out for Bucaramanga. It was a day's journey.

He found the town in wild excitement. It seems that a big aeroplano had crashed in the foothills a few days ago. Its three fliers were killed. But the riddle was that the engine and photographic equipment were German, while the painted markings on the plane were Americano.

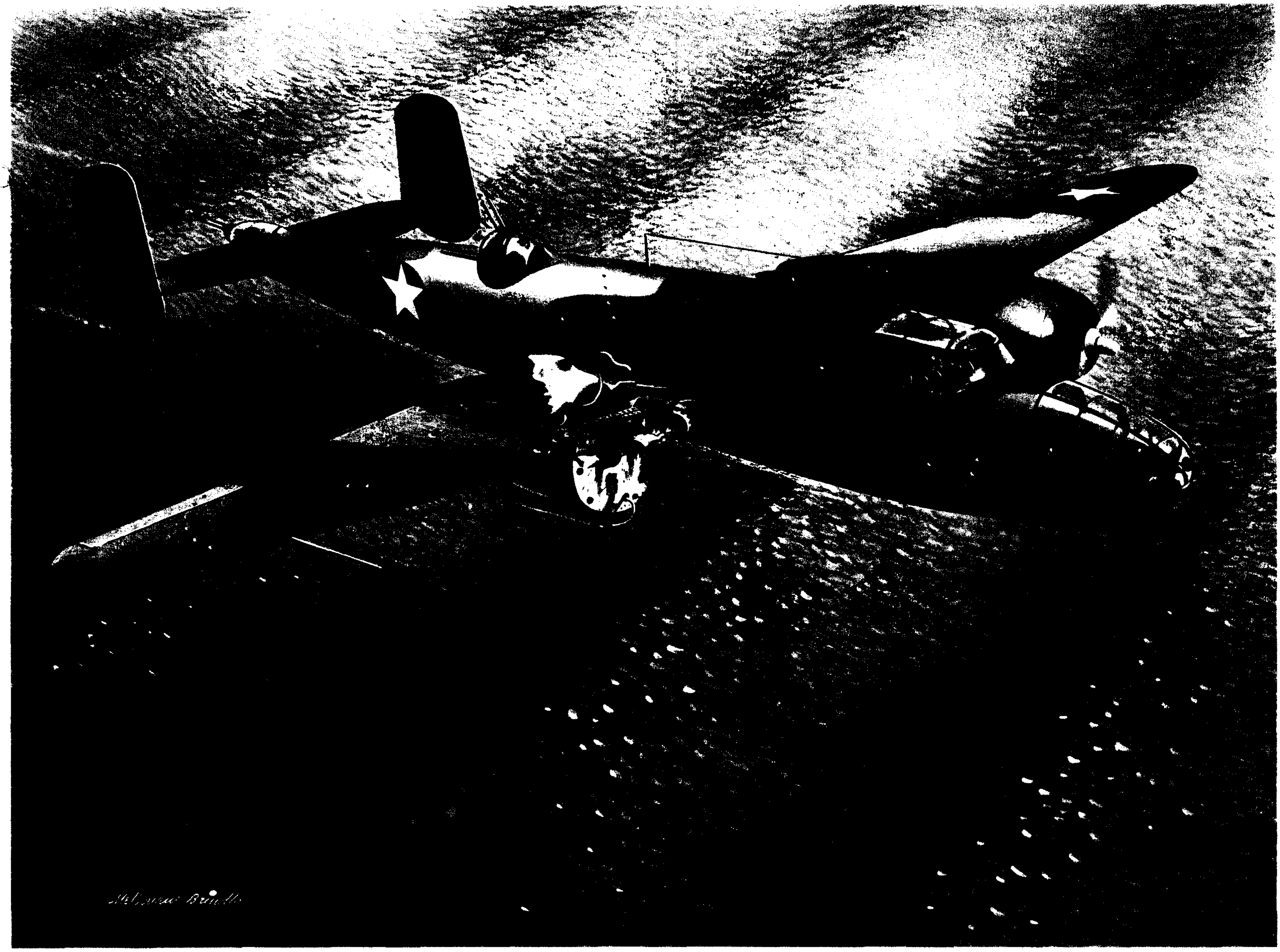
"One never knows," said Pancho when told of it.

His two skins of gasolino were almost as astonishing to the Bucaramanga merchant as the news of the aeroplano calamity. "Where did you get this gasolino?" he asked.

"From the sky," was all that Pancho would say.

Pancho got enough pesos to buy a milk goat. On his way home with it and Zecco he could not help but laugh and slap his thigh every mile. How Carmencita would laugh, too, for he would say to her:

"Espera! Now the evil gringos will never know that I took enough gasolino from the barrel to get milk for the baby, and filled it up with water!"



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TANK STOPPERS

By Gurney Williams

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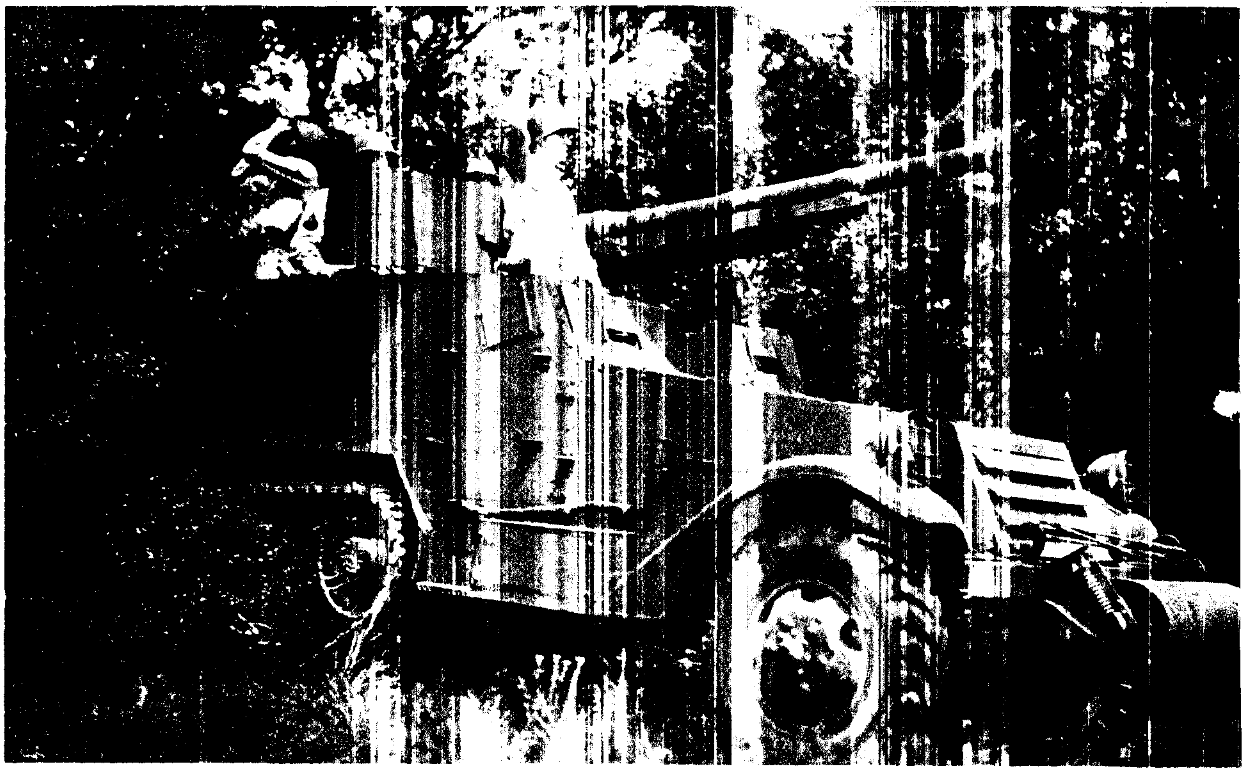


Present Tank Destroyer basic weapon is a 75-mm. gun on the half-track scout car (shown at right)

"THEY might have written a different story about Tobruk," he said, "if some of our Tank Destroyer battalions could have been there." Brig. Gen. Andrew D. Bruce spread a tactical map on a table at Camp Hood, Texas. "Here's what I mean: There is a force of enemy tanks and here is a force of United Nations tanks. They meet and it's a slugging match—an enormously expensive slugging match. Terrible waste of men and machines. Now with a group of Tank Destroyer battalions to bottle up the enemy armored force . . ."

Tank Destroyer battalions are America's new land fighters—cohesive, speedy, tremendously destructive—the rolling successors to the antitank units of maneuver days. Only small units have as yet seen combat duty but, as battalions, their doctrine differs from any task force now in existence, and at Camp Hood's Tank Destroyer Center they're getting ready to go the German 88s one better, they believe, as major weapons in this supermechanized war.

The Army has been planning TD battalions for a long time; since May, 1941, in fact, when Gen. George C. Marshall called a conference in Washington and talked about antitank tactics. We must, said the military experts at that meeting, develop a plan to knock out that most potent of land weapons. Antitank units are all right under certain circumstances but in this war, attack may come from any angle of a 360° circle, and antitank outfits aren't flexible enough to meet this condition. The very word antitank, furthermore, suggests static defense. The time has come for aggressiveness and for fluid defense with all possible mobility and fire power.

As a result of the conference, an experimental TD battalion last September entered the Carolina maneuvers in Lt. Gen. Hugh A. Drum's First Army; and military men, watching the battalion operate, decided the scheme was good. On December 1st the Tank Destroyer Center was activated at Maryland's Fort Meade, and after the site for Camp Hood, near Killeen, Texas, was approved in January, things moved quickly. By the end of March the government had bought the last of the 106,000 acres from farmers and ranchers deep in the heart of the Lone Star State, and an army of workmen swarmed in to build what is probably the most functional—in layout and variety of terrain—of training camps.

In May and June the first TD cadre went through two Officers' Orientation courses in makeshift schoolrooms, and two battalions—the 893d Tank Destroyer and 753d Medium Tank—were brought in from Meade to act as School Troops—the demonstrators of the new system. As of today the first battalions, trained from bivouac camps on the reservation, have moved on and an undisclosed number of other battalions have taken their places in the newly finished cantonment area, from which they daily roll out to ranges or problem terrain in their two to five months of technical (weapons and equipment) and tactical (combat team) training.

What is the fighting scheme? Assuming actual battle conditions, TD units fight essentially as raiders do; moving all the time; harrying and bewildering enemy tankers with "a devastating fire from an advantageous position." They fight in three-vehicle teams comprising two gun mounts and their own protective antiaircraft carrier. Camouflaged, they dart out of woods, fire at a tank and dart back to a new hiding place before they can provide a target for the enemy. They're lightning fast—and elusive.

The men are physically tough. Besides being thoroughly grounded in the use of their weapons and drilled to fight as teams, TD soldiers are taught to battle it out alone—without weapons if necessary—and to use all the ingenuity at their command. Your tank destroyer man knows what it means to make use of an expedient: taking something you know is good and combining it with something else you know is good and arriving at something new. The TD's present basic weapon, for instance, is an expedient: the old, reliable 75-mm. gun mounted on the time-tried Armored Force half-track vehicle, lightly armored for speed. By Christmas the basic weapon

In a slit trench Staff Sgt. A. R. Schultz waits with a hastily contrived, self-igniting grenade

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Made of a *sock*, *some TNT*, a *fuse* and a *smear* of heavy grease, the "sticky" grenade will adhere to a tank and knock it out of commission

With live machine gun slugs zipping just over their heads and land mines exploding near by, TD trainees learn about primary infiltration

may be different, but the TD Command isn't waiting for that. "There's nothing the matter with the 75-mm. gun," says General Bruce. "A few more of them on Bataan might have changed that story, too."

Part of the TD personnel training has to do with a raider course, borrowed from the British and adapted to American use. Your tank destroyer goes through two weeks of this. First he learns primary infiltration. They take him out in a field and make him crawl 25 yards under conditions he's only read about. In one hand he has a .45 automatic and in the other a grenade he has made himself; and while he inches his way through choking Texas dust and chigger-laden grass, machine-gun slugs snap just over his "head bucket." Every now and then a couple of handfuls of dynamite blast the earth around him. He's learning to keep his head down.

Since he's being trained as an ambush fighter to oppose highly trained killers, he is taught a lot of little unarmed combat tricks, including jujitsu. They show him how to make a self-igniting grenade out of a couple of empty bottles, a little sugar, some potassium chlorate, battery acid and gasoline—ingredients he's likely to find almost anywhere. When he hurls this contrivance at the nearest enemy tank there's no explosion; the stuff just all mixes together with a tinkle of glass and a sort of soft sigh, and a fierce flame gets the tank crew out in a hurry.

There's the simple secret of the "sticky" grenade. You fill one of your socks (they tell him) with three or four pounds of dynamite or TNT and tie the top with string or wire and slap a lot of heavy grease—it triples the detonating power of the explosive—around the outside. You poke a fuse through the top, being careful not to handle the greasy part (so it won't stick to your hand) and park yourself in a slit trench. A tank goes by, you light the fuse and heave the grenade. It sticks to the tank, is handily transferred from your immediate vicinity, and 25 seconds later, when the fuse reaches the end of its rope the tank does, too.

In a 25-house scrap-lumber village—"Nazi Town"—the TD soldier finds out about booby traps. Crouching, he makes his erratic way from house to house, maybe opening a door an instructor has wired to a mine, or maybe stepping on a loose board that sets off a disturbing amount of near-by TNT. He learns to look for suspicious setups and to avoid them, but even so, he isn't always allowed to make his way unmolested. Now and then an officer will light a small bomb and toss it at the tank destroyer's heels and he doesn't know it's there until the concussion practically parts his hair on both sides.

What helps his accuracy in shooting at targets that pop up in windows and over rooftops in Nazi Town is the crouch position. With his legs bent at the knees and feet wide apart he shoots from the hip. He aims with his body and he changes his aim by hopping. It looks grotesque, but that way he's pretty sure of knocking off almost any two belligerents who are trying to get a conventional bead on him; and in the crouch position he can do amazing things to a target in the dark, firing at sound.

Part of his 48-hour week is devoted to tank hunting. He goes out at night with an eight-to-ten-man gang, led by a Super Thug and an Assistant Thug (that's official terminology) and they smell out tanks. If they find too many for the Gang to handle they bring up more of the battalion, and when the tanks start to move out in the morning they find themselves unable to go anywhere—from then on.

Camp Hood's Commanding General Bruce is a graduate of both the Army and Navy War Colleges and a soldier with 25 years of experience in automatic weapons. The student tank destroyer can feel, down through the ranks, the enthusiasm and spirit the general has aroused in and for TD battalions. Right now there's more fire power in one TD outfit than in two of the old field artillery regiments; and although the general won't say much about what he calls his "super dooper weapon," you gather it must be at least a three-inch gun and that the present 57- and 37-mm. guns making up a part of a battalion's armaments will be limbered to limbo.

The TD trainee has had a peek at Col. Hugh T. Mayberry, commandant of the TD School, where individuals in the tactical, pioneer, communications, automotive and weapons departments are processed; and at Col. Richard G. Tindall, the untiring boss of a TD innovation: the Unit Training Center, where the progress of the various battalions is constantly checked. The men he sees most often are those who put him through his daily grind of obstacle course, primary infiltration and other physical workouts. Major Gordon Kimbrell is one of them. Just five years out of West Point and only a few weeks out of the British Commando School, it was Major Kimbrell who tuned up the features of the foreign course and produced the TD raider training.

If it all works out as well as it has been planned, you can soon expect to hear some good reports about TD battalions from any number of fighting fronts. Talk to the average TD soldier and you'll find him confident that he'll be able to do his part. Some say he's of the elite. "Nuts," he says to that. "I don't wear glamor pants and I don't want any. All I want is to get out of here and do my stuff. Wish I could start tomorrow morning."

Maybe he will. ★★★

Shooting from this crouch position, Sgt. Jack Sherlock has no use for sights on an automatic

Cook's Day Out

Continued from page 13

bacon grease. A pack basket is handy for all-day hikes; tins can't gouge through one. Carry plenty of safety matches.

Most city sportsmen, even those who have camped and fished for years, know of only one way to cook brook trout—roll the cleaned fish in corn meal and fry them in butter or bacon grease. There's nothing the matter with fried brook trout, but they pall after three or four days. A trained woods cook knows nearly as many ways to cook trout as a housewife does eggs. Running down Cains River, in New Brunswick, George Allen, the Penniac guide and outfitter, served us trout in eight different styles in as many days and claimed he had several more in his book. He gave us fried trout, boiled trout with white sauce, baked trout with dressing, trout chowder, trout fish cakes, trout hash, cold boiled trout with mayonnaise and broiled trout. Here's the way the Canadian woodsman broils a trout. You could do the same with other fish:

Broiled Trout

One large-sized trout
Four slices bacon
Half a lemon
Butter, salt and pepper

Split fish down back, remove backbone and fins. Place in wire broiler with strips of bacon across flesh side. Stand broiler on edge in front of fire, with skin side toward the flame. When white spots appear in flesh, turn to fire until brown; never turn a second time. Place on hot plate; squeeze lemon juice and spread butter on flesh side. Serve immediately.

A wire broiler or toaster can be bought in any hardware store, for a quarter or so. Two bits never bought more woods cooking convenience. Guides use it to broil fish, steaks, game and birds. It is always stood on edge in front of the fire, never laid above the blaze where food might be burned or smoked.

Onions! They're the ever-present side partners of every woods cook. But never did such yells of anguish split the evening hush of the Great Outdoors as one night on the shores of Lake Maranacook when Bert Quimby declared before a gathering of fifty-odd guides that he always put a couple of onions in the top and bottom of his bean-hole beans.

A Debate About Beans

This night, beside the placid waters of Maranacook, Charlie Harris, official cook of the Maine Guides' Association, puttering around his open fire, had sent over two hundred sportsmen, attending an outdoors rendezvous, to their beds staggering under great loads of hearty food. It was Jasper Haynes, the wizard canoeman from Jo Mary Lakes, who started the debate as we sat around the dying fire while Charlie was getting his beans into the pots for bean-hole beans for breakfast.

"Gosh, Charlie," Jasper piped up, "you cut up your pork and mix it with the beans, eh? I always put mine on top in one chunk."

"Thanks for the tip," returned Charlie acidly. "Two hundred sports ate thirty gallons of my beans just as a side dish, tonight. And you try to tell me how to make bean-hole beans!"

Then Perry Greene, world champion axman, said that if Jasper only put pork on top of his beans, he'd have a lot of burnt frijoles in the bottom of the pot. Bert Quimby told about his onions, and the fight was on. California pea beans or New York navy beans; yellow eyes or kidneys! Mustard and molasses, put 'em in, leave 'em out. Black molasses or New Orleans! Pork on the top, on the bottom, on both top and bottom! And so on, until the fire was dead and the night chill drove us to our blankets.

Argue as the cooks will, just about any bean-hole beans are mighty good. They're considerable work, too. First, you need a round hole in the ground, twice the diameter and twice the height of the covered iron bean pot. The hole is filled halfway with stones and a fire is kindled on top of them. While the fire is burning down to glowing coals, the wood being replenished half a dozen times or so, the cook starts filling his pot. We'll use Charlie Harris' recipe, but remember that the rules are flexible; it's hard to spoil bean-hole beans:

Bean-Hole Beans

Three quarts beans
One pound dry salt pork
Six tablespoonfuls black molasses
Salt, pepper and mustard

Soak beans several hours in slightly salted water, then parboil in same water until the skin breaks when a bean is taken out and blown upon. Cut salt pork in small pieces and distribute through beans as they are placed in pot. Add molasses. Fill pot to top with boiling water. Salt, pepper and mustard to taste. Recipe for four to six persons.

Bake for Twelve Hours

By this time, the fire should be glowing coals and the stones red hot. Lift out half the coals and all the stones except enough to cover the bottom of the hole. Cover the bottom stones with a thin layer of dirt and set the pot in. Put the rest of the stones, except three or four, around the sides of the pot, making sure none actually touches the pot; whereever one touches, beans will burn. Fill in the chinks with hot coals. Put the remaining three or four stones on the lid to brown the top beans, scoop in any hot coals that are left and start shoveling. Heap dirt over the hole, hammer it down, add more, hammer again—keep doing that until there's not a single wisp of smoke or steam escaping. Then go to bed and forget your beans. Baking takes about twelve hours in a newly dug hole but when it's well broken in, seven or eight hours is enough.

Bean-hole stews are just as good as bean-hole beans. Put the stew in the hot hole before leaving camp in the morning; it will come out hot and savory when you get back, tired and hungry for supper. Recipe for the stew? Gather odds and ends of meat and vegetables, dump them into the pot, with water to cover. Salt and pepper to taste and add bacon or salt pork for flavor. Don't forget the onions.

One of the secrets of getting flavor into a stew, the woods guides say, is in frying out the salt meat crisp and brown and browning any other meat and onions before they are put into the mixture. For pork cubes that are crisp instead of squashy, while they are sizzling, squeeze out the fat from each cube with the bottom of a spoon or the side of a knife.

Fish chowder makes a few small fish go far. Here is Bert Quimby's recipe for fish chowder, using trout:

Trout Chowder

Trout enough to produce two pounds of meat when boned
Two medium-sized potatoes
One good-sized onion
One can of corn
Quarter-pound butter
One quart milk (diluted evaporated milk)
Salt and pepper

Dice potatoes and onion, cover with slightly salted water and set to boiling. Dress out trout, toss it in boiling water for three minutes; take out and separate meat from bones and skin. Break meat into small pieces and put back into same water. Add boiled potatoes and onions, corn, butter and milk. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook until you can't wait any longer—the longer the better. This recipe is supposed to feed eight people but probably won't.

Butter packed in a wide-mouthed jug, stuck into the ice-cold water of a spring hole, with jug cover removed every night, will keep hard and sweet for a month. If no spring hole is available, anchor the jugs in running water. If a jug is too much added weight, pack the butter in tight-lidded cans and refrigerate it in the spring hole or sink deep into lake or pond; tie thirty feet of fishline to the can and weight with stones.

Good woodland coffee-brewers are born not made. Canadians, as a rule, are not good coffee-makers, but most American guides will toss a couple of handfuls of ground coffee into a kettle of cold water, let the brew boil up three times and lift off ambrosia. Canadian or American, though, look out for their tea; it'll kill at forty rods, for any guide will tell you that unboiled tea isn't worth drinking. One noon, salmon fishing on Rocky Brook that flows into the Miramichi, George Allen and I stopped to boil tea beside Burnt Falls Pool. When the water was boiling briskly, he tossed in a couple of handfuls of tea and let it boil along.

"Ye gods, George!" I screamed. "Lift that tea off; I don't want my innards pickled."

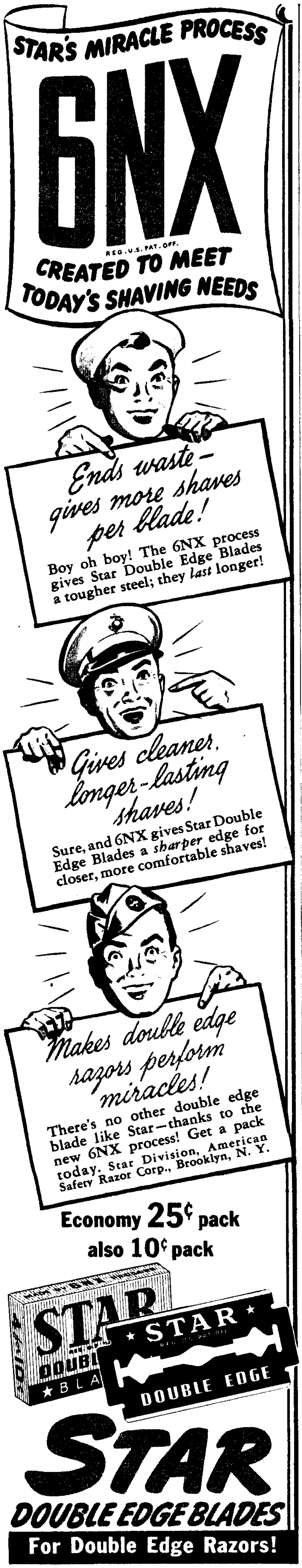
"Gee whiz, Coggy," he returned with almost a sob in his voice, "you got to boil the smoke out of tea or it's not worth a dang."

That's the way North Woods guides are about tea. But otherwise they're grand outdoor cooks; you can learn a lot from them.

THE END

FISH STORY

Army life doesn't cramp the style of the Kanaka boys who have been drafted in Hawaii. Shortly after they had been issued tin hats, their commanding officer noticed that most of the helmets were full of neat holes, as though the troops had been through the siege of Corregidor. Inquiry revealed that the boys had bored the holes themselves and were using the hats as nets to catch small fish and shrimps in the island streams.



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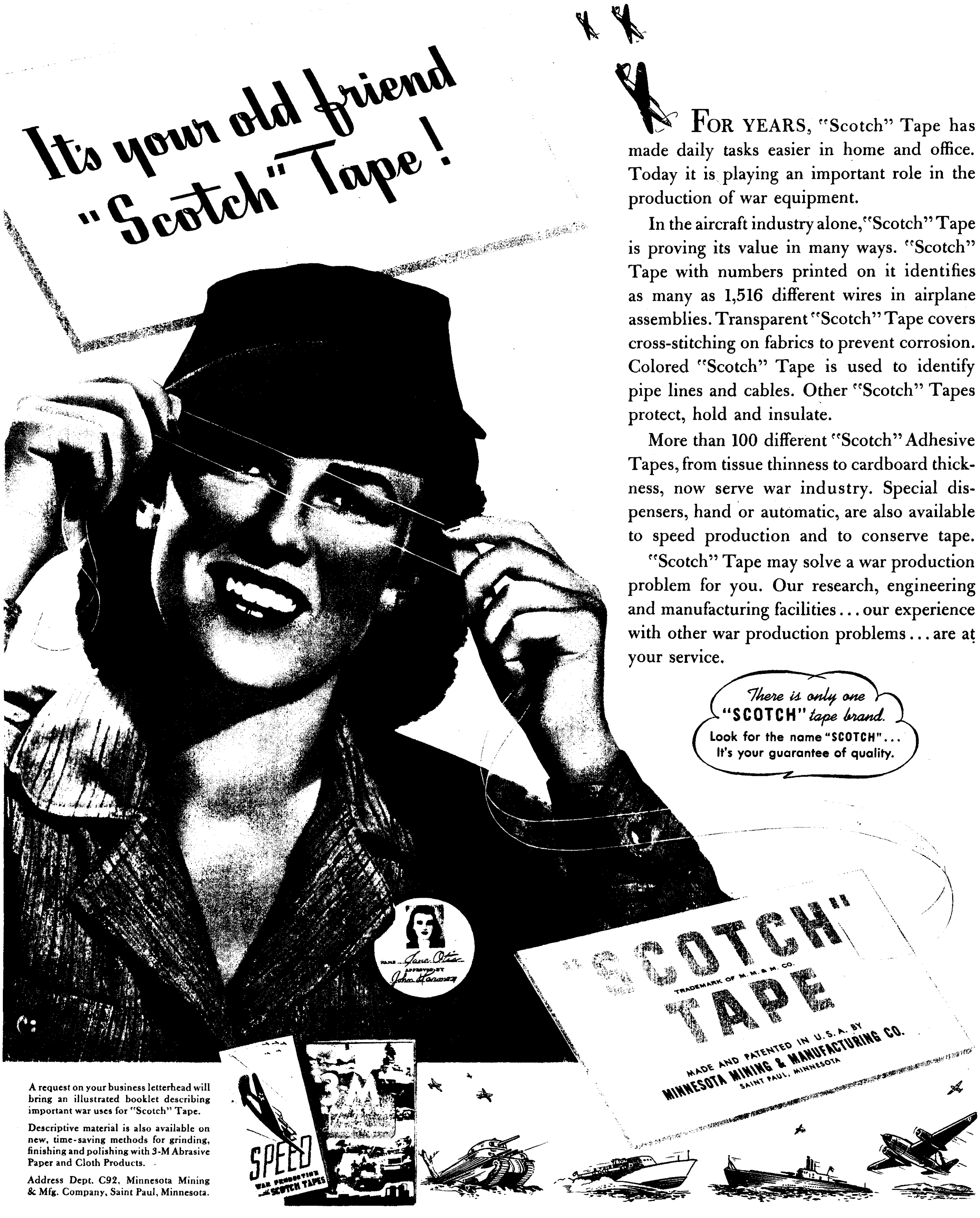
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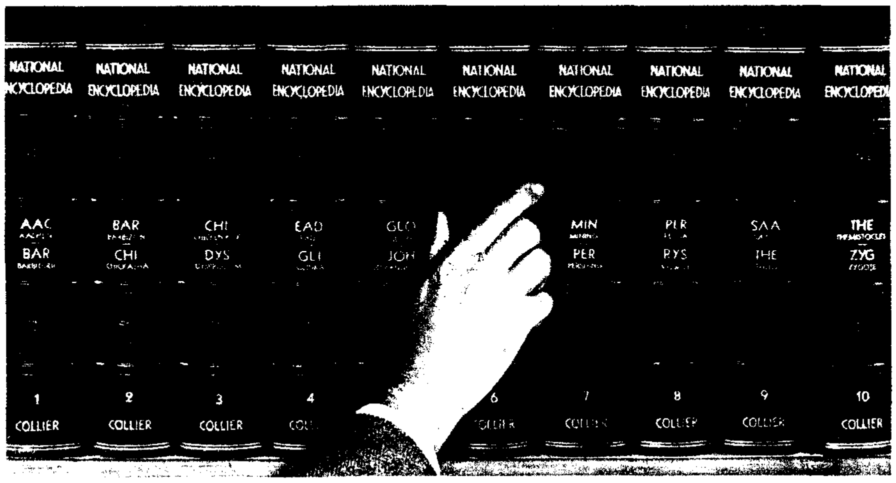

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Boat Trip to Dieppe

Continued from page 14

our watches. We were due at the "target" at 4:45. After that, a rigid schedule would be adhered to. There would have to be a perfect synchronization of action between air force, landing troops and naval guns if the attack was to succeed.

I knew the history of all the other Combined Operation raids. I knew that none had been wholly successful and that the casualties had been very high. The last completely successful Combined Operation attack was in 1759 when Wolfe stormed Quebec by land and sea and took it, but this one had every chance.

Ahead of us, Dieppe slept, we hoped quite unawares. It was only historical justice that the British should sail against this vacationist paradise of Dieppe. They were merely returning a visit. Back in 1066, Duke William sailed from Dieppe to attack England, which he did so well that henceforth he was known as William the Conqueror.

According to Schedule

Suddenly our motors died away to a whisper. We had arrived on schedule time. I went to the bridge and looked out into the night. It was so quiet that you could hear the thin lapping of the waves against the hull of our ship. Dark forms passed on either side, ships going to their appointed positions. When the dawn came, each ship would be in position.

I knew that now, out there in the darkness, thousands of men were climbing into invasion barges. I knew that the Commandos were fingering their thin daggers and taking a last survey of their lovely Sten guns. I knew, because I had the printed schedule with me, that the tank-carrying barges were moving shoreward.

Then suddenly the shore came to life.

"They've spotted us," the captain said.

But strangely, the shells that screamed into the air and the red and blue tracer bullets that sprang from the shore were not aimed at us but at the gray heaven above. Evidenly the radio-detector device on shore had picked up the throaty hum of the engines in our motor torpedo boats and thought that British aircraft were above. This had happened in the St. Nazaire raid. It was a beautiful display of fireworks, and then it died.

Looking at my watch, I noticed that the zero hour had come. I knew that now Spitfires were taking off from twenty airdromes in Britain to cover us. I knew that my pals in the Eagle Squadron were in the show and they'd be over soon. You could depend on them, all right. I knew that three squadrons of U. S. Army pilots flying Spitfires were taking off now and that twenty-six R.A.F. squadrons were warming up their engines. It was five o'clock and, although I couldn't see the beaches through the thinning dawn, I knew that the Commandos were landing. We would start our fireworks at 5:10. Our destroyers swung so that they were broadside to the shore. The night had faded and dawn had crept unobtrusively into the Channel.

Then the world was shattered by the noise of every gun we carried with us blasting the shore. In ten minutes they discharged 1,760 shells at a stretch of beach 1,760 yards long, a shell for every yard. Nothing could live through that barrage. We hoped that the Germans and their machine guns and mortars were on the beach and not far to the rear. The ten minutes ended and it was strangely, unnaturally quiet.

Then, above, there was a joyous singing. Our Spitfires had arrived. They circled sedately only 7,000 feet above us. Their ceiling for the operation had been placed at 12,000 feet. So far they had the air to themselves. Then the once-heard-never-forgotten nasal whine of a shell going overhead broke the silence. The shore batteries had not all been silenced. One shell landed fifty feet astern and threw up a huge geyser of water. Our four-inch guns, aiming at the golden splashes which gave away the enemy gun batteries when they fired, blasted away, and the destroyer rocked gently under the impact.

It was daylight now. To the right, the city of Dieppe looked peaceful and unaware of our designs against her. So far the guns had not touched her.

I walked into General Roberts' headquarters. He sat there, bulky in his Mae West, thoughtful, soft-voiced. Modern generals do not bark orders angrily. He had the schedule in his hand.

"Two Bostons are bombing the gun positions on the east flank now," he said, half to himself. "I think we need more smoke over those west cliffs."

Colonel Henderson, one of his aides, spoke into a microphone: "Calling Alfred, calling Alfred, lay smoke on west cliffs immediately over."

Two hundred miles away, someone sitting in Fighter Command heard that message. He picked up another microphone to tell the Bostons who carried smoke cans to lay smoke on the west cliffs to hide our landing force.

I walked on deck. I was there only a moment when I saw two Bostons swoop low over the west cliffs, and then a heavy pall of white smoke began to fringe the white cliffs. I looked around the bay. Ships dotted the water. Our main landing force was creeping toward shore in the squat invasion barges; larger tank-carrying barges were flanking them, all heading toward the center beach.

Their Mission Was Accomplished

We began to move to get between the barges and the shore. Then the tone of our motors thickened as we began to make smoke. We speeded parallel to the coast, and white smoke curled lazily from our funnels. It trailed behind, making a fifty-foot wall between the shore and our troops. Shells burst angrily around us, but we retraced our course again and again, and now we were in a fog of acrid smoke that choked us and we tied handkerchiefs around our faces. But it hid our troops.

In the control room, one of the aides said, "Commandos who landed on red beach reporting mission accomplished. They are returning."

General Roberts smiled for the first time during the day. "You can depend on the Commandos," he said. "Any reports from yellow beach or orange beach?"

The aide called both shores. Each landing force carried a radio set, so that the commanding officer could talk to Roberts at all times. Neither orange nor yellow beach answered, and a worried frown appeared on Roberts' face. Things weren't going too well there on the beach just a mile away.

The Commandos reported back. A barge full of them pulled alongside and I looked down at the grinning men.

"How was it?" I yelled to them.

"A piece of cake," one shouted back. That is air force slang for saying "nothing to it." Some of them climbed on board and I heard their story. The night before, Mountbatten had addressed this unit, No. 4 Commando, and had said tersely, "There is a German six-inch howitzer battery located just west of Dieppe. You've got to knock it out or the whole operation fails. Do it, even at the greatest possible risk."

I had heard their commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Lovat, say unsmilingly to them," This is the toughest job you've ever had. Remember when we go into action that you are the flower of the British army."

They had not failed. They had crept unobserved fairly close to the battery. They had opened up with their Sten guns, which they handle as though they were .22-caliber rifles. They fought Indian fashion, running from cover to cover, sniping, never allowing themselves to be seen. Then a shot from their mortar miraculously blew up the magazine. Then they rushed.

The Miracle of Wireless Radio

Reports kept coming in to Roberts. It was very evident now that the Germans had a great deal more artillery than we had anticipated. On the center beach, the troops reported that they encountered a twelve-foot wall with barbed wire on top of it. They asked for engineers to blow it up. They couldn't get close to it as yet because machine guns were planted on top of it. They were on the beach, taking it.

"We are being machine-gunned by Focke-Wulfs." The calm voice belonging to a man who was facing death never wavered. "Tell Fighter Command must have air support for yellow beach immediately."

Roberts never raised his voice. "Get engineers ashore quickly."

The miracle of wireless radio communication was invoked. Within a minute some of the Spitfires which were hovering above us would be over the danger spot dealing with the Focke-Wulfs. I looked at my watch. It read eight o'clock. We had only been here three hours.

I knew that things weren't going good now. General Roberts had told me the night before that, as soon as the landing had been completed and he saw things were going according to schedule, he was going ashore to establish headquarters there and I could go along. He had expected that we would be ashore before eight. But things weren't going according to schedule.

A motor launch came alongside with some wounded. They were walking cases. I went along to the sick bay, and while the doctor treated their wounds I talked to them. A tall Canadian looked dully at his arm as the doctor dug a piece of shrapnel out of it. When the doctor asked him if it hurt, he shook his head numbly. Sometimes shock is an anesthetic. After a while he talked.

"We got to shore," he said. "I was on a tank-carrying craft. We dropped the doors and three of our lads hopped out. Machine guns opened with a cross fire. They went down. We started our tanks out. Mortars in front of us opened up. Before the tanks could open fire, three of them went up. They were all killed. All of them killed. Except me." He shook his head in bewilderment. "All except me."

I went on deck. The gunners manning the ack-ack guns were ready for action. It wouldn't be long now, they felt. We had been left alone by the Luftwaffe for quite a time. The Spits circled joyously. Mentally I blessed the R.A.F. They have never let Britain down. I knew that back of Dieppe there were roads from Abbeville, Neufchâtel, Poix and Rouen, and I knew that American Mustangs were hovering over those roads, ready to report any reinforcements that the Germans might be bringing up.

I knew, because I had the schedule with me, that at this moment twenty-four Flying Fortresses, escorted by fifteen squadrons of fighters, would be bombing the big German airport at Abbeville. The Flying Fortress is a nice little aircraft. It carries a smaller bomb load than the big British bombers, but it is fairly well armed and in a fight can take care of itself.

There was a scream that cut through the noise of the shells and through the dull bombing of the shore batteries. It grew louder and came toward us, and then we heard the sharp explosion of a small bomb. Incredibly, a Focke-Wulf, used for the first time as a dive bomber, had slipped through the umbrella of Spits and had hit us directly. The Spits dived angrily but the Focke-Wulf climbed into the sun, laughing.

I ran aft where the bomb hit. It had landed close to the gun crew and had set fire to the clothing of six of them. You can't figure how bombs will act. The blast should have killed those six men. Instead it had set them afire.

I looked toward Dieppe. We were a mile off the city now, and the cliffs which flanked her on the right were white in the fierce light of the early morning sun. Then over the cliffs I saw three twin-motored Dorniers coming fast, "making their run," as the R.A.F. kids say. The Spits screamed toward them, above them, below them, to either side of them. One Spitfire came up from nowhere to attack the leader from beneath.

A dull glow showed in the belly of the Dornier. It began to dive slowly, and then ten small black objects flew from the aircraft. She was getting rid of her bombs. Two more small black objects fell from the Dornier and then parachutes billowed out. The Dornier kept on going. Her crew is usually five; only two had jumped. Good! Good! Then a burst of flame hit the nose of the airplane and it streaked toward the waiting waters of the Channel, a cometlike projectile that landed a hundred yards from us with a mighty hiss.

The End of the Dorniers

The other two Dorniers had broken formation. Their only aim now was to escape. One of them slipped away from the Spitfires, and our ack-ack guns opened. We were using four-inch guns. They fire a big shell. One of them met the Dornier in mid-air. There was no explosion that one could hear, no flame, but there was no Dornier. The airplane just came apart. One wing detached itself and sluiced down crazily. The rest of the aircraft broke into a million pieces. Fragments rained down upon our deck, for this had happened directly over us. I ducked into the gangway and heard the ping of metal hitting our decks.

The third Dornier was on the run, chased by five Spitfires. It was as good as dead.

In the control room, General Roberts was looking tired and a bit worried. These men ashore were his men. Some of them were being killed and he wasn't with them. It would have been criminally negligent for him to go ashore. He had to stay here where he could see the whole picture, not just one segment. Reports—none of them good—kept coming in.

Then, once more, our destroyer was rocked by an explosion that was so loud that it hurt. I stumbled on deck. A Dornier flying at two hundred feet had managed to duck the Spits. And there were more coming. The next few hours would not be pleasant.

Quentin Reynolds' superbly vivid story of the action at Dieppe will be concluded in next week's issue.

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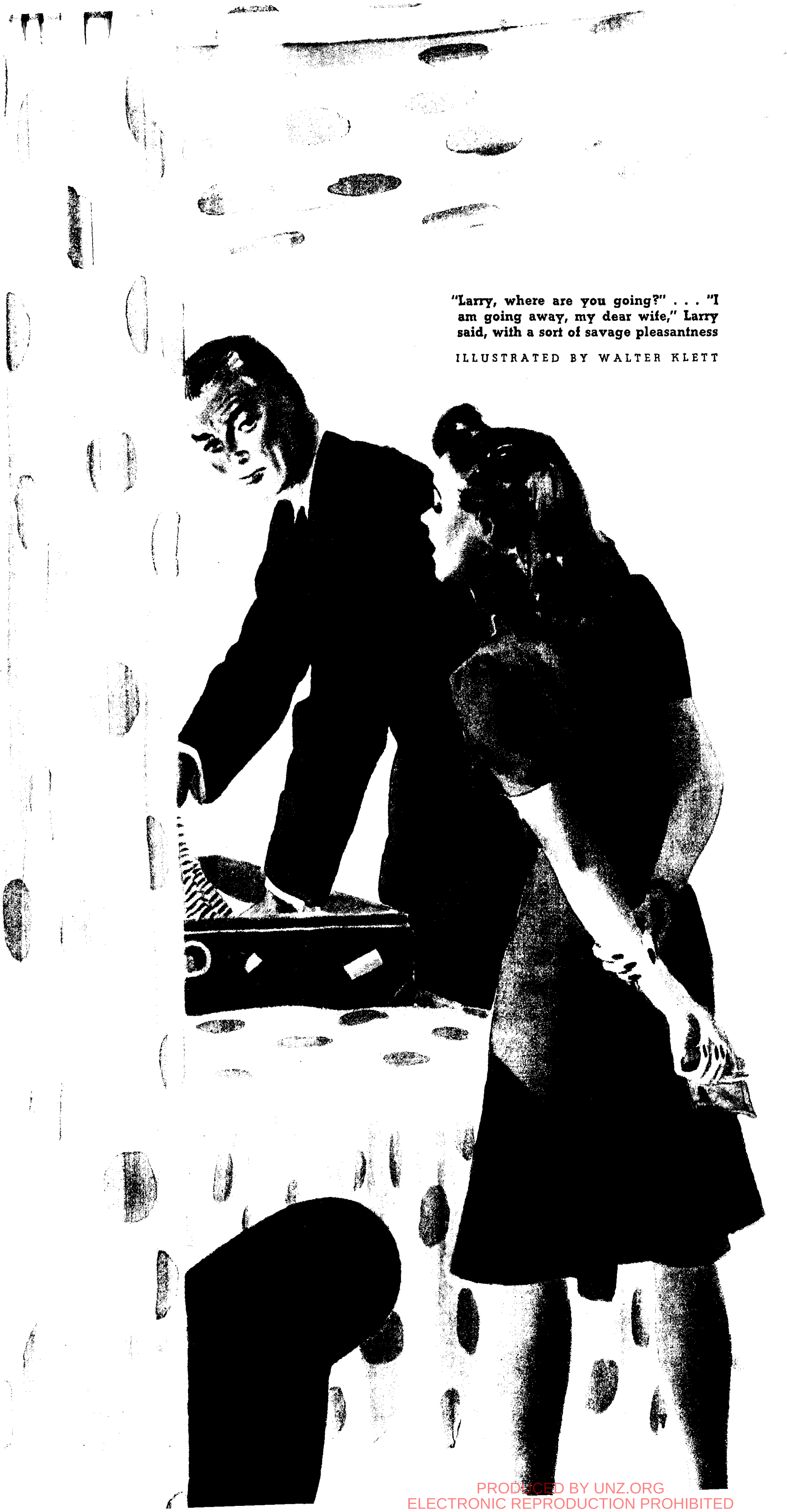

"Larry, where are you going?" . . . "I am going away, my dear wife," Larry said, with a sort of savage pleasantness

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

LOVEDAY GURNEY is born a short time after her young brother, Hugh, wanders away from his grandfather's home near the California town of Indian Hill, and (according to those who later find a body) dies of exposure and starvation. As Loveday grows up, she hears the story often. She hears, also, a far stranger story—the story of her grandfather's fortune, which, following his death, *simply vanished!*

When she is twenty, Loveday's mother and grandmother (with whom she has lived all her life) both die. Whereupon, she becomes the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Warren St. George, of San Francisco, who are old friends of her family.

The St. Georges have two daughters: Fanny and Nini. They have two sons: Rodney and "Chris." They have another house guest: young Doctor Marc Villard, who, orphaned at an early age in France (at least so he believes), had been educated and mothered by a kindly American woman—Mrs. Rose Weir. The three men are all markedly attentive to Loveday. But the girl from Indian Hill finally marries "Larry" Ingersoll, of Bakersfield.

The marriage is not entirely successful. Larry, a pleasant enough boy, cannot hold a job. So, after several children have been born, the young couple go to the Indian Hill home (left to Loveday by her grandfather).

Then Marc Villard and Loveday make an astounding discovery: The "Frenchman" is not a Frenchman at all—he is Hugh Gurney, Loveday's brother, whose body, *it was thought erroneously*, had been found and positively identified!

According to Mrs. Weir, her maid, Valerie Villard, had lost a small son whom she had adored; she had found a little boy—a dazed, starved, bedraggled little boy—not far from Indian Hill; she had taken the little fellow, as a substitute for her own son; she had told Mrs. Weir (whom she had accompanied to France) that he was her sister's child; then she had died, and Mrs. Weir had taken the lad under her strong wing. . . .

Chris St. George is a successful playwright. For a time, after he meets Loveday, he has a wife living. But his wife presently dies; and, following a long period devoted to traveling, he returns to San Francisco. Loveday is strongly attracted to him—and he to her. But, when he is visiting the young couple, Larry, jealous, becomes surly, disagreeable; and Loveday, noting her husband's mood, thinks unhappily: "*If Chris would only go.*"

VII

YES—if Chris would only go!"

It wasn't her being away from the children when Annie Lum was out of the house; she could easily have explained that; together they would have quieted and dressed the crying children, angry at Martha's and Betsey's noise rather than at each other. But to be discovered by the clever and famous Christopher St. George while he was struggling with pins and buttons, sleeping gear and roaring children, and to have Christopher St. George's companion, dainty in a new frock and flushed from stimulating companionship, none other than his own wife, this was what had infuriated Larry, and Loveday in her abashed heart had to admit that he had some justification.

And that, in that frightened heart, she was asking herself, under cover of cheerful talk with the children and Hugh, exactly how much Larry knew, whether he had seen Christopher's arm about her up on the mill, whether he had sensed from her agitated manner that Chris had kissed her, seemed to Loveday the deepest hurt of them all to her own pride. Oh, stupid, stupid, stupid thing! Why did it have to happen?

She talked on lightly, easily, laughed at the children. Chris was silent. Under, over, through everything she felt his silence.

"Loveday, you're not listening to me!" Hugh said.

"I'm sorry. It's been such a whirl! I'll listen now. But wait until I run upstairs. I'm wondering if Larry has a headache. He looked as if he might have."

Little Owen was in his pen now, and Hugh's hands were free. He opened his small black bag and selected from a bottle three pills which he put in an envelope.

"Take those up to him; tell him to take one

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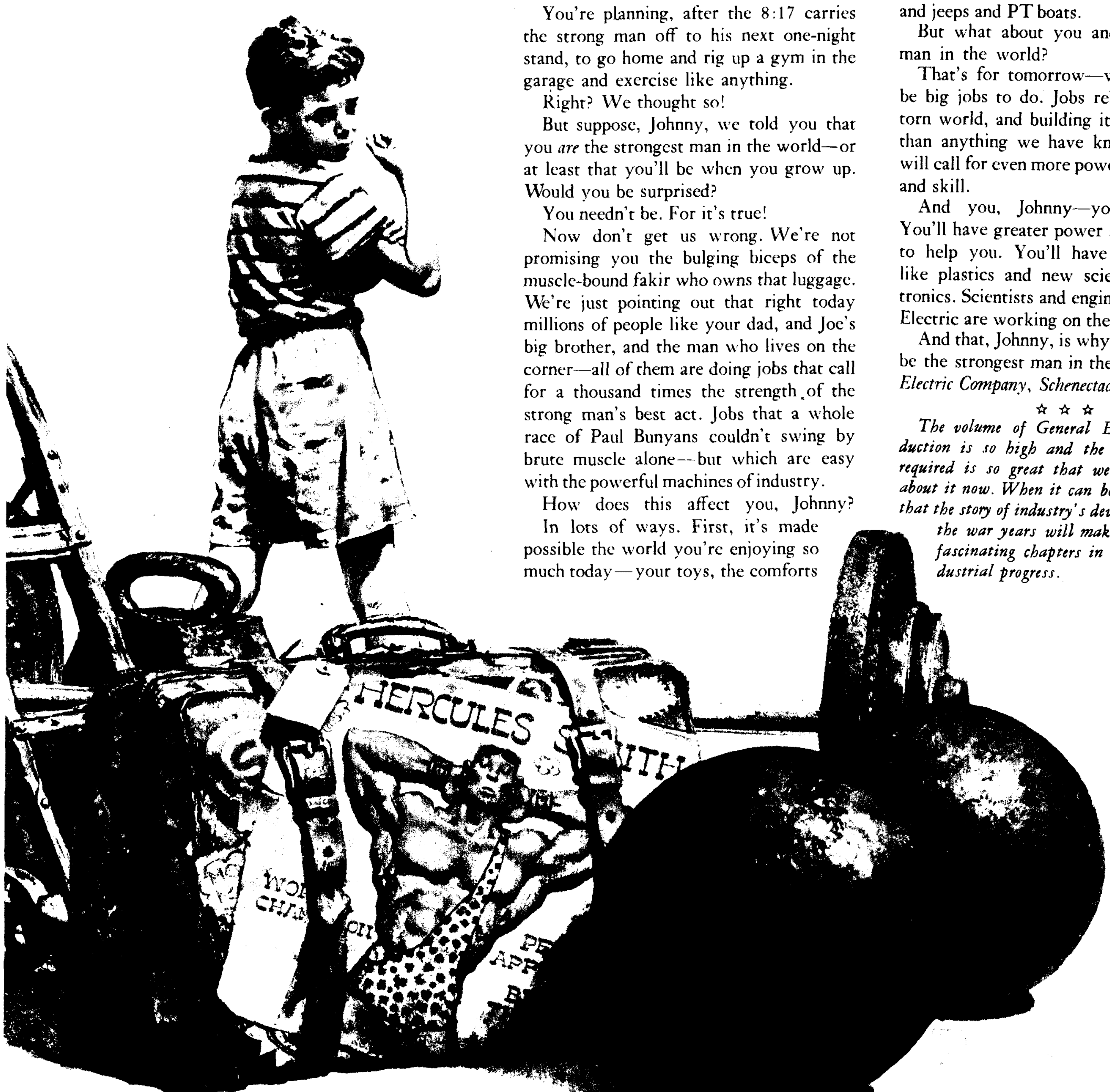

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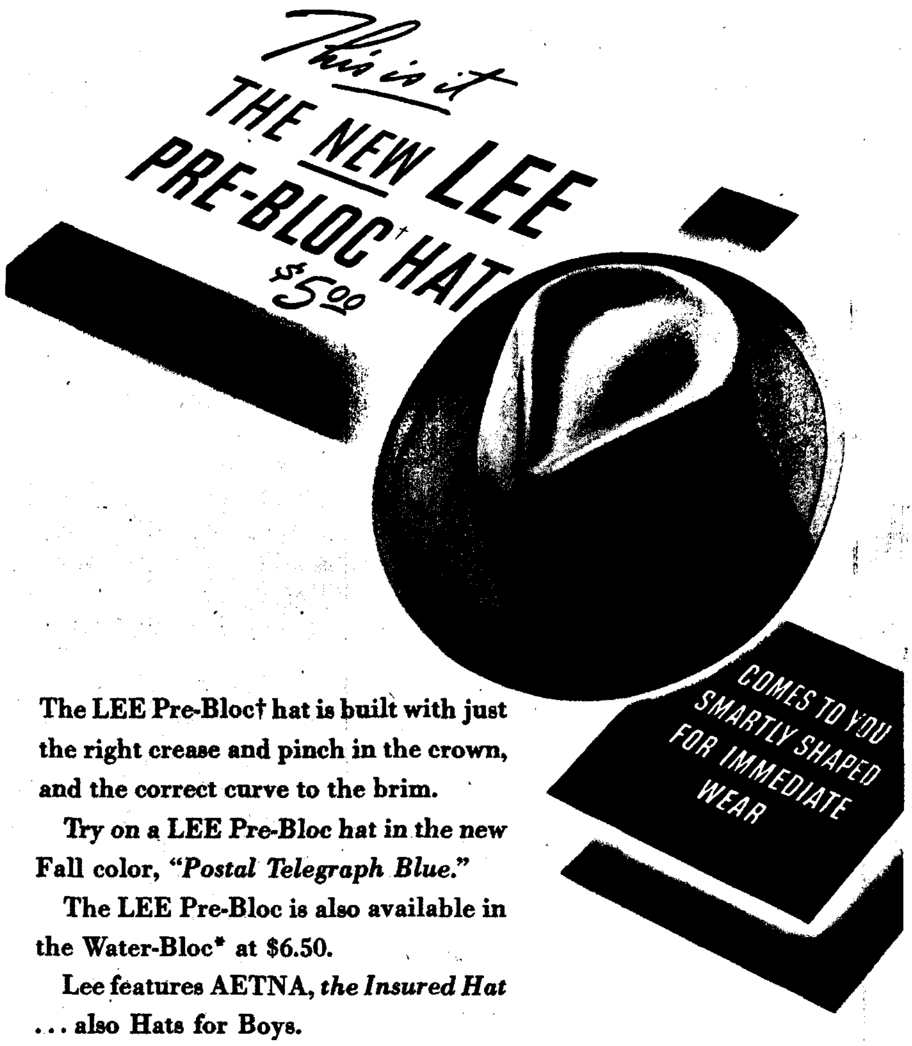
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every hour until his head is better," he said; "but wait just a moment, my dear, because I can't stay. I've been trying to tell you that I think I've found the man who claimed the reward for finding me—or finding the baby who was supposed to be me. Your grandfather—"

"Your grandfather too," Loveday put in smilingly.

"Mine too, of course! Our grandfather offered one thousand dollars for the discovery of anything throwing light on the baby's disappearance, and there was a police reward too. But I believe that was only for a conviction of kidnaping. Anyway, the family reward was the only one claimed."

"Oh, and who claimed it?"

"Some man named Al Harris."

"Oh? Al Harris! Goodness, how well I remember him. Where is he now?" Loveday asked, trying to sound interested.

"You remember him? You knew him?" Hugh gasped.

"Certainly I did. He was an orderly at the hospital, used to help Grandfather with operations—that sort of thing. He was a miserable little rat," Loveday added thoughtfully. "I haven't seen him or thought of him for years."

"He left the hospital some years ago and nobody seems to know where he is."

"I remember this of him," Loveday contributed, beginning to be interested, "that he came to my grandmother and asked if he could search around here for the missing money. Grandmother said she had no objection, and for weeks—months maybe, he was gliding around the place, poking the earth with sticks and pulling dead leaves out of oak boles."

"Ah-h-!" Hugh exclaimed, taking out a small red notebook. Loveday laughed.

"You and your sleuthing!"

"Just answer a few questions," Hugh said. "When did Harris stop his detective work?"

"He stopped when Grandmother told him to stop. It got everyone nervous," Loveday answered; "she finally told him she thought he had opportunity enough. 'If thee'd been going to find it, thee'd have found it, friend,' she said. But even Grandmother's orders didn't satisfy him. Every little while he'd be here again on one pretext or other. 'Miss Gurney, may I ask if the old Doc's money has turned up?' I used to dislike him intensely; he was a wizened little fellow with carroty hair."

"Our task now is to find him," Hugh declared definitely, making another note in his book before putting it into his pocket.

"I should think that would be simple enough. But even if you did find him, Hugh, it wouldn't help discover the money. He's been only too crazy to get hold of it, for years."

"STILL, we mustn't neglect any clue," Hugh said. "The point is this: He finds a child dressed in your brother's clothing. But your brother has been found and saved and is being brought up in France. How did that little suit get onto the wrong child?"

"It couldn't," Loveday said simply.

"Ah, but it *did*."

"He mightn't know anything about that."

"On the other hand, he might, and it might be something darn' sinister," Hugh said darkly.

Chris had been an amused spectator during this conversation; he was obviously and serenely waiting for Hugh to go, so that he might have a final word with Loveday alone. Nothing was going to hurry Chris, and if Larry had still been away from home, Loveday might have been anticipating this last thrilling moment too. But as it was, the prospect made her nervous; she heartily wished both men away and herself alone with the children to gather her confused thoughts into some coherent shape.

"How sinister?"

"I don't know, but to me it smells," Hugh said frankly. The others laughed. "He may have been scouting around here all the years you were away, Loveday," he said.

"I don't think so. Wing Foo and Annie were here, and the Bettancourts are always about. Al Harris," Loveday went on, suddenly remembering, "used to live up on the mountain here, back of the reservoir. He had a slatternly sort of wife who raised rabbits and used to come around in an old Mother Hubbard and a sunbonnet, selling them. Perhaps when they got a thousand dollars they went away—but no, they didn't. For he was around here until long after Grandfather's death."

"You could identify the place they lived, and them, if they were there?" Hugh asked.

"Of course, I could!"

"Then the first day that I am not too busy," Hugh said, "you and I will go up and find that place."

"I'd love it."

"Good. We'll go as soon as I can. Goodby, Sis," Hugh said, stooping to kiss the top of her head. "'By, Chris. Love to everyone at home. When do they go east?"

"Dad's *not* going, I believe. Just Mom and Nini, for wedding things."

GOING to New York, Loveday thought. The big, mysterious city of the shops and skyscrapers and theaters. She looked after Hugh, as he ran down the shallow terrace steps and disappeared.

"I've got to go, too," Chris said then, "after a happy day." Apparently, she thought, thankfully, he was entirely unconscious of the existence of any cloud. "Will you walk with me to my car? Seriously," he added, as with a scrambling small girl on either side of her Loveday accompanied him to the front garden, "isn't there a chance that you might come on to New York with Mother? You'd be back after two weeks feeling set up for a long time."

"Oh, I know that!" she agreed, frowning faintly, looking away.

"I hate," he said, getting into his car,

SOUND EFFECTS

Harpo Marx was playing the role of a dogcatcher in a picture, and a call was sent out for sixty dogs. Since there wasn't an animal trainer in Hollywood who could provide that many trained hounds overnight, the assignment was divided between two rivals.

Animal trainers are like stage mothers—they dislike other people's children and love only their own. In this case each trainer surveyed the other's animals with silent contempt. The dogs mingled, sometimes socially, sometimes in battle; but the trainers remained aloof.

For the first scene, Norman McLeod, the director, asked that all the dogs bark simultaneously, and the contest was on. Tenderly and passionately, each trainer turned to his charges and pleaded for good, resonant barkings. The uproar was so great that the sound man came charging out of his booth in horror.

"It's too loud!" he cried. "You'll bust the equipment."

Mr. McLeod then decided that one group should do the barking and asked the other trainer to keep his dogs silent. The poor fellow took the blow bravely but it was plain that he was grievously wounded. As the second section of dogs let out a triumphant series of cries, the silenced trainer looked at Harpo with a pained glance and said:

"Do they call *that* a bark?"

"to see a splendid race horse hitched to a plow. No, no; I didn't mean Larry," he interrupted himself hurriedly, laughing guiltily as she gave him a quick, suspicious half-smile. "I meant—all this."

"All this is my job."

"I suppose so. And you make it beautiful and worth while but there are other things for you, too."

She gripped a small hand in each of hers as he drove away; their smiles followed him down the shady drive, but she was not smiling as she went back to the house.

THE house was hot and dark and smelled close. She went slowly upstairs and looked into her room. Larry was there; the rumpled pillows showed that he had been lying down, but now an old suitcase was open on the bed and he was packing. It took Loveday only the fraction of a second to grasp the situation, and she felt a chill of fear run through her.

"Larry, what are you doing?"

"Oh, hello!' he said unsmilingly. He looked thoughtfully at a folded pair of pajamas, put them in, took them out again.

"Larry, where are you going?"

"I am going away, my dear wife," Larry said, with a sort of savage pleasantness.

"You are not," she said, beginning to breathe hard.

"Oh, yes, I am!"

"Where?"

"I don't know where. I'll let you know. Somewhere."

"Bakersfield? Your mother?"

"No; not Bakersfield. I was paid off today and I got thirty-five dollars," Larry said. "I've put a twenty under the alarm clock for you. I borrowed five from Annie Lum last month, and I hope you'll return it for me."

Loveday sat down on the bed opposite the suitcase.

"You can't leave us like this. What's the matter with you lately? Why are you going away? A man just can't walk out on his wife and children this way! . . . You're going to enlist!"

She said the last in sudden conviction. Larry's quick answering glance did not deny it.

"Why don't you wait until we get into the war, if we do get in! A man with three children has no business to go off and enlist! What are you going to try for? You didn't like the air service."

"Remind me of that, why don't you?" he said in quiet anger. "I'm going to enlist wherever they think they can use me. I'll shovel manure if they ask me to! I'll wash dishes! But *I'll be myself!* I'll not be pitied any more," he went on, warming. "I'll not have everyone asking what poor Larry's doing. This is your house, my dear, and everything in it belongs to you. Your brother, your grandfather, your tables and chairs and plates."

"That's all right. That's fine. But now I'm going after something that's *mine*.

"Your brother shows up, and wants to find your money. The whole darn' St. George family walks in and out—dearest Loveday, and here's a turkey and here's your check for fifty or seventy-five or whatever it is every month! You're on old man St. George's pay roll, sure, why not? There's a little bluff about his investing your money so that it always pays you just what you need. It may fool you; it doesn't fool me! He must have made pretty good investments to pay you six hundred a year out of about three hundred and sixteen dollars capital. But that's all right."

He stopped, drawing breath. Loveday sat stunned, looking at him, her heart a pain in her breast. She could not speak.

Larry went to the bureau, took out some shirts, brought them to the bed and began to look them over, throwing some aside, critically inspecting others.

"Your house, your brother, your money, your famous grandfather, your kids," he said in a quieter tone. "That's fine. Your friends running in and out of here whenever they like. My family gets asked for certain days and comes on those days. Okay, okay, okay! But when it comes to that"—he interrupted himself, choking—"when it comes to Christopher St. George," he presently resumed, in a tone he forced down to something like self-control, "he gets out of this house or I do! Evidently he knows he doesn't have to get out. He says goodby last night; he's on his way; and I get home today and find all my kids crying and my wife up on the windmill with him! I get fired from a lousy job in the post office, and come home to find that he's sneaked back and everything's lovely, except that my kids might have been burned up in the house while he was reading poetry to my wife up on the windmill!"

"Larry," Loveday said, suddenly at white heat and far more afraid of her own mood than she was of his, "be careful what you say!"

For a moment he was silent, busily packing.

"Certainly I'll be careful what I say," he said then lightly.

"You won't leave the children!" Loveday said. "They'll miss you. They always make a fuss when you're away at night."

This reached him and she knew it, although he gave no outward sign of having been struck. After a moment he said somewhat gruffly, "They'll get along."

Loveday watched him, trying to find the right weapon.

"Don't go off this way. It's idiotic! You know you'll feel differently tomorrow."

"Oh, no, I won't," he said. "Maybe I'll only get twenty-one dollars a month, but everyone will know that it isn't because of my wife's friends that I'm getting it!"

He picked up the suitcase and left the room. For a moment she sat stricken in a dreadful silence, then she went quickly downstairs after him. Larry had gone out to the terrace, there he picked up the twins and kissed them as casually as if he had been leaving only for an hour.

"Goodby, feller," he said to the baby. "I've done all the sitting around here watching you have fun that I'm going to." He said to Loveday, "It's got to be my turn some time." For a second his arm was carelessly about her, he kissed her on the temple, said another "goodby," and was gone.

ON a golden autumn afternoon in Hugh's car she and Hugh and the children took the long road to the reservoir in search of Al Harris, or news of Al Harris. The day was warm and still; the severest heat of the summer was over; men were boxing apples and pears in the orchards.

Loveday was almost silent. She had grown strangely quiet in the three long weeks since Larry had gone away. Even to Hugh she had not talked in complete confidence. Hugh had been told only that Larry had been discouraged at not finding the work he wanted to do and could do, and had gone away, threatening to enlist.

"He won't enlist," Hugh, deeply concerned, had said in his cautious way.

"He might. He's always liked aviation."

"Yes; but with three children?"

"Well, he contended that he wasn't supporting them."

Her brother's distressed look had turned toward her.

"But—my goodness, that's a mere ac-

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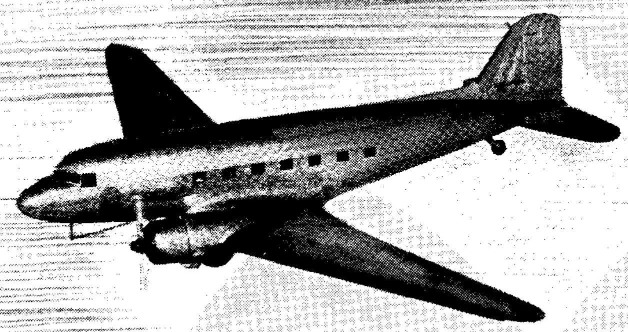

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cident of the moment. He *will* be. He would be if he stayed here. He wasn't—wasn't angry?"

"Well, he was upset. I think perhaps," she had said soberly, "that I was a little too sure of myself—too pleased with my house, my brother, my children, my friends the St. Georges ready to help me out so generously whenever I needed anything, making such a fuss about me!"

"But good gracious, good gracious, my dear. You couldn't be blamed for changing that place in Bakersfield for this!"

"No; but not to have had him share it—oh, perhaps it was natural enough," Loveday had said, "but it wasn't—marriage, exactly. It wasn't—putting him first. It was feeling myself the whole show."

Hugh had looked at her at this point and had said nothing more.

Now, driving up the mountain, after a long peaceful silence he said suddenly, "You knew Chris was going back to New York next week?"

"Yes. His mother wrote me."

"I was thinking since our talk the other day—Chris didn't have anything to do with Larry's going?"

Bright hot color burned in her cheeks; the eyes she turned toward him were ashamed but brave.

"He resented Chris. You remember that last day when Chris and I climbed up on the windmill. It made him angry."

"Jealous," Hugh mused, shaking his head. He drove on for a moment without speaking. "Had he any reason to be jealous?" he asked then.

Loveday looked straight ahead of her, over little Owen's dark head.

"I don't know, Hugh," she said then, very low.

She heard her brother clear his throat and she saw that his face was grave. But he did not speak again.

THE narrow dirt road twisted on and on up the hill, and presently they turned a sharp corner and came out of the woods to see the reservoir shining wide and peaceful in the afternoon sun.

Across a bridge and beyond a shallow strip of reedy marsh stood the keeper's white cottage. Below it was a little landing and an old rowboat tied to a stake. A bent lean old man with red hair was puttering with the boat. Hugh hailed him.

He came blinking suspiciously toward them, and Loveday recognized him at once.

"You're Mr. Harris," she said. "I'm Doctor Gurney's granddaughter. Where is Captain Willetts?"

"He druv down to town to git some staples," the old man said, blinking in the sun as he stood looking at them. "What ye want with him?"

"We were looking for you," said Loveday. "I suppose you've heard that my brother was found, Mr. Harris? This is Doctor Gurney."

"I heard somethin' about it," Al Harris said grudgingly, in the shrill suspicious voice of an old mountaineer. "Sounded to me kinder queer. Too late to prove them things. The old doc's dead and Mis' Gurney she's dead, too. I don't know what ye want me fur."

"We want to get that memorial hospital for crippled children started," Hugh said, getting out of the car and helping Loveday to jump the children out. "And we thought you might be of some help."

"You can get in the boat," Loveday said to the twins, "but walk on the planks steadily and sit quiet when you get there. It's my grandfather's money, Al," she went on, turning to Harris. "We think it might still be found. Hugh here—my brother—is following up all sorts of clues, and he wants to know how it happened that the child whose body was found had on one of his old playsuits."

"I don't know what that'd prove," Harris said, spitting on the ground, looking away, and meditating before he replied. "All I know is I was after a deer an' I got pret' well up to the ridge back here—m'wife and I had a place up that way then—an' I was settin' lookin' 'round, an' I seen this little end of a blue suit stickin' out from under a culvert—"

"Yes, I know. But the body wasn't my brother's. And the thing is, who was that child, and how did he happen to have on one of my brother's playsuits?"

"Well," said the old man, in a sort of crafty whine, "now you're askin' me somethin' I don't know nothin' about."

There was a weather-silvered bench on the pier near the parked car; Loveday and Hugh sat down on it, and Harris, after an irresolute glance about, perched himself on a little barreltop, facing them.

"You were an orderly in the hospital, weren't you?" Hugh asked.

"I's there twenty-seven years, gittin' paid sixty-five a month, which a dog couldn't have et on," the old man answered promptly.

"But you did get a check for a thousand dollars?"

"No, sir; I never got no check. The doctor had a desk drawer full of money an' he paid it to me in twenties. An' m'wife's brother," Harris said, bitterly, "he lost it for me! He was goin' to turn it into five thousand before ye could say 'scat' to a cottontail! Yes, sir, he paid me out of a drawer full of money. I told the doctor all that money had oughter be in a bank, an' Delia she says, 'He knows what he's goin' to do with it—' "

"Delia did!" Loveday exclaimed.

"Yes'm. She was a great girl for tellin' lies, Delia was," Harris said, "an' she was scareder than a jack rabbit. I was coming back from the poor farm one day an' I offered her a ride. Well, I don't know what she told the old doctor, but he says to me the next day to leave her be. All right. I wasn't goin' to hurt her. She had an aunt out there toward Wells Mills an' she used to walk out there quite a bit before the old lady died. I had to go out that way to get things for the sick uns an' I'd see her. If you're goin' to pry 'round an' suspect who took the old doctor's money you go down an' tell them people at the post office where they get off. I told 'em I'd report 'em, but 'twas just about the time m'wife died an' I didn't git 'round to it."

"You probably murdered your wife up here in the mountains," Loveday thought, smiling at him encouragingly.

"I never had no trouble with the old doctor," Harris resumed in his whining monotone, "nor your grandmother nor your mother either. They'd send stuff over to the hospital and the doctor'd say, 'Al, the ladies want you to dispose of these things for 'em!' 'Sure,' I'd say, 'Doc.' There wasn't a thing I ever brought home to m'wife unless I'd ask Miss Cutter—her that died of flu. But that Delia Dillon now, she was a deep one! I'd like to know where's she got to," Harris added. "M'wife left her a—well, it was a piece of lace, I think—an' I ain't never been able to git it to her! I looked up some Dillons in the San Francisco telephone book, but there wasn't one of them knew anything about her."

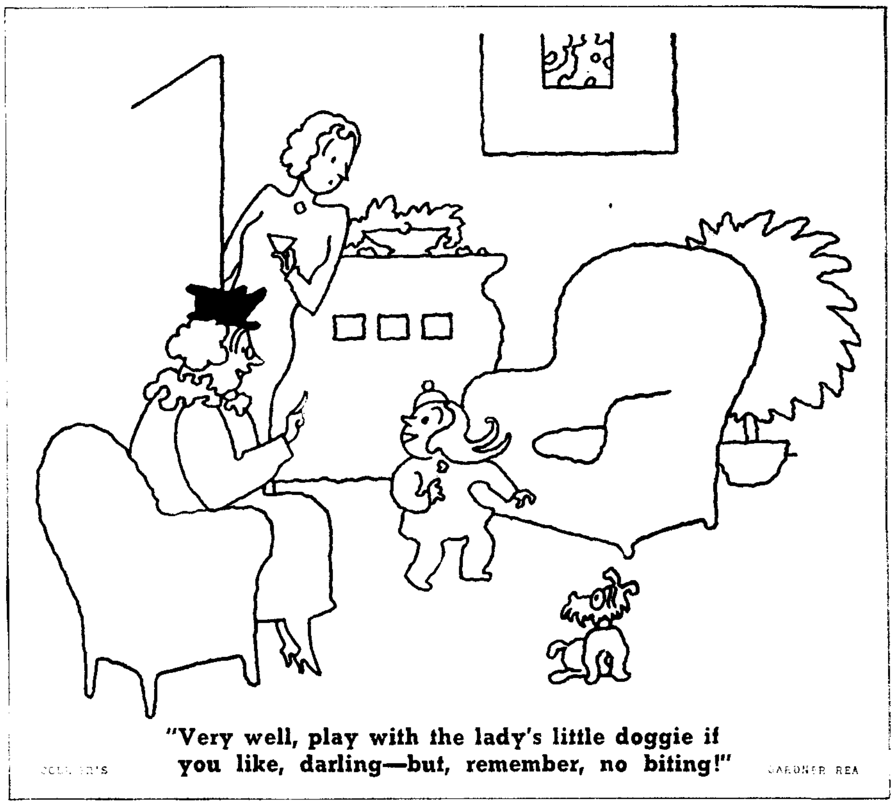
HE RAMBLED on, and was presently climbing the mountain again in his familiar narrative to follow a deer, resting in the woods, discovering a strip of a child's suit blowing from the mouth of a culvert. Loveday had heard this many times, if never before from him. She went out on the little pier and sat dangling her legs and pulling the boat with the ecstatic children in it back and forth on the rope.

They would have been contented to keep up this innocuous amusement for hours but the sun was descending into a creamy wall of fog in the west and their mother warned them that they must start homeward pretty soon. It amused her to see that dreamy Betsey was sailing halcyon seas as they rocked to and fro, that practical Martha was busily cleaning straw and bits of rope and canfuls of sea water from the floor of the rowboat, and that Owen was alternately watching his sisters with deep silent admiration, and dipping a stone he held into the lipping water with shudders of chill and delight.

"We didn't get much out of him, did we?" she said on the drive home, referring to Harris, "except that he was evidently uneasy—scared."

"We got everything out of him, poor rat!" Hugh answered, laughing. "I've got a pretty clear idea of what went on. But exactly how to use it I don't know. We've got to get hold of this Delia Dillon."

"Delia Dillon was a fine, gentle, highly



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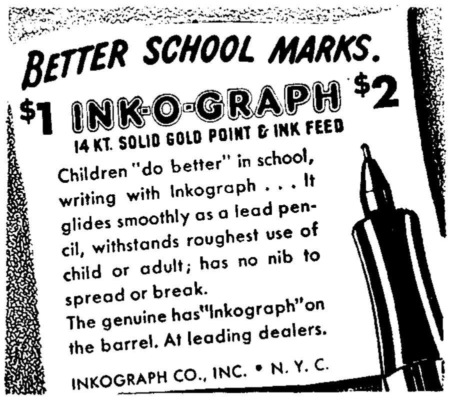
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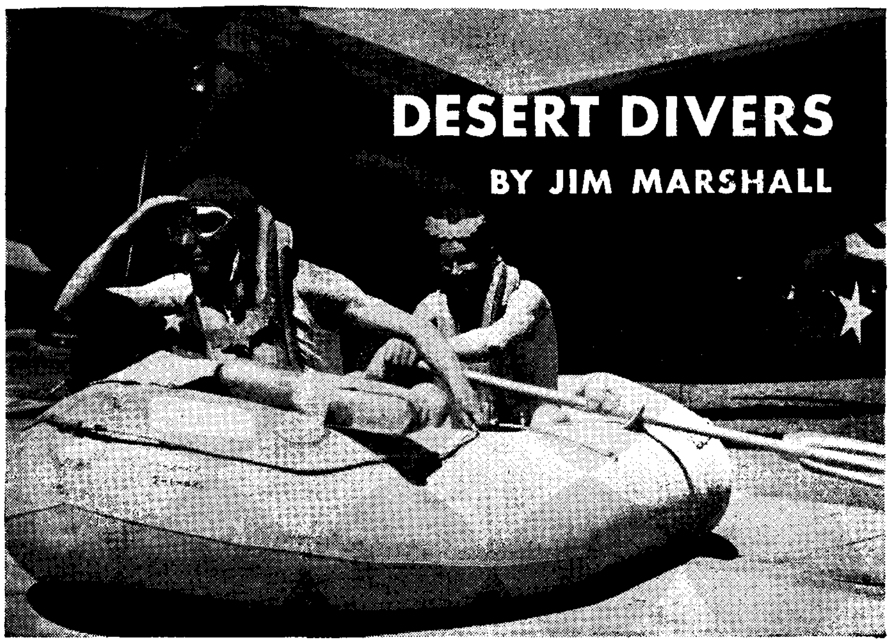
DESERT DIVERS

BY JIM MARSHALL



Cpl. C. J. Mitchell and Sgt. R. E. Daugherty practice in a lifeboat

An Air Force gunner sat disconsolately in a rubber boat, a tanned hand shading his eyes from the desert sun. Occasionally he turned to a radioman, crouched aft, and reported: "No sail in sight, Buddy!" A nearly naked mechanic, with a hose, half filled the rubber boat with tepid water, and the radioman bailed it out into the desert. Then he and the gunner seized short paddles and tried to paddle the craft across the sands, with incomplete success.

All this took place on the sandy sagebrush plains of central Washington, near Ephrata, where there is a huge Second Air Corps bomber base. Elsewhere on the desert, bomber crews were practicing diving from wing tops, untangling themselves from parachutes and inflating rubber boats. One or two, suspended from frames by a sort of harness, were learning swimming strokes from a perspiring sergeant.

This was because Major General Robert Olds, commanding the Second Air Force, had decided that, as much bomber flying nowadays is over oceans, every member of his sky crews ought to know how to fall into the sea with a parachute, get the chute out of his hair, swim to a rubber boat, inflate the boat, climb in and bail and paddle until help arrived. Bomber crews, the general pointed out, were valuable, and should be saved from sea crashes.

In order to teach his crews how to handle themselves in the water, General Olds asked the War Department for swimming tanks. No luck. So he tried for "reservoirs." No luck. Then he put in for "sea rescue training tanks." Nothing doing.

So the general, who is not a man to be daunted, invented synthetic swimming and is teaching his men, hundreds of miles from any ocean, how to save their lives if their bombers are shot down at sea.

religious Irishwoman. I hope that nothing he said influenced you to think that she'd ever steal anything or have anything to do with a person like him!" Loveday said warmly.

"What do you remember of her?"

"Just that she was big and fine, and kind of nervous, too, now that I come to think of it. As I remember it, she was going to be married; she wasn't very young. Thirty-two or thirty-three, maybe; I know she was only sixteen when she first came to us."

"BUT you don't remember her married name?"

"No; but I do remember that after Grandfather died and after she left us this man Harris came up to the house and asked if she hadn't left a paper or something with her address on it. And it was about that time that Grandmother found him upstairs in the attic one morning prowling through things, and told him she thought the search had gone far enough."

"See if you can't remember her married name."

"I don't know that I ever heard it, Hugh. I know that I went off to school, and when I came back Delia was gone. But what did you get from Harris this afternoon that was of any possible value?" she asked. "It seemed to me that he was bottled up like a clam."

"One thing I got was that he was trying to appear bottled up like a clam," Hugh said; "but there were several other things, too. For one, he'd gone to desperate means to find Delia Dillon. Illiterate and ignorant as he is, he'd gone to San Francisco and telephoned every Dillon in the book. That's an extraordinary amount of trouble for him to have taken, and if he did that, you may be sure he went over all the Dillons in the neighboring villages as well. Also he went to the post office to find if they had a forwarding address, and he must have bothered them too, because it evidently came to the point of his threatening to report them!"

"You're smart!" Loveday said, enthralled. "To get all that!"

"It was all there. But there was more there too. Evidently he'd been bullying this girl, threatening her, too, perhaps. She knows something or she has something he wants."

"Do you suppose he murdered his wife? Does that come into it?" she asked pleasantly. Hugh laughed abruptly.

"What an idea! No, but did you see him fish around in his mind to think up something on the spur of the moment that his wife might have left to Delia? 'A piece of lace!' Can you imagine him keeping a piece of lace in the sort of lair he probably lives in! Then another point; when your mother sent those little clothes of her supposedly dead child to the hospital, Harris was there."

"Our mother you mean, Hugh."

"Our mother, of course! But it doesn't come natural yet. He had to bring that in just because he was trying so hard to keep away from it. Easy enough for him to pick out one little suit and hold onto it, just on the chance."

"Hugh, but he couldn't have planned it all so far ahead!"

"Probably it wasn't so far ahead. Perhaps she held on to those little things for months. By that time the reward had been offered and he'd had time to think out what he actually did. At least I'm sure he did. He must have gone and collected cadavers for the hospital doctors' college—for dissection, you know. He told us that today, too. He'd had an errand over at the poor farm."

"Gruesome!" gasped Loveday.

"EVERY medical student has to have a corpse, my dear. What other errand would that old boy have? And what easier than for him to take the bones of some child's body—some poor scrap struck down in the street perhaps, report to the hospital that the family refused to part with it, and plan his 'discovery'?"

"He isn't smart enough," the girl said, shaking her head. "A mighty clever man would hesitate before trying to put over a thing like that."

"Of course a mighty clever man would. But this dolt would be so sure of his own smartness that he wouldn't have a moment's misgivings. He's apparently been quite undisturbed by the whole thing all these years. What did annoy him was losing his thousand dollars through the brother-in-law. A thousand wasn't enough for him!" Hugh chuckled.

"And do you think you can find out anything from Delia Dillon even if you can find the woman?"

"Well, I don't know. But I *do* know that when you're trying to ferret anything out, you have to follow up any clue you get, just reach out for everything!"

Hugh drove along in silence for a while. Suddenly he asked, "When you said you didn't know whether Larry had any right to be jealous of Chris, what'd you mean?"

Color rushed to his sister's face. She hesitated before replying.

"Why, that—that—I suppose I meant that any man who liked me would sort of make Larry mad. And—"

She stopped in some uncertainty. The man nodded.

"Heard from him lately?" he asked.

"I've had one note, but I haven't seen him since the day Larry went away." She paused for a moment. "I suppose it flatters me to have a man like Chris like me," she presently said; "he's always seemed to me the most—the most magnetic person—"

Hugh made no comment as her voice died into silence. When she spoke again it was to ask him if he could stay for dinner. He said no, he was late now for camp duty at the medical station; he'd see her in a day or two. She and the children descended at the terrace and they went into the house.

She had told him that she had had a note from Chris. What she had not told him was that it had arrived only that

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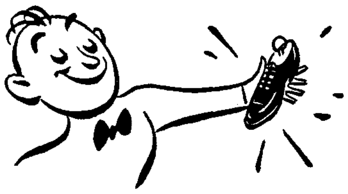

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morning after three weeks of silence, during which her memory had reviewed the events of their last meeting over and over again. Every moment of that happy hour, when they had talked together so thirstily, so eagerly, over an impromptu luncheon, had afterward on a sudden impulse climbed to the high gallery of the windmill and let the breeze blow over them from the cool big forest, had come back to her. And following them inexorably had come those other moments of Larry's unexpected return.

Larry had gone away that very afternoon. She had had no word from him since. Chris had gone away too, with no significant farewell, no spoken recognition of the situation. But she had seen his feeling in his eyes—admiration, understanding, even a hint of possessiveness—and she had wondered with a little quiver of expectation when she would hear from him again.

Against Larry she had experienced varying emotions. The first had been a wifely anger and impatience. But she had missed him fiercely and achingly. She had wanted that scene of reconciliation that had always so promptly followed their early and insignificant misunderstandings. The one person with whom she could discuss the whole situation was Larry; the one person with whom she could plan all the circumstances of her life was Larry. But he evidently had not wanted to see her.

AND so the days had dragged along until this morning, when a brief note had arrived from him. When the children had had their early supper and were in bed, she carried it out to the paddock and hung on the fence where she and Larry had talked on a wet spring afternoon more than six years ago, and read it, not for the first or the second time.

"Dear Loveday," it said. "Mother writes me that you may be coming up to San Francisco for a few days' visit before she and Nini go east. I hope you are, if only for a night or two. I'm driving up on Thursday; may I stop at about one o'clock and pick you up? I hope all goes well with you and the Professional Beauties."

It was signed simply "Chris." No "sincerely" or "affectionately"; just "Chris." Nothing to make one uneasy.

She decided against it. But how ridiculous to make so much of it! She certainly wanted to see the St. Georges again; she needed a holiday; Annie Lum would watch the children, and Hugh would sleep in the house every night.

Quite suddenly she knew that nothing would prevent her driving up to town with Chris. She wanted to so much! She was delighted that he had asked her to let him call for her. In that hour and a half alone with him, by her naturalness and simplicity and friendliness, she could wipe out from his mind forever any memory of the uncomfortable scene he had last witnessed at Friends Haven.

"Nothing," she said aloud firmly, rereading his letter, "could suit me better!"

WHEN she came out into the garden to meet him on the appointed day he smiled approval of the navy blue print gown, the dark blue silk coat, the broad hat wreathed with cornflowers that matched the color of her eyes.

"Nini's castoffs," Loveday said gaily, settling herself on the seat beside him. "She was cleaning house to get ready for the wedding and I profited by it. You should have seen the huge box of perfectly delicious costumes!"

He smiled at her in great satisfaction as they drove through little Indian Hill and turned north on the wide highway. The autumn afternoon was bland with a certain mellow smokiness in it. No breath of air stirred; they could hear the whistles of trains far away and the engines of planes high in the air.

The subtle intoxication that was the mere presence of Chris crept over Loveday's senses; nothing seemed to matter except that she was with him again. No one else in her life had ever stimulated her as he did, made her feel witty and cultured, and beneath and through and over it all, made her feel so precious, so beloved. His every look protected and cherished her; she could have driven on forever through the golden autumn landscape, with Chris so close beside her that her shoulder might have touched his own.

"I don't know what you do, Chris, to make everything feel so—so gala!"

No answer, except his sidewise brief smile that was answer enough. After a while he said:

"Know where we're lunching?"

"No."

"A very nice little place near Palo Alto. And we're going to talk."

"And eat, I hope. I'm ravenous."

"Eat. But talk primarily. Because I've made a discovery since I saw you last, my dear. I've discovered," he said, "that I can't live without you."

Various groups of late lunchers were scattered about the shady, cool interior of "L'Omelette" when Chris and Loveday, hot and dusty, came in at half past two o'clock, but presently they had the place almost to themselves. Loveday had gone to the dressing room for a thorough brushing and dusting and rejuvenating process; she emerged looking trim and fresh, with her eyes as eager as those of a child.

"This is a great adventure!" she said, finding Chris at the small window table that was tucked into an inconspicuous corner.

"Yes, this is an adventure."

"HOW wonderful to be raving hungry, and to know that just the food you want has been gotten ready for you by someone you don't know and never will see," she began enthusiastically, settling herself in great satisfaction, and seizing the menu with undisguised eagerness.

"I never thought of it exactly that way," Chris answered, watching her. "I don't think I ever prepared food for complete strangers, or that I would under any circumstances. Think of the gratitude one owes to countless cooks in hotels and on trains and ships!"

"In a way though," Loveday said when she had decided upon jellied bouillon, a club sandwich, a long tinkling glass of iced tea, and an orange sherbet, "in a way, a playwright is always cooking up dishes for persons he never will see. He sends them out just

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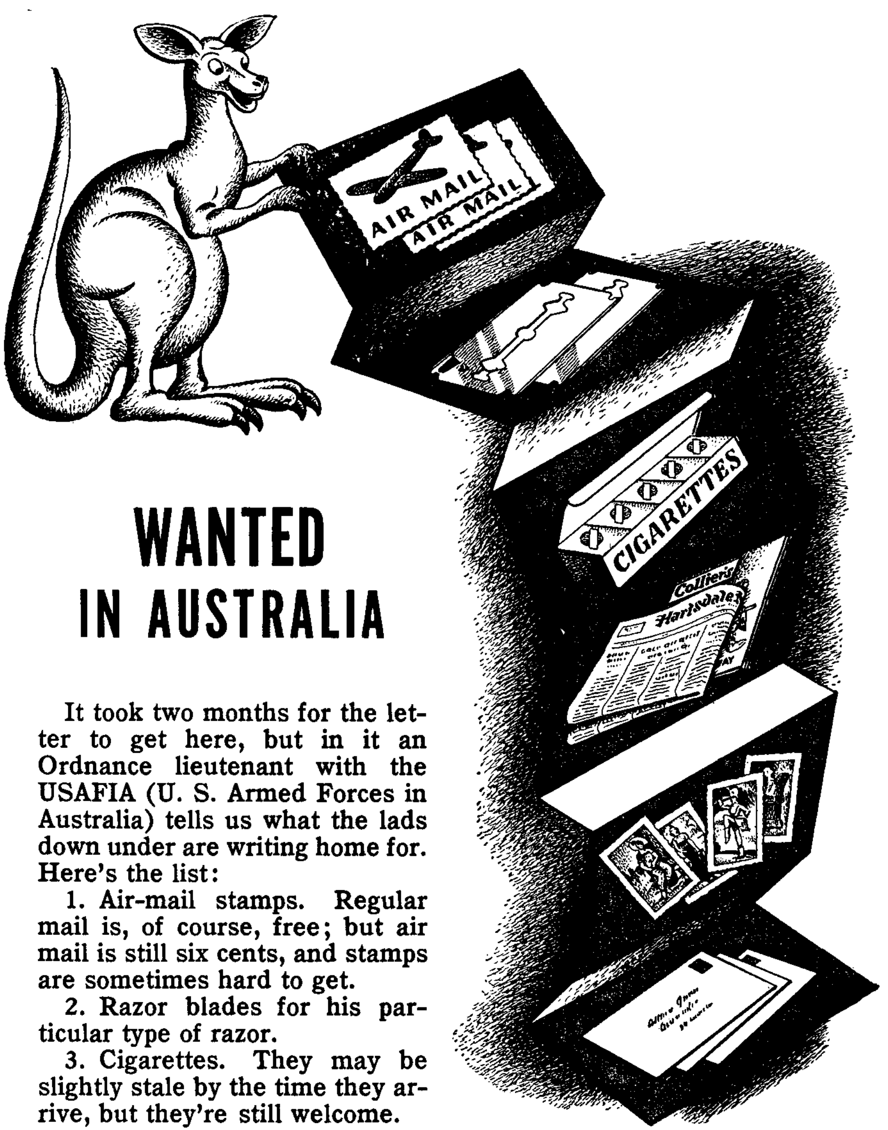

WANTED IN AUSTRALIA

It took two months for the letter to get here, but in it an Ordnance lieutenant with the USAFIA (U. S. Armed Forces in Australia) tells us what the lads down under are writing home for. Here's the list:

1. Air-mail stamps. Regular mail is, of course, free; but air mail is still six cents, and stamps are sometimes hard to get.

2. Razor blades for his particular type of razor.

3. Cigarettes. They may be slightly stale by the time they arrive, but they're still welcome.

4. The home-town newspaper, and a subscription to his favorite magazine. A two-months-old copy of Collier's hit one outfit recently and is reported to have been literally torn apart in a matter of minutes.

5. Snapshots of family, friends, familiar scenes, and of activities of the people back home.

6. Letters. Letters should probably be No. 1 on the list. Mail call is the high spot in any G.I.'s life. He may be too busy to write home often, but he lives on the hope that he'll be able to claim at least two letters next time the mail whistle blows. Keep those letters flying!

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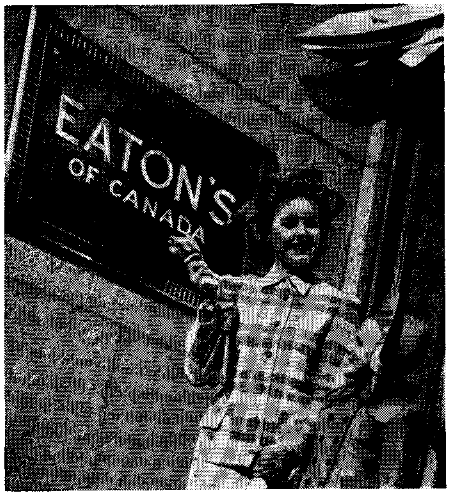

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as a cook does, and if they like them they pay for them."

"Does it occur to you that this is a particularly felicitous moment?"

"It occurs to me that it is perfect. And what a nice feeling it is, that a moment is perfect! It's been so long since I've done anything quite as daring as this, and I'm loving it!"

Chris looked at her thoughtfully, spoke unsmilingly.

"Very intoxicating talk."

"Well, but I'm intoxicated!" she apologized. "Going to Aunt Laura's house is always enough to send me straight into seventh heaven! There's something about visiting a place you love—the way the halls feel and the way voices sound, I don't know, it's just happiness! I've not seen it for so long, and to be going in on a lovely autumn day, and to look out of my window at the sea again, the Gate and Sausalito and Angel Island! It's all—but then you make things like that, you make everything gala," Loveday finished, her gray eyes welling light in the shadow of the flower-wreathed hat.

"I MAKE everything gala," he observed unemotionally, looking up at her, looking down at his plate again.

"You St. Georges. You're simply amazing people," Loveday said. "I don't think that, even to you, your lives seem commonplace. But when they're contrasted to—well, say Buckingham Way in Bakersfield—!"

She left the sentence unfinished, with an eloquent shrug.

"I never saw that house. But Hugh described it to me. Were you completely sure of yourself when you married your husband?" he asked, after a silence.

"Quite. As much as a girl ever is. But you had a finger in that, Chris."

"I did?"

"Yes. Hugh—only he was Marc then—and Rod and Nini and I had gone down to visit you and Merle in Hollywood, remember? Merle had gone up to her people in Stockton for some reason or other, and you did the honors."

"I remember every minute of it. Every instant."

"It was a week in Bagdad for me!" she said, her eyes fixed on far space. "The studios and the sets and the restaurants, and meeting the stars, and the lovely swishing of the palm trees on the terrace, and the sound of the sea! I went a little crazy— I didn't realize that what was adding part of the glamor—what was really making it—I mean," Loveday stumbled on, red-cheeked and confused, "I hadn't thought that all the time I was—"

She stopped short, looking at him with a helpless little laugh.

"That you were what?" he asked her deliberately.

She faced him honestly, serious now. "That I was liking you."

"I see."

"I thought of you as belonging to Merle, of course," Loveday, regaining a little dignity as she went on, explained simply. "You were the St. Georges' big brother, of whom they were so terribly proud—"

"I suppose so," he said, slowly.

"That what was making me so happy, making it all seem so magical," she pursued, "had anything to do with *you* never occurred to me in all those days!"

"You didn't know. *I* knew," Chris told her.

"It was Nini who saw it," the girl went on. "And the minute she spoke of it it came to me like a thunderbolt—of course that was it! I couldn't bear it—being ashamed and shocked and frightened, and afraid that your mother would be angry at me. I sound like an awful fool," she said more lightly, with a smile, "but I had been alone or with older people all my life until I met you folks, and then I was so touched that your mother and father liked me—that you all did, and that you included me in all your happiness, that the thought that I'd lost your respect—well, I think I went a little crazy! It had always been a kind of nightmare with me that some day you wouldn't love me any more—and that terrible night—our last night down there, it seemed as if the nightmare had come true! I was sick, honestly sick, and I didn't know to whom to turn, or what to do!"

"So that when you got to Bakersfield there seemed a way out?"

"It was a sort of refuge," she took him up eagerly. "Larry's people didn't know anything about me to criticize; they felt I could do something for him, help to bring him back to health. It—it soothed my pride, I suppose."

"But if you'd faced it out, come home to my mother, broken your engagement with him, she would have understood. She would have forgiven you, if there'd been anything to forgive. Nini probably would have worked off that little-girl spitefulness of hers, probably wouldn't have said anything to my mother at all. As for Rod, he puts you in a place apart. He might never have won you, but he always would have—always has, thought of you as the perfect woman!"

"And I love Rod," she said, her eyes far away and faintly smiling. "If it had been Rod—if I could have felt that way about Rod—" she began again, and stopped short.

"Felt what way?" Chris followed it up in his unhurried fashion.

"Happy all the time," she answered simply. "That mornings were somehow glorious, and flowers and the sky were different, and every second somehow had something in it. That there was something about my new hat and the awnings outside of the restaurants, that even when Nini and I were back in our room, cold-creaming our faces and brushing our hair—" And she broke off. Her smile asking for his understanding.

"But you never," he said slowly, "felt that way about Rod?"

"No." She put a spoonful of orange ice into her mouth and looked at him seriously.

"Nor Larry? If you don't mind my being your Father Confessor."

"No; nor Larry," she answered hesitatingly. "Larry was frightfully ill, just after I got to Bakersfield. I had to keep him quiet, give him orders about not sitting up too long, not making any effort. When his mother and I took him to the seashore I had to do the bossing, tell him what he could do and couldn't do. That was different."

"That wasn't gala," Chris agreed; "didn't you know that wasn't love?"

"THERE are different kinds of love," she answered, simply. "He loved me; he was so eager for his home and his wife! And I had promised. When we talked of what we would do, when people began to send us presents—

"But it's very silly, my defending it to you," she broke off to say, with a sudden return to everyday common sense, "because it is all over and done with, and I am a settled middle-aged woman with two daughters and a son to raise."

"All of twenty-five, aren't you?"

"Twenty-six."

"As for everything being over and done with at twenty-six that is a manifest absurdity," he said. "You've given me your side of the story. I wish you'd let me give you mine."

"I wonder—if we ought to be talking this way?" she asked, a little restlessly.

"Why not?"

"I don't know why not."

(To be continued next week)

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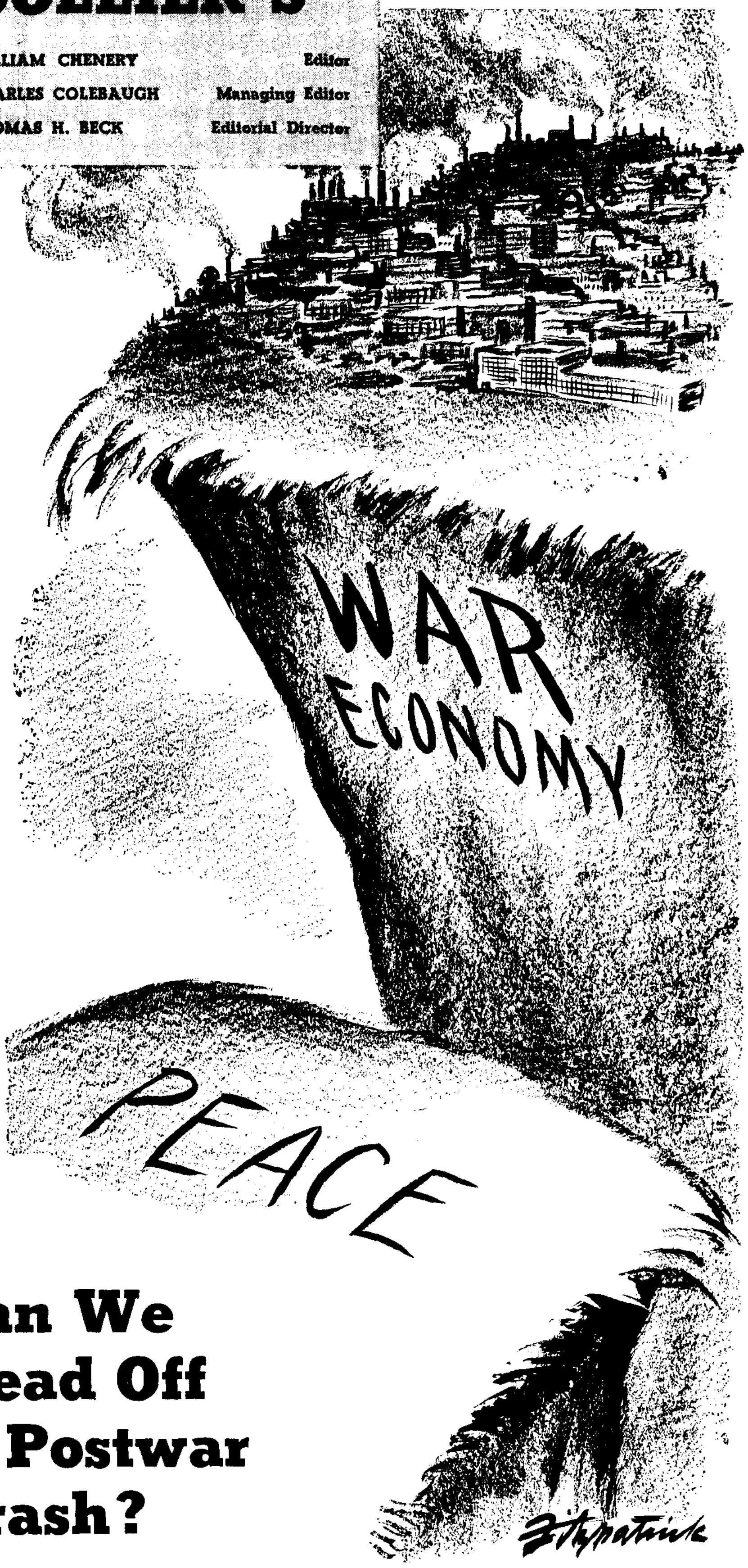


Can We Head Off A Postwar Crash?

MOST people that we've recently talked with seem resigned to a record-breaking depression after this war, no matter how decisively we may win the war. And there are facts, probabilities and possibilities to support that gloomy expectation.

The Armed Forces are siphoning more and more top-grade men out of the labor reservoir. At the same time, the war is ballooning production and employment on the farms and in such industries as aircraft, electrical equipment, industrial machinery, chemicals, railroad equipment, steel, shipbuilding, hardware and tools, motor vehicles. More and more of these products are going into the war.

When the war ends, it seems a 100-to-1 shot to us that orders for war goods will be canceled right and left; that public opinion will not stand for the continued manufacture of huge quantities of destruction goods after the Axis power has been destroyed.

What happens then? According to various students of our war economy, here are some of the things that happen then:

We find ourselves with an annual 2,000,000,000-gallon surplus of milk over normal peacetime requirements. We find that we have a tenfold overproduction of soybeans, and a 5,000,000-bale cotton surplus.

We end the war with our shipbuilding capacity swollen to at least 10,000,000 tons a year, and with 1,250,000 workers engaged in building ships—whereas our normal prewar peacetime needs in this line were 450,000 tons a year turned out by 62,000 workers.

The automobile industry finds itself hiring 1,500,000 workers and turning out tanks, planes, plane parts, guns, gun parts, etc., etc., at a $10,000,000,000-a-year clip. Its peacetime norm was $3,000,000,000, and 562,000 workers.

In aircraft, we face an especially sensational postwar letdown. The aircraft industry during the war should get to a peak production of $9,000,000,000 a year, with 1,700,000 workers employed. This is expected to slump, almost immediately on the arrival of peace, to not more than $1,000,000,000 and 200,000 workers, and maybe less.

These and related items add up to the prospect that, unless we do something drastic now, postwar unemployment in the United States may reach 18,000,000. Such a state of affairs could blast this country into chaos and give the domestic Communists and Fascists their longed-for chance to fight it out for control of the ruins. Thus could perish American democracy, the very thing we are fighting to preserve and to extend.

At the same time, there will be millions of people who will be hungry for new cars, new radios, new houses, and 1,001 other new things that you either can't buy now or soon won't be able to buy.

There will be plenty of desire for all these things, and there will be huge factory capacity to make them. But a desire does not become a demand until you have the money to buy what you desire. Nor can war plants be converted to peacetime production without financing.

Where is the money coming from to finance this conversion and to keep enough people on pay rolls to buy the things they will want?

We'll be foolish to count on selling a lot of goods to other countries. Much as they will desire those goods, most of them will be bankrupt because of the war. We've got to find the bulk of this money at home if we're to avoid repeating our post-World War I error of blindly financing exports to countries which couldn't pay in money because they didn't have the money and couldn't pay in goods because our tariffs kept out their goods.

The British government has set up a plan for battling this postwar problem. It looks like a plan which we had better adopt in principle, and before the war is very much older.

The British plan is to tax excess war profits 100%; BUT to issue to payers of these taxes, bonds which they can cash at the end of the war and which will thereby refund them 20% of the excess-profits taxes they paid during the war. Thus, many a British concern now producing war goods will have postwar cash with which to convert to peace production and keep its pay rolls pretty much intact.

It is essentially a scheme for forcing the creation of reserv while giving the British government the wartime use of all the money it can possibly wring out of corporations at present producing war goods.

Congress is now being urged to weld some such process into our tax laws. The idea is to tax both corporations and persons heavily during the war; but also to guarantee, somehow, that immediately after the war the government will blow back some of the money. Pump the oil, so to speak, from the war machine into the peace machine and do it without delay.

Thus, it is claimed, we can build up reserves for postwar conversion and investment, instead of simply taxing and spending for war so prodigally that industrial concerns will die off like flies as soon as the war stimulus to production stops. Millions of jobs, of course, would die off with those same industrial concerns.

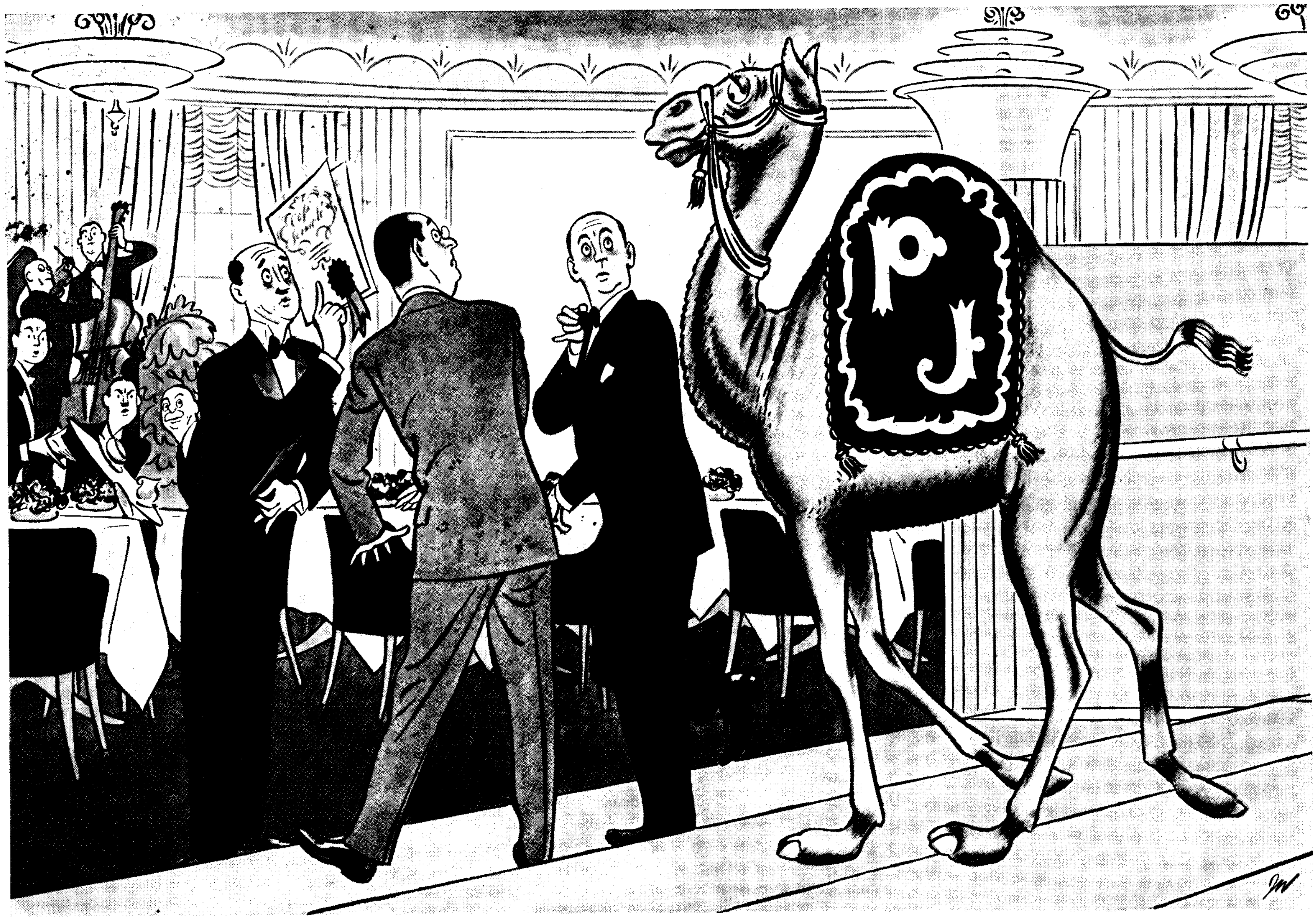
The drastic but really workable scheme would seem to be the British postwar bond scheme—though many respected thinkers believe industry in general could be trusted to build up its own reserves if Congress would only go a bit easy on the excess-profit tax rates.

That is a matter for Congress to decide. The bond idea is endorsed in principle by, among others, the American Legion's National Legislative Committee, the American Federation of Labor's Committee on Taxation, Chairman Donald M. Nelson of the War Production Board, and Chairman Ganson Purcell of the SEC.

We don't know enough about this enormously complex matter to go overboard on any particular scheme. But we do feel that the basic argument advanced by Clinton Davidson, one of the bond scheme's leading backers, is only common sense:

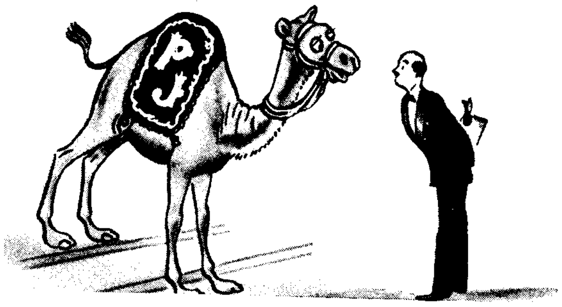
> Forcing corporations to set up reserves now to be used to make peacetime products later, in factories now producing war goods, is the seed corn of industry which will play a large part in finding employment for the 18,000,000 that will be seeking it after the war.

The main thing is to get going, and to get going now, on some large-scale plan for husbanding the seed corn. Otherwise, the seed corn will be ground up by the war, by foolishly wasteful prosecution of the war, and by the type of politician who sees in this war a chance for politicians to take entire control of our economy and strait-jacket us all in some form of totalitarianism.



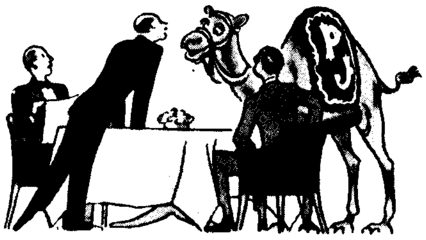
Beg pardon, sir... but is *he* with you?

HEAD WAITER: Table for two, sir? Or...er-r, excuse me, sir, but is this—ah—creature a member of your party?



CAMEL: If you refer to me, O Guider of Gourmets, my mission here is not to sample your savories. I am here on business, with a message for your princely patrons.

PATRON: A message for *us?* What are you going to talk about, Camel, a trip through the Sahara with gun and camera?



CAMEL: No, Sahib. You perhaps are not aware that I am a rather distinguished camel. I am, in fact, the Paul Jones camel, the living symbol of *dryness*—that glorious quality of whiskey which some call lack of sweetness...

PATRON: *Dryness,* Camel? Lack of sweetness? *Whiskey?* What *is* this?

CAMEL: Ah-h, Master, it is *dryness* which commends a whiskey to an expert's palate. An epicure like you, Sahib, will appreciate how the *dryness* of Paul Jones whiskey brings out its magnificent flavor *to the full!* Paul Jones is a veritable pearl among whiskies, a rare jewel...

PATRON: Just what I feared, my didactic dromedary! Pearls come high these days!

CAMEL: Allow me, Sahib...I was about to say that in spite of its wondrous flavor, this pearl among whiskies costs such a modest sum that almost anyone can afford it!

PATRON: Extraordinary, Camel! Really extraordinary! Well, well! Suppose you join us and we'll sample a bit of this remarkable Paul Jones right now...table for *three,* please!

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